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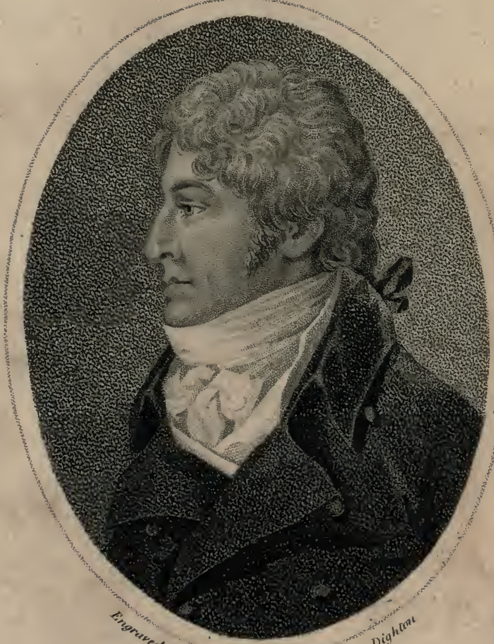

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THE
MYRTLE AND VINE;
or, Complete
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Plaintive, Sentimental, Humorous & Bacchanalian
SONGS,
Collected from the Muses of England,
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Vol. I.

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THE

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CONTAINING

A judicious Collection of the most popular and captivating SONGS on every Subject that can charm the Ear, or enliven the Heart: Selected from the Harmonic Treasures of the Sister Muses of the three Kingdoms. Interspersed with many

Originals and Translations.

WITH AN

ESSAY ON SINGING AND SONG WRITING:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF THE

MOST CELEBRATED SONG WRITERS.

BY C. H. WILSON, ESQ.

> "I have often wished that some person of taste would collect a number of those Songs, which have been written in moments propitious to that species of poetry; at the same time it would be cruel to try any of those writers at the bar of criticism, who has devoted his talents to soothe our sweetest, or bitterest moments, to enliven our spirits, or to prolong a roar of heart-felt laughter along the lines of the festive board." FARQUHAR.

London:
Printed for WEST and HUGHES, No. 40, Paternoster-Row; and
sold by all Booksellers, Music-sellers, and Newsmen, in
England, Ireland, and Scotland.

1802 –

INTRODUCTION.

It must be acknowledged that there are many collections of Songs, but it must also be allowed, that there is not even at this day a selection, such as taste and native humour would sanction. This *desideratum* cannot arise out of any want of this species of poetry, for it is allowed by every foreigner, acquainted with our language, that Britain excels in this enchanting strain. The ineffable charms, personal and mental, of our

our fair countrywomen—the gallantry of our navy, &c. daily furnish the poet with innumerable themes in this line. Nay, the industry and artless loves of our rural swains, have often induced some of our best poets to lay down the epic trump, the trembling lyre, in order to wake the oaten reed. A judicious Italian critic * has observed, that the generality of our Songs will bear the most critical examination; that like an epic poem, they have a compleat *beginning*, *middle*, and *end*. The Italian Song writer imagines that he has attained all that's required if he can end a stanza in a point, or *conchetto*. As love takes the lead in all productions of this kind, let us look at the French: There the lover wishes that he was transformed to a looking glass, that he might reflect the

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* Seignor Galliana.

the smiles of his mistress, and then wishes that he was a girdle, that he might encircle all perfection; whilst honest John Bull is content with what nature has made him—a hearty, jolly fellow, a faithful lover, an indulgent husband, and a good father.

To descant on the powers of Song would be needless to those who have "music in themselves," and to those who have not, it would be loss of time to sing to the deaf adder. Variety is our motto; to speak metaphorically, we intend to cull every choice flower that grows on the banks of the *Thames*, the *Tweed*, and the *Shannon*, so that we often hope to find St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, join in chorus over a bottle. We have selected some for the sparkling champagne, the bleeding ruby; but our principal attention has been directed to our friends, in whose festive smiles the tears of the old English tankard never fail to sparkle: To forget them would be to forget the roast beef and plumb pudding of old England. There is another class that will meet with something in our banquet suited to their taste; we mean the good old folks, who will listen with pleasure to those strains that charmed their youth. That it may dissipate the clouds of melancholy, smooth the rugged brow of care, and prolong the innocent moments of pleasure: In short, that it may at once diffuse *Harmony*, *Hilarity* and *Happiness*, without deviating from the path of propriety, or tinging the cheek of innocence with the blush of offended modesty, is the Editor's sincerest wish: And as no pains, assiduity or expence will be spared to render the MYRTLE AND VINE superior to any similar Work, in point of Original Composition, selection, and Embellishment, the proprietors flatter themselves their Labours will be amply repaid, in the approbation and encouragement of every British Subject.

THE
MYRTLE AND VINE.

SONG.

(By the Author of the Seasons.)

FOREVER fortune wilt thou prove,
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Step in between, and bid us part;
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away,
'Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone:
But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the tasteless, joyless vow;
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude;
For once, oh, fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care!
Make but the dear Amanda mine,
With joy I'll other joys resign.

SONG,

(By Shakespeare.)

TAKE, oh, take those lips away,
Lips that are so sweet forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
Give me my kisses back again,
Seals of love though seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears;
But my poor heart first set free,
Bound fast in icy chain, by thee.

THE BIRD.

(An Original.)

THE bird that hears her nestlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,
Returns impatient through the sky,
To nurse her callow brood.

The tender mother knows no joy,
But bodes a thousand harms,
And sickens for the darling boy,
While absent from her arms.

Such fondness with impatience join'd,
My faithful bosom fires;
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
The Queen of my desires!

The powers of verse too languid prove,
All similes are vain;
To shew how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my pain.

The saint with fervent zeal inspir'd,
For heaven and joys divine;
The saint is not with raptures fir'd,
More pure, more warm than mine.

I take what liberty I dare,
'Twere impious to say more,
Convey my longings to my fair,
The Goddess I adore.

◆

AN ORIGINAL SONG;

(By the late Henry Brooke, Esq.)

On seeing a Country Girl blush as she accidentally cast her Eye on a Looking Glass.

Time——Past One o'Clock.——

HOW mild in this ruby pale chastity flushes,
And tinctures with crimson her form of light,
For unconscious of guilt at her beauty she blushes,
And wraps each proportion, and charm from sight.
All hush'd as rock'd infants, all sweet as the folding rose,
Her lips with reluctance the balm of her breath disclose,
Her eyes look abash'd at their brightness, yet still she shews,
Brighter by veiling whatever is bright.

◆

SONG,

(Now first translated from the Irish.)

IN the garden of love, like the garden of Flora,
There are flow'rets of all hues to admire and adore-a;
As the rose bears the sway in the garden of Flora,
In the garden of love the first flow'ret is Nora.

THE ROSE.

By the late Wm. Cowper, Esq. Author of the Task.

THE rose had been wash'd—just wash'd in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moisture incumber'd the flower,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head:

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds, it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush were it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely—too rudely, alas!
I snapp'd it—it fell to the ground:

" And such," I exclaim'd, " is the pitiless part,
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resign'd.

" This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with the owner awhile,
And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile."

◆

AN ORIGINAL SONG, by MARY GOLDSMITH.

THE parent bird, whose little nest
Is by its tender young posses'd,
With spreaded wings and downy breast,
Doth cherish them with love;
But soon as nature plumes their wings,
And guides their flight to groves and springs,
Quite unconcern'd the parent sings,
Regardless were they rove.

But hapless we of human race,
The lasting cares of life embrace,
And still our best affections place
On what procures us pain;
For children, as their years increase,
Increase our cares, and spoil our peace;
Paternal love can never cease,
But ever will remain.

◆

NED MIZEN, *or the* FOUR ENGAGEMENTS.

Sung by Mr. Girton, in the Heroes of the Sea, at the Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge.

COME hasten my hearties to true loyal Ned,
A tar from the stem to the stern;
And that I've been rock'd on *Davy's* rough bed,
By my Jib you may clearly discern.
In *four* gallant actions my lot was to *fight*,
And damme they danc'd to some tune,
For the *star* of a *sailor* was never more bright,
Than once on the first day of June:
But come hoa, avast, and with boasting have done,
Such nonsense I must not allow;
Tho' d'ye see, it was *glory*, mayhap that we *won*,
When the *French struck* their *flag* to Lord *Howe*.

The next time the *shot* on all sides round me flew,
Was with the proud *Dons* in dispute,
And off Cape St. *Vincent* we said, "how d'ye do,"
And tipt them an *English* salute:
Their fleet *twenty-seven*—and those of the line,
Made our *fifteen* at first to look small;
But think not that *this* made our tars to repine,
P'sha, damme 'twas nothing at all:

The signal once giv'n our *guns* fir'd away,
As soon did the *victory* shew,
And *each British tar* with *Ned Mizen* can say,
Brave *Jervis* the *Spaniards laid low.*

The third time I *fought*, why it was with the *Dutch,*
And I think it was near *Camperdown,*
And then to be sure, I may say as much,
We boys brush'd up some little renown:
Ship to *ship* we *lay* to, aye and *fought man* to *man,*
Each Briton a match for *Mynheer;*
For to die or to conquer was always our plan,
And *thus* we again made appear:
For tho' from the *Texel* they somehow *slipp'd* out,
In hopes at *Brest* harbour to touch,
Why, d'ye see, they knew *not* what our spies were about,
For old *Duncan* did *over* the *Dutch.*

Now rak'd *fore* and *aft*, by a splinter or so,
Yet, my *timbers* were still tight and *sound,*
And so I again on the *look-out* must go,
To see if the *French* could be *found:*
At length it so happen'd they hove within sight,
Which made ev'ry *sailor* to smile,
For, d'ye see, it was when we commenc'd *the last fight*,
Lord bless you, the mouth of the Nile.
To say what we did——it won't become me,
'Tis enough that we *fought* as *before;*
And the *French,* as I think, *if* they're *wise,* d'ye see,
Will engage with Lord *Nelson* no more.

GLEE,

(By Robert Southey, Esq. not inserted in his Works.)

Performed at the Prince of Wales' New Catch Club.

Set to Music by Mr. Cooke.

ON A GOLDEN CUP,

With embossed Figures, dedicated to the God of Mirth by the Harmonic Club.

MIRTH, be thy mingled pleasure mine—
The joys of MUSIC, LOVE, and WINE!
While high thy votive cup I hold,
And trace the forms that breathe in gold!

Beneath this vine, lo! BACCHUS laid,
And VENUS twines the ivy braid;
While each light GRACE, with zone unbound,
Weaves the dance the bower around.

Here, with gay song and sportive lyre,
Wing'd Cupid leads the Idalian choir,
Where the crush'd grape from ev'ry vein
Dyes their foot with purple stain!

CHORUS.

I hear the God's extatic note—
Each sense in sweet delirium floats!
Pledge the cup, the chorus join—
And echo, " MUSIC, LOVE, and WINE!"

AN ORIGINAL SONG,

By Mary Goldsmith.

WHY shun me thus, my charming Kate?
Why leave the heart that still adores,
And never did deceive thee?
I've prov'd to thee,
Thou'rt more to me
Than conquests—kings,
Nay, better things,
Yet those were once my glory.

I valu'd not those honors great,
But left them all for you, my Kate,
My trophies all behind me:
'Twas you I priz'd
Above the skies,
All earthly slendor
Back I'd render,
To gain one sight of thee, my Kate.

O could I move that flinty heart,
And make thee what I proudly thought thee,
I'd bless my woes,
Defy my foes,
And soar to heav'n with thee, my Kate.

CRAZY JANE.

(Written by G. M. Lewis, Esq. and Sung by Mrs. Bland.)

WHY, fair maid, in ev'ry feature,
Are such signs of fear express'd?
Can a wand'ring wretched creature
With such terrors fill thy breast?
Do my frenzy looks alarm thee?
Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain:
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee;
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
  Mark me, and avoid my woe:
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
  Think them false,—I found them so.
For, I lov'd,—oh! so sincerely,
  None could ever love again:
But the youth I lov'd so dearly
  Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
  Which was doom'd to love but one:
He sigh'd,—he vow'd,—and I believ'd him;
  He was false,—and I undone.
From that hour, has reason never
  Held her empire o'er my brain;
Henry fled!—With him for ever
  Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now, forlorn and broken-hearted,
  And with frenzy'd thoughts beset,
On that spot, where last we parted,
  On that spot where first we met,
Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
  Still I slowly pace the plain;
Whilst each passer-by, in pity,
  Cries,—"God help thee, Crazy Jane!"

◆

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan.

OH! where, and oh where is your highland laddie gone;
He's gone to fight the French for king George upon the throne,
  And its oh in my heart I wish him safe at home.

Oh! where, and oh where did your highland laddie dwell?
He dwelt in merry Scotland at the sign of the Blue Bell,
  And its oh in my heart I love my laddie well.

In what cloaths, in what cloaths is your highland laddie clad?
His bonnet of the Saxon green, and his waistcoat of the plaid;
And its oh in my heart I love my highland lad.

Suppose, and suppose that your highland lad should die!
The bagpipes should play over him, and I'd sit me down and cry,
And its oh in my heart I wish he may not die.

◆

A NEW HUNTING SONG.

AURORA, now summon the lads of the course,
Ye hunters from slumb'ring arise;
Behold how the sun in full splendor beams forth,
How ruddy and bright seem the skies!
Then mount your fleet steed—to the meadows repair,
No pleasure surpasses the sight of the hare.

The sluggard that dozes his life-time away,
And censures the joys we partake;
May strut for a while in the sun-shine of day,
But *we* deem his bliss—a mistake!
As we bound o'er the heath, blooming health marks the face,
And the horn's mellow notes but enliven the chase.

The fopling may boast of his BEAUTY and ease,
And play with his mistresses fan;
Let him look in his glass—the reflection may please,
Tho' he's more an ape than a man!
Unkennel the hounds, to the meadows repair,
And let us, enraptur'd, give chase to the hare.

Through life we some kind of a pastime pursue,
The statesman will dwell on the laws;
The critic will tell you what learning can do,
While the lawyer will *gain* a *bad* cause.
But *we* more exalted, breathe joy in the vale,
And taste true delight in a jug of mild ale!

Diana commands, now ye sportsmen arise,
The huntsman the summons proclaims;
Away to the woods, where the fox closely lies,
The scent is now fresh on the plain.
Since the sun gilds the east, and the morning is bright,
Let the sports of the day crown with rapture the night.

◆

BILLY MOOR——.

AN honest Tar, and fresh from sea,
With heart just where it ought to be,
Thus hail'd young *Billy Moor*:
" What cheer, my lad?—Misfortune's gale,
Hath torn, I see, thy tatter'd Sail,
For thou art wreck'd and poor."

The simple Boy his story true
Told, with a blushing sweetness too,
Then heav'd an heart-sick sigh!
" But God is good, though man's unkind;
Pass on!—my sufferings never mind,
He soon will let me die!"

Jack's heart with manly feeling yearn'd,
More than his purse in pocket burn'd,
And that for once was cramm'd;
First wip'd the spray from either eye—
" Die Messmate!"—was the Tar's reply,
" If thou dos't, I'll be ——.

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Bear up! I have thee safe in tow,
I'll fit thee strait to face the Foe,
And cope with death, d'ye see!"
He had him rigg'd the next spring tide;
His locker full, and well supply'd,
Bore Billy Moor to sea.

When there, the Boy, with grateful heart,
Applauded, play'd his stated part,
And scorn'd to flinch, or run;
But oft would bless the happy day
That bore him from distress away
To serve Jack Mizen's Gun.

◆

SONG, by Mr. Sheridan,

Introduced and sung in the Stranger.

I HAVE a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart;
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart.
This cherish'd woe, this lov'd despair,
My lot for ever be;
So, my soul's lord, the pangs I bear
Be never known by thee!

And when pale characters of death
Shall mark this alter'd cheek,
When my poor wasted, trembling breath
My life's last hope would speak
I shall not raise my eyes to heav'n,
Nor mercy ask for me;
My soul despairs to be forgiv'n,
Unpardon'd, love! by thee.

ON ALBION THE SOLE-BEAM OF SUNSHINE IS SHED.

Tune—" *O'er the Vine cover'd Hills and gay Regions of France.*"

ROUND Montblanc's lofty summit, and Alps' snowy head,
The storm of destruction is hurl'd;
O'er Germany's forests deep darkness is spread,
While on Albion, the sole beam of sunshine is shed,
That gives hope to a desolate world.

Let nations, from war, and inglorious campaigns,
Buy a short and inglorious release;
Let the wild hand of rapine disorder their plains;
Let insult add kings to the weight of their chains;
And *slavery* be welcom'd as peace.

While enrag'd at his blessings, his enemies rave,
Each Briton sees plenty o'erflow;
Sees no insolent *spy* his dear Sovereign brave,
For himself sees his harvests exultingly wave,
Not to feed a tyrannical foe.

While his hand grasps the sword, well prepar'd for the fight,
His heart scorns all abject alarms;
He dwelt on HOWE's glory, with joy and delight,
Sees JERVIS put Spain's massive squadrons to flight,
And DUNCAN victorious in arms.

Sees Europe unable his triumphs to bound,
Hears his thunders reach Africa's shore;
Hears the wild sons of Egypt rejoice at the sound,
While NELSON deals vengeance and slaughter around,
And glad Nilus re-echoes the roar.

Sees

Sees Britain far Africa's insults redress,
Nelson lives in Arabian verse,
The hordes of the Desart his warriors caress,
And fanatical Hadjies reluctantly bless
Those, their Prophet inform'd them to curse.

Then fill up the goblet with generous wine,
Drink, and laugh at all Eastern alarms;
Let no light 'twixt the brim and the gay liquor shine;
Let Moslem's refuse the bright juice of the vine;
"*Here's success to the Mussulman's arms.*"

◆

HABAKUK.

"Habakuk's my name, it's well known to my friends,
That my ditties are made up of queer odds and ends;
I can't in fine cadence your hearings assail,
Nor wind up each close like a rattlesnake's tail.
Plain, frank and free,
My song shall be;
In vain for fine verses my brain I would thresh,
For, 'What's bred in the bone won't come out of the flesh.'
For, 'What's bred in, &c.

"Our foes on the ocean sent plenty of ships,
But, 'It's not the best carpenter makes the most chips;'
They promis'd to give Britain's sailors a beating,
Tho' 'The proof of the pudding they found in the eating."
The sans culottes
In rafts and boats,,
They woudn't be quiet tho' ask'd to be civil,
"Set a beggar on horseback he'll ride to the devil."

"Our

"Our island is small, yet it plainly appears,
That 'Fishes, tho' little, have often great ears.'
The French have five kings, but their threats are all froth,
For 'Too many cooks do but ruin good broth.'
Their sov'reigns five,
And all their hive,
Are welcome Britannia to catch when they get her,
For, 'Tho' Brag's a good Dog, yet Holdfast is a better.'

"For their threats of invasion we ne'er car'd a rush,
'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'
They may think open-mouth'd to devour us like sharks,
But, 'Till the sky falls we must wait to catch larks.'
My friends, if we
Do but agree,
Old England her bitterest foes may defy,
To attempt to say, 'Black is the white of her eye."

◆

REFLECTION.

FROM prudence let my joys take birth,
Let me not be passion's slave;
Approv'd by reason, sweet's the mirth,
Vice of pleasure is the grave:
Then, still to reason's dictates true,
Select the sweets of life, like bees;
Thus your enjoyments will be few,
But such as, on reflection, please.

Wine exhilirates the soul,
Inspires the mirth of ev'ry feast;
But gluttons so may drain the bowl,
Till man degenerate to beast:

Then mirth and wisdom keep in view,
And freely on the bottle seize:
What though your pleasures be but few,
They're such as, on reflection, please.

Love, the source of human joys,
The mind with bliss that sweetly fills,
Too often its own end destroys,
And proves the source of human ills:
Here reason's dictates keep in view,
Or farewell freedom, farewell ease;
The real joys of life are few,
But such as, on reflection, please.

Then, while we meet, let's only own
Joys that do honour to the heart,
And, ceasing to prize these alone,
Deplore our frailty, sigh, and part:
Meanwhile, to reason's dictates true,
Select the sweets of life, like bees;
Thus your enjoyments will be few,
But such as, on reflection please.

◆

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND,

YE gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think on the dangers of the seas.
Give ear unto the mariners, and they will plainly show
All the cares,
And the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder, which darkness do enforce,
We often find our ships to stray beyond our wonted course,
Which causeth great distraction, and sinks our hearts full low.
'Tis in vain
To complain,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us, when England is at war,
With any foreign nation, we fear no wounds or scars;
Our roaring guns shall teach them our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel
On the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners, and never be afraid,
While we have bold adventurers, we ne'er shall want a trade.
Our merchants will employ us to bring them wealth, we know;
Then be bold
Work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

◆

GENERAL WOLF'S SONG.

HOW stands the glass around?
For shame you take no care, my boys!
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound!—
The trumpets sound,
The colours now are flying, boys,
To fight, kill, or wound;
May we still be found
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground!

Why, soldiers! why-
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers! why?
Whose business 'tis to die.
What! sighing? fie;
Kill fear, drink on, be jolly boys!
'Tis he, you, or I,—
Cold, hot, wet, or dry;
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,
I mean not to upbraid you, boys;
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain:
Should next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain;
But if we remain,
A bottle and good company
Cure all again.

◆

THE BUD OF THE ROSE.

HER mouth, which a smile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half opens to view,
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
Than the flow'r-scented heath,
At the dawning of day;
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.

◆

SONG.

TIME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand:
Ah! why so soon the blossom tear,
Ere autumn yet the fruit demand.

Let me enjoy the cheering day,
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;
Pleas'd, let me trifle life away,
And sing of love ere I grow old.

SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear
  When forc'd from her to go—
Adown her cheeks rain'd many a tear,
  My heart was fraught with woe—
Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we stood,
  The land we left behind;
Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,
  My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plough'd the deep, and now between
  Us lay the ocean wide;
For five long years I had not seen
  My sweet, my bonny bride.
That time I sail'd the world around,
  All for my truelove's sake;
But press'd as we were homeward bound—
  I thought my heart would break.

The pressgang bold I ask'd in vain
  To let me once on shore;
I long'd to see my Poll again,
  But saw my Poll no more.
" And have they torn my love away?
  " And is he gone?"—she cry'd:
My Polly—sweetest flower of May!
  She languish'd, droop'd, and dy'd.

◆

BY THE GAILY CIRCLING GLASS.

BY the gaily-circling glass
We can see how minutes pass;
By the hollow flask are told
How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sports away:
What have we with day to do?
Sons of Care—'twas made for you?

AN ORIGINAL SONG, IN THE MANNER OF SHENSTONE.

By Mary Goldsmith.

COULD I conquer the passion of love,
Which revel'd so late in my breast,
For one my fond heart has approv'd,
But now he has robb'd me of rest:
The fault was in me to be kind,
Before I was sure of his love.
But now I no longer am blind,
He has left me to wander and rove.

When he spoke heav'n dwelt on his tongue,
His eyes spoke the language of love,
He prais'd me whenever I sang,
And I envied not angels above:
The nectar which dwelt on his lip,
When I tasted, I languish'd for more;
Oh why was I suffer'd to sip,
Or taste what I now must deplore.

Was it kind to receive to his arms
The foe I unguardedly nurs'd,
And give to my bosom alarms
Which are of all feelings the worst:
For her choice of fruits he secur'd,
Though he never cull'd any for me,
Whilst I my fond hours allur'd
In culling for him with the bee.

◆

MARY.

OH! born to soothe distress and lighten care,
Lively as soft, and innocent as fair,
Blest with that sweet simplicity of thought
So rarely found, and never to be taught.;
Of winning speech, endearing, artless, kind,
The loveliest pattern of a female mind:
Like some fair spirit, from the realms of rest,
With all her native heav'n within her breast;

So pure, so good, she scarce can guess at sin,
But thinks the world without like that within.
Such melting tenderness, so fond to bless,
Her charity almost becomes excess:
Wealth may be courted, wisdom be rever'd,
And beauty prais'd, and brutal strength be fear'd;
But goodness only can affection move,
And love must owe its origin to love.

◆

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

By the late Robert Burns.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

Tune—*John Anderson my Jo.*

HOW cruel are the parents,
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman sacrifice.
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife;
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove then flies,
To shun impelling ruin
Awhile her pinions tries;
'Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.

◆

THE DEATH OF CRAZY JANE.

O'ER the gloomy woods resounding,
Far, far from the joyless vale,
Deep the heavy death-bell sounding,
Tolls a luckless maiden's knell!

Nearer on the low wind floating,
Sweetly flows the tuneful strain;
Pity's choir the dirge devoting
To the shade of Crazy Jane.

In the grove where erst her ditty,
Wild and loud the mourner rais'd,
While the virgins, mov'd with pity,
Wept to find poor Jane was craz'd!
In that grove, in plaintive numbers,
Slowly falls the solemn strain,
Where the hapless maiden slumbers,
There in peace rests Crazy Jane.

In that grove where Henry left her,
Bleeding with love's cruel smart,
When despair of sense bereft her,
When affliction broke her heart;
In that grove forbear to languish,
Gentle virgins cease the strain—
Death has lull'd, from grief and anguish,
Love's sad victim, Crazy Jane.

◆

SONG;

Written by Mr. Dutton, on his Majesty's late providential Escape from Assassination., and sung by Mr. Trueman, at Drury Lane Theatre.

SECURE within her sea-girt reign,
Britannia dar'd the world to arms,
And her's the trident of the main,
Contemptuous smil'd at war's alarms:
In vain the proud insulting foe,
Menac'd th' exterminating blow;
Knit in one firm, compacted band,
The sovereign and the people stand,
One spirit rules, one impulse sways the land!

But tho' with conscious pride elate,
No foreign force appals her breast,
She trembled for her sov'reigns fate,
When treason rear'd her impious crest,
Then every heart confess'd its fears,
And every eye was bath'd in tears;
Till heav'n's protecting care made known,
All eager rally'd round the throne,
And in their sov'reign's safety felt their own!

Here, when the fell attempt was try'd,
Here, when th' assassin rais'd his hand,
Which guardian angels turn'd aside,
And sav'd the father of the land:
Here, in our gracious sovereign's praise,
Aloud the song of triumph raise;
Let heav'n with echoing pæans ring,
And every loyal Briton sing,
The song to Briton's dear—"God save the King!"

◆

TOM STARBOARD.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, in the Turnpike-Gate.

TOM STARBOARD was a lover true,
As brave a tar as ever sail'd;
The duties ablest seamen do
Tom did; and never yet had fail'd.
But wreck'd, as he was homeward bound,
Within a league of England's coast,
Love sav'd him sure from being drown'd,
For more than half the crew were lost.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear;
Nay, when he lost an arm—resign'd
Said, love for Nan, his only dear,
Had sav'd his life, and Fate was kind.

And now, tho' wreck'd, yet Tom return'd,
Of all past hardships made a joke;
For still his manly bosom burn'd
With love—his heart was heart of oak!

His strength restor'd Tom nobly ran
To cheer his love, his destin'd bride;
But false report had brought to Nan,
Six months before, that Tom had dy'd.
With grief she daily pin'd away,
No remedy her life cou'd save;
And Tom arriv'd—the very day
They laid his Nancy in the grave!

◆

A SOLDIER FOR ME.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin

FROM my cradle a soldier was all my delight,
His sash was so gay, and his gorget so bright;
Then the charming red coat, and more charming cockade,
Cou'd ne'er be resisted by widow or maid.
A soldier so noble, so gallant, and gay,
That a soldier will always the bell bear away.

'Twas his dress, 'twas his air, 'twas his beauty alone
That won my fond heart, and first made me his own;
But those charms which first caught me now vanish in air,
For his valour and worth and his heart he is dear.

Ye fair British maids, your protectors reward,
Who leave softer pleasures your safety to guard;
No cruelty here let your heroes e'er mourn,
Let the sunshine of smiles gild the soldier's return!

THE PICTURE OF LONDON.

Sung by Mr. Munden, in St. David's Day.

FOR London is like to a mill going round,
Still noisy, and ever in motion,
Where wheels within wheels, hurry, bustle and sound,
Revolve like the waves of the ocean,
Where foolish and wise, rich and poor herd together;
Where fortunes are made, and men undone,
Where money and wit are exchang'd for each other,
And this is a picture of London.

Kings, poets and statesmen, queens, counsellors, clients,
In Westminster Abbey lie snugly,
There's St. Paul's and Guildhall, where you'd like the two giants,
If they were not so monstrously ugly.
Then there's grand courts of law, and of equity too,
If in either you chuse to be undone;
For one with the other has nothing to do,
In the very fine city of London.

There's the parliament-house and the tower so strong,
The monument reckon'd so high too,
That if it were only as broad as it's long,
Such a building you never come nigh to.
There's great folks, and small folks, and short folks, and tall folks,
In short there's a vast deal of fun done,
There's pleasure and pain, quite sufficient for all folks,
Who visit the city of London.

IF A LANDSMAN WOULD KNOW.

IF a landsman wou'd know the true creed of a tar,
Tell him this, just his wish to belay,
A sailor beloves, foul or fair, peace or war,
'Tis all for the best come what may.

His heart at humanity's post never nods,
  Honest sympathy beams in his eye;
In battle successful, if not, where's the odds?
  He won't run, but with glory he'll die.

His home and relations he seems to forego,
  But his country new joys can impart;
For a true honest tar, don't we all of us know,
  Finds a home in each Englishman's heart.
Britannia's his *mother*, his *brethren* are *we*,
  And besides, 'tis with rapture I sing,
That each gallant lad who for us braves the sea,
  Finds a *father* belov'd in *his king*.

◆

COMIC SONG,

Sung by Mr. Blackmore, at the Royal Circus. in the Magic Flute.

When dry first, a droll little creature,
They made me sip tea with my mother;
    And I thought it a treat,
    If small beer I could get,
To drink with my elder brother.
                Tol de roll, &c.

But my father condemn'd this practice,
And so hecter'd, and swore, like mad.—He
    Bawl'd out, "Give him ale,
    "For that will ne'er fail,
"To make him as stout as his daddy."
                Tol de roll, &c.

From beer to good wine I ascended,
By a series of just gradation,
    Till friends did me jog,
    With, "There's a jolly dog!
"Shall tope with the best in the nation!"
                Tol de rol, &c.

With bold bucks then I got acquainted,
At their clubs, too, prov'd wond'rous handy ;
I learn'd loud to swear,
Like a tall granadier,
And always drank rum or brandy.
Tol de rol, &c.

But considering all things, earthly,
And life, like myself, very short is,
'Tis the long odds, I think,
In a short time I drink,
Aqua vitæ and aqua fortis, &c.
Tol de rol, &c.

LOGIE OF BUCHAN,

A favourite Scotch Song.

O Logie of Buchan, O Logie the laird,
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie that delv'd in the yard !
Who play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol sae sma',
They ha'e taen awa Jamie the flow'r o' them a'.
He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa':
For the summer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
And I'll come and see thee, in spite o' them a'.
Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye ;
A house, and a hadden, and siller forby:
But I'd tak' my ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd ha'e him, wi' his houses and land.
He said, think nae lang lassie, &c.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour ;
They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor:
Tho' I lo'e them as well as a daughter should do,
They are nae ha'f sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
He said, think nae lang lassie, &c.

I sit on my creepie, and spin on my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me so weel ;
He had but a' saxpence, he brak it in twa,
And he gied me the ha'f o't when he gaed awa.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide nae awa.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide nae awa.
Simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
And ye'll come and see me, in spite o' them a'.

◆

WHILE I HANG ON YOUR BOSOM.

Sung by Miss De Camp in Of Age To-Morrow.

While I hang on your bosom, distracted to lose you,
High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears flow,
Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you,
Did I ever upbraid you? Oh! no, my love, no!
I own it wou'd please me, at home could you tarry,
Nor e'er feel a wish from Maria to go,
But if it gives pleasure to you, my dear Harry,
Shall I blame your departure? Oh! no, my love,no!

Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are straying,
That heart, which is mine, on a rival bestow;
Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying;
Do you think I suspect you? Oh! no, my love, no!
I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,
Or plant in a heart which adores you such woe:
Yet should you dishonour my truth, and deceive me,
Shou'd I e'er cease to love you? Oh! no, my love, no!

◆

YO HEAVE HO,

Written and composed by Mr. Dibdin.

My name d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've seed a little sarvice,
Where mighty billows roll and loud tempests blow;
I've sail'd with valiant Howe, I've sail'd with noble Jarvis,
And in gallant Duncan's fleet, I've sung out yo heave ho!
Yet more shall ye be knowing,
I was cockswain to Boscawen,

And even with brave Hawke I've nobly fac'd the foe.
Then put round the grog,
So we've that and our prog,
We'll laugh in care's face, and sing yo heave ho.
When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was snivelling seed on the beach below,
I'd like to cotch'd my eyes snivelling too, d'ye see, to thank her,
But I brought my sorrows up with a yo heave ho:
For sailors, tho' they have their jokes,
They love and feel like other folks,
Their duty to neglect must not come for to go;
So I seiz'd the capstan bar,
Like a true honest tar,
And in spite of tears and sighs sung yo heave ho.
But the worst on't was that time, when the little ones were sickly,
And if they'd live or die, the Doctor did not know,
The word was gov'd to weigh so sudden and so quickly,
I thought my heart would break as I sung yo heave ho:
For Poll's so like her mother;
And as for Jack, her brother,
The boy, when he grows up, will nobly fight the foe;
But in Providence I trust,
What must be must,
So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out yo heave ho.
And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,
For I've only lost an eye, and got a timber toe;
But old ships must expect in time to be out of commission,
Nor again the anchor weigh with a yo heave ho.
So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs,
For my boy shall revenge my wrongs,
And my girl shall breed young sailors nobly for to face the foe.
Then to country and king,
Fate no danger can bring,
While the tars of Old England sing out yo heave ho.

SONG IN FEUDAL TIMES,

Sung by Mr. Bannister, Jun.

I'VE lov'd many a maiden fair,
Of names that so much vary,
I scarcely know which caus'd my care,
Or Fanny, Bess, or Mary;
But happy I! for not a thing
Can meet me so contrary,
That will not make me think and sing
Of Fanny, Bess, or Mary.
With a heigho! heigho!

I always was, from boy to man,
Well pleas'd to toy with any—
Now if a lady slap her fan,
Why—strait I think on Fanny—
Dear Fanny I remember yet,
No lass so smart and pretty—
But if you offer me a bet,
Why, then I think on Betty.
With a heigho! heigho!

Then Betty she is all my theme,
So sound, so plump, and jolly—
But if I hear a parrot scream,
It makes me think on Polly.
Thus happy I! while scarce a thing
Can meet me so contrary,
That will not make me think and sing
Of Fanny, Bess, or Mary.
With a heigho! heigho!

* * *

TO-MORROW

Written by G. M. Lewis, M. P. and Sung by Mr. Incledon.

A Bankrupt in trade, fortune frowning on shore,
All lost, save my spirit and honour;
No choice being left but to take to the oar,

I've engag'd in the Mars, Captain 'Connor:
But though the wind call me, some few words to say
To Polly, these moments I borrow;
For sorely she'll grieve that I leave her to-day,
And must sail on the salt seas to-morrow.

Nay, weep not; though Fortune her smile now denies,
Time may soften the gipsy's displeasure;
Perhaps she may throw in my way some rich prize,
And send me home loaded with treasure.
If so lucky, Oh! doubt not, without more delay,
Will I hasten to banish your sorrow;
And bring back a heart which adores you to-day,
And will love you as dearly to-morrow.

But ah! the fond hopes may prove faithless and vain,
Which my bosom now ventures to cherish;
In some perilous fight I may haply be slain,
Or, 'whelm'd in the ocean, may perish.
Shou'd such be the fate of poor Tom, deign to pay
To his loss a fit tribute of sorrow;
And sometimes remember our parting to-day,
Should a wave be my coffin to-morrow.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

SAYS Fame, t'other day, to the Genius of Song,
A fav'rite of mine you've neglected too long;
He's a sound bit of oak, a son of the wave,
The scourge of dire France, Sir Sidney the brave,
Whose wreath from his Country, the Hero's bright crown,
The Grand Sultan decks with the gem of renown.
Whose wreath, &c.

Madam Fame, cries the Genius, no Bard in my train,
Of Sir Sidney's desert can equal the strain;
Buonaparte alone can best sing his merit,
His laurels and glory, his valour and spirit.
Whose wreath, &c.

Neptune swore it was true, for so active was he
That he never can rest with Sir Sidney at sea;
As some feat or other he's always performing,
Either burning, or sinking, or capt'ring, or storming.
Whose wreath, &c.

Master Neptune, said Mars, I claim as my son,
A share of the glory Sir Sidney has won;
Though a brave British tar, as a soldier he'll fight,
All Egypt resounds from morning to night.
Whose wreath, &c.

Since fame and their godships thus jointly agree,
Sir Sidney a hero on land or on sea;
With justice, brave Turks, from so bright an example,
Proclaim him the wonderful Knight of the Temple.
Whose wreath, &c.

While George of Old England, and Selim the Great,
Hold firm their allegiance 'gainst Gaul's hydra-state,
The Lion and Crescent triumphant shall reign,
And Sir Sidney do honour to both o'er the main.
Whose wreath, &c.

◆

THE SHIPWRECKED TAR.

ESCAP'D with life, in tatters,
Behold me safe on shore,
Such trifles little matters,
I'll soon get togs galore;
For Poll swore when we parted,
No chance her faith would jar,
And Poll's too tender hearted
To slight a shipwreck'd tar.

To Poll his course straight steering,
He hastens on apace,
Poor Jack can't get a hearing,
She never saw his face;

From Meg, and Doll, and Kitty,
Relief was just as far,
Not one has the least pity,
For a poor shipwreck'd tar.

This, whom he thought love's needle,
Now his sad misery mocks,
That wants to find the beadle,
To set him in the stocks;
Cry'd, this is hard dealing,
The elements at war,
Than this had kinder feelings,
They sav'd a shipwreck'd tar.

But all their taunts and fetches
A judgment are to me,
I for these harden'd wretches,
Dear Nancy, slighted thee;
But see poor Tray assails me,
His mistress is not far,
He wags his tail and hails me,
Tho' a poor shipwreck'd tar.

'Twas faithful love that brought him,
A lesson for mankind!
Tis one, cry'd I, I taught him;
For on my constant mind
Thy image dear was graven,
And now remov'd each bar,
My arms shall be the haven,
For my poor shipwreck'd tar.

Heav'n and my love reward thee!
I'm shipwreck'd, but I'm rich,
All shall with pride regard thee,
Thy love shall so bewitch.
With wonder each fond fancy,
That children near and far,
Shall lisp the name of Nancy,
That sav'd the shipwreck'd tar.

CORIN'S PROFESSION;

OR, THE SONG OF CONSTANCY.

By Peter Pindar, Esq.

NOW, Joan, we are married—and now let me say,
Tho' both are in youth, yet that youth will decay;
In our journey thro' life, my dear Joan, I suppose,
We shall oft meet a bramble—and sometimes a rose!

When a cloud on this forehead shall darken my day,
Thy sunshine of sweetness must smile it away;
And when the dull vapour shall dwell upon thine,
To chase it—the labour and triumph be mine.

Thou shalt milk our one cow, and if fortune pursue,
In good time, with her blessing, my Joan shall milk two:
I will till our small field, while my prattle and song
Shall charm as I drive the bright plough-share along.

When finish'd the day, by the fire we'll regale,
And treat our good neighbours at eve with our ale;
For, Joan, who could wish for self only to live?
One blessing of life, my dear girl, is to give!

E'en the red-breast and wren shall not seek us in vain,
While thou hast a crumb, or thy Corin a grain:
Not only their songs will they pour from the grove,
But yield, by example, sweet lessons of love!

Tho' thy beauty must fade, yet thy youth I'll remember;
That thy May was my own, when thou shewest December;
And when age to my head shall his winter impart,
The summer of love shall repose in my heart!

THE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

TO lecture I come, and your pardon I crave,
For truly no learning my subject imparts,
So spare me, kind critics, all potent and grave,
For mine is a poor simple lecture on hearts.
First then, Britain's glory, the heart of a tar,
Is there ought of more courage, or precious in worth?
Ah, no! whether glowing in peace or in war,
'Tis alike ever true to the place of its birth.
Then health to a sailor, and this be the strain,
The tars of old England again and again.

The heart of a lover, when tender and true,
Is a heart to be priz'd, as each woman must own;
While the heart of a miser, to give him his due,
Is a heart, selfish mortal, as hard as a stone.
Then the heart of a virgin, and such too there be,
That love with a passion devoid of all art,
Shall surely be rated and set down by me,
Her bosom's all sweetness, all softness her heart.
Then health, blooming health, and let this be the strain,
To love and true lovers, again and again.

The heart of a lawyer, and, oh, what a thing!
'Tis a compound of something that's hard to define;
When you think it all honey, you find it all sting,
And what really good for, I cannot assign.
Now then for a heart, and a gallant one too,
'Tis a soldier's, and where is a braver in fight?
For England it beats, ever loyal and true,
And proves that her good is its dearest delight.
Then health to a soldier, and this be the strain—
Our soldiers and sailors again and again.

A LASS WAS LEFT TO MY CARE,

Sung by Mr. Munden, in the Sunshine after Rain.

A LASS was left to my care,
I'd a mind to the baggage myself,
She was pretty, and witty, and fair,
And her pockets were loaded with pelf;
The lass she gallop'd away,
I follow'd as fast I could,
And after riding all day,
At night I am lost in a wood,
Where the winds are a blowing,
Let me where I will be going,
Rain, thunder and lightning,
The Devil might be fright'ning,
At every step I can turn,
I behold a Jack-a-lantern;
All discouraging, nought cheering,
Ev'ry shadow I see fearing,
Of ghosts and spectres thinking,
More and more my spirits sinking,
Owls a hooting, dogs a yelping,
Not a friend at hand me helping,
And now for my comfort no doubt,
I'm got in where I ne'er shall get out.

The owl as he sits on his tree,
And hoots like the Devil, or worse,
Sounds just as if mocking of me,
While I'm calling in vain for my horse;
The wind as it sings by my ear,
Adds still to the gloom of the night,
Each echo redoubles my fear,
And I fancy each bramble a sprite.

Da Capo, While the winds, &c.

KATE OF DOVER

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

NED FLINT was lov'd by all the ship,
Was tender-hearted, bold, and true;
He'd work his way, or drink his flip,
With ev'ry a seaman in the crew:
Tho' Ned had brav'd his country's foe,
And twice he sail'd the world all over,
Had seen his messmates oft' laid low,
Yet would he sigh for Kate of Dover.

Fair was the morn, when on the shore,
Ned flew to take of Kate his leave;
Says he, my love, your grief give o'er,
For Ned can ne'er his Kate deceive:
Let fortune smile, or let her frown,
To you I ne'er will prove a rover,
All cares in gen'rous flip I'll drown,
And still be true to Kate of Dover.

The tow'ring cliffs they bade adieu,
To brave all dangers on the main,
When lo! a sail appear'd in view,
And Ned, with many a tar was slain.
Thus death, who lays each hero low,
Robb'd Kitty of her faithful lover—
The tars oft' tell the tale of woe,
And heave a sigh for Kate of Dover.

◆

FRIEND AND PITCHER

THE wealthy fool with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer;
Give me but these, I ask no more,
My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.

My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With such, what mortal can be richer;
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

From morning sun, I'd never grieve,
To toil a hedger or a ditcher;
If that, when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
I know not what can thus bewitch her;
With all my heart, can I be poor
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

◆

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH,

'TWAS within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear:
Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay:
The lassie blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
No, no, it will not do;
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
Tho' long he had follow'd the lass,
Contented she earn'd, and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass:
Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
No, no, it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too.

But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his bride,
Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true;
Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
At church she no more frowning cry'd,
No, no, it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too.

◆

A COMIC SONG

Sung by Mr. Emery, in The True Friends.

IT chanc'd one day, that a crow so black,
Down in a meadow so green,
Had stol'n a crust from a pedlar's pack,
And carry'd it off unseen
Up in an apple tree flew the crow,
And ere she the taste of her prize could know,
A fox came by and stood below,
Down in the meadow so green.

Says Reynard, Jove's eagle sure I see,
Up in a tree so high,
Says the crow to herself, he surely means me,
And a very fine bird am I.
What eyes, says, Reyard, and what an air,
That plumage how divinely fair!
Never was beauty seen so rare,
Up in a tree so high.

The crow enchanted clap'd her wings,
A-lack and a-well-a-day,
Says Reynard, I'm sure that angel sings,
Cou'd I but hear the lay.
The crow look'd round at what he said,
For flatt'ry often *turns* the *head,*
She open'd her mouth, and she drop'd her bread,
Reynard caught it, and gallop'd away.

THE STREAMLET.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

THE streamlet that flow'd round her cot,
All the charms of my Emily knew;
How oft' has its course been forgot,
While it paus'd her dear image to woo.

Believe me, the fond silver tide
Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize,
For, silently swelling with pride,
It reflected her back to the skies.

◆

YOUNG WILLIAM.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

YOUNG William was a seaman true,
The darling of our bonny crew,
For blithe he was and kind:
For though no lagging lubber he,
Right loth he was to go to sea—
For Jane he left behind.

And Jenny lov'd, but all by stealth,
Her father had much store of wealth,
Of Will he would not hear:
Till cruel chance at length reveal'd
The passion they so long conceal'd,
And William lost his dear.

A friendly voice poor William hail'd,
A ruffian gang the youth assail'd,
'Twas done by cursed gold;
The tender for the offing stood,
The cutter skim'd the yielding flood,
They hatch'd him to the hold.

She, troubled, walks the beach in haste,
And troubled look'd the weary waste,
And, by the floating wave,
A corpse was wash'd upon the shore,
'Twas William—and with tears they bore
Two lovers to the grave.

◆

DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

Sung by Miss Howells

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To ev'ry passing village fair;
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves, and myrtle bow'rs,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours,
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those who win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet, danc'd in twilight glade;
The canzonet and roundelay,
Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
These simple joys that never fail
Shall bind me to my native vale.

◆

THE GIPSEY HAT.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

I SIGH for a maid, and a sweet pretty maid,
And bonny Susanna's her name;
Then well do I know, by my heart's panting so,
The poor little thing's in a flame,

For it throbs, throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats, beats,
Goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat;
O sure its the case, I'm in love with the face
All under the Gipsey Hat.

That she's kind as she's fair, I freely declare,
So none can my candour reprove;
But then what I rue, (and believe me tis true),
Is, hang it, for being in love!
For my heart throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats, beats,
Goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat;
And ah, I'm afraid, for the face of the maid
All under the Gipsey Hat.

That I've said all my life, I'd ne'er take a wife,
And look'd on all plagues, that the worst,
I own—for my heart was then free from all smart,
But now—Oh I think it will burst!
For it throbs, throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats, beats,
Goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat;
And ah, must I tell?—For the face of the girl,
All under the Gipsey Hat.

◆

PATRIOTIC SONG.

WHEN freedom was banish'd from Greece and from Rome,
And wander'd neglected in search of a home,
Jove willing to fix her where long she might stand,
Turn'd the globe round about, and reviewed each land
With nice circumspection he view'd the whole ball,
And weigh'd in his balance the merits of all;
Then quickly determin'd that England alone,
Was the place best adapted, for liberty's throne.

Merry Momus insisted no place was more fit
Than the island of freedom for true attic wit,
And Venus declar'd, if 'twas pleasing to Jové,
She cou'd like to make England the Empire of Love.

Mars boldly step'd forward from his mistress's side,
And swore that with arms Britons he wou'd provide ;
When Bacchus declar'd that each heart cheering juice,
For the use of true Englishmen, he wou'd produce.

To render compleat those blessings now past,
And provide that they might to eternity last,
'Twas instant agreed that a toast shou'd be giv'n,
And drank in full bumpers of nectar thro' heaven,
The words of the toast were, (mark it ye free,)
" May Britons with Britons forever agree ;
By your enemies then you will always be fear'd,
And with wine, wit, and women, incessantly cheer'd."

◆

HEARTY TOM BROWN.

THE deuce take the cards, for they give to me the
gripes,
Come landlord bring more liquors, some tobacco, and
some pipes.

CHORUS.

Here's to thee, Tom Brown, and to you my jovial souls,
And to you with all my heart, and with you I'll drink
a quart,
And with you I will spend a pot, before that e'er we part.
Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The king will beat the queen, and the queen will beat
the knave,
And we are all good company, more liquor we will
have.
Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The knave will beat the ten, and the ten will beat the
nine,
And we are all good company, we will drink till we're
stone blind.
Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The nine will beat the eight, and the eight will beat the
seven,
And we are are all good company, we will drink while
it's eleven.
Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The seven will beat the six, and the six will beat the
five,
And we are all good company, we will drink while we
are alive.
Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The five will beat the four, and the four will beat the
three,
And we are all good company, we will drink till break
of day.
Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The three will beat the two, and the ace will beat
them all,
And we are all good company, upon my life and soul.
Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

◆

VARIETY.

ASK you who is singing here,
Who so blithe can thus appear,
I'm the child of joy and glee,
And my name's Variety.

Never have I a clouded face,
Swift I change from place to place,
Ever wand'ring, ever free,
And my name's Variety.

Like a bird that skims the air,
Here and there, and every where,
Sip my pleasures like a bee,
Nothing's like Variety.

Love's sweet passion warms my breast,
Roving love but breaks the rest,
One good heart's enough for me,
Tho' my name's Variety.

Crowded scenes and lonely grove,
All by turns I can approve,
Follow, follow, follow, me,
Friend of life, Variety.

◆

DICKEY GOSSIP'S THE MAN.

Sung by Mr. Suett, in the Entertainment of
My Grandmother.

WHEN I was a youngster I first was apprentic'd
Unto a gay barber, so dapper and airy,
I next was a carpenter, then turn'd a dentist,
Then a taylor good lord, then an apothecary.

Chorus.

But for this trade or that,
They all come as pat
As they can ;
For shaving and tooth-drawing,
Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,
Dickey Gossip's the man.

Tho' taylor and dentist but aukwardly tether,
In both the vocations I still have my savings,
And two of my trades couple rarely together,
For barber and carpenter both deal in shavings.

But blunders will happen in callings so various,
I fancy they happen to some who are prouder,
I once gave a patient, whose health was precarious,
A terrible dose of my best shaving powder.

THE SPORTSMAN.

Sung by Mr. Suett, in Of Age To-Morrow.

Tune—" *Derry Down.*"

WHEN my very first day, to the field I had got,
I discover'd great natural parts as a shot,
My spaniel had put up a snipe from a bog,
I miss'd it I own, but I brought down the dog.
Down derry down.

So keen my first hunt, I brush'd over the grounds,
I decidedly distanc'd the fox and the hounds;
And I leap'd my first hedge, with so earnest a mind,
That I left a fine gelding I rode on behind.
Derry down derry.

But time and experience have rendered me cool,
And I counsel young sportsmen to think of this rule;
When you go out a shooting, don't shoot your dog dead,
And in riding a horse don't fly over his head.
Derry down derry.

Now hear an old Jockey his passion impart,
At your person I aim;—and I'd fain hit your heart;
And, for your estate, tho' with rapture I view it,
As affording good sport,—yet I'll never run through it.
Down derry down.

◆

POOR LITTLE GYPSEY.

Tune—*Poor Negro.*

A Poor little Gipsey, I wander forlorn,
My fortune was told long before I was born;
So fortunes I tell as forsaken I stray,
And, in search of my love, I am lost in my way,
Spare a halfpenny, spare a halfpenny!
Spare a poor little gipsey a halfpenny.

I fear from this line, you have been a sad man,
And to harm us poor girls have form'd many a plan;
But beware lest repentance too late cause you pain,
And attend to the lesson I give in my strain.
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

Through woods and through wilds oft as weary I roam,
Long absent from parents, from friends, and from home;
Though sad is my heart, and though sore are my feet,
Yet I sing on my way, thus to all that I meet.
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

* * *

THE ORPHAN.

Tune—"*Cottage on the Moor.*"

IF pity, sweet maid, ever dwelt in thy breast,
Oh look with compassion on one that's distress'd,
An orphan, alas! no relations remain,
I'm chill'd with the cold, I'm wet with the rain.

From morning till evening I wander along,
Unheeded by all, tho' I plaintively moan;
But children of pleasure pass by in disdain,
Nor think on the orphan that's wet with the rain.

My garments are tattered, my looks pale and wan,
I am willing to labour, yet work I have none;
I'm sinking with hunger, no food can I gain,
Then pity the orphan that's wet with the rain.

But God sends relief to the orphans unknown,
For peace and contentment is a happy throne,
Then look with compassion, ne'er look with disdain,
And pity the orphan that's wet with the rain.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

By the late Robert Burns.

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
Willie was a wabster gude,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie;
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wa'd na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin beard about her mou,
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-haugh'd, she's hein shinn'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter;
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther;
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a washin;
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her gunzie wi' a hushion;
Her Walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the logan water.
Sic a wife, &c.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Tune—" *I've sail'd in the good Ship the Nancy.*"

I Sail'd in the ship, Duke of Clarence,
With grog, and good liquor in store,
From the sound, to the gulph of St. Lawrence,
And left all the lubbers ashore;
Well mann'd, with three hundred good fellows,
We put out to sea in full sail,
By Providence watch'd, as they tell us,
We weigh'd ship and weather'd the gale.

Chorus.

Bill Bobstay our captain commanded,
When wreck'd on the Barbary shore,
And at Deal only ten of us landed,
The fate of poor tars to deplore.

By the board went the main mast while reefing,
All hands at the pump took a spell,
Ev'ry countenance truly had grief in,
The rest of my shipmates can tell;
In the hold there was six feet water,
From sinking she ne'er could refrain,
But the gale took her weathermost quarter,
And tho' she bulg'd, righted again.

In the long boat nineteen only ventur'd,
No compass wherewith for to steer,
The waves mountain high as we enter'd,
But sailors in storms never fear;
Braving dangers we smack'd thro' the ocean,
Tho' the boatswain each night sung a stave,
Ev'ry day by the wind's veering motion,
Expecting a watery grave.

'Twas the loss of our rudder first taught us
Our dreadful misfortunes to know,
To scenes of destruction it brought us,
What hardships we tars undergo;
While the landmen indiff'rently sporting,
And gliding tho' life at their ease,
The seamen, all perils are counting,
While ploughing all on the salt seas.

THE SIGNAL'S GAVE.

Tune—" *Old Towler.*"

THE signal's gave, all hands prepar'd,
And ready for to sail,
Our girls are loth with us to part,
Wish us a favouring gale;
Their looks they seem wild with despair,
To think they with us part,
When we prepare to go on board,
It cuts them to the heart.

CHORUS.

Then heave yo heave ho,
Jack sings yo heave ho,
He braves the dangers of the main,
And still sings yo heave ho.

Why starts the tear from that bright eye,
Alas! why does it fall?
My dearest girl forbear to sigh,
My country does me call;
There is one who reigns above,
Will guard my love I know,
While I am sailing on the main,
Or fighting the proud foe.

There is no parl'ying, Jack replies,
Our anchor it is weigh'd,
So stop those tears, dry up your eyes,
Orders must be obey'd:
If fortune should upon me smile,
If e'er I should return,
Unto old England's favourite isle,
I'll think of you, my girl.

Now Providence ordain'd it so,
They ordered were to sail,
The lasses round the beach they stand,
Wish us a pleasant gale;
From tears they scarcely can refrain,
Their hearts with grief are torn,
And as the ship it glides the seas
Wish us a safe return.

LULLABY.

PEACEFUL slumb'ring on the ocean,
Seamen fear no danger nigh;
The winds and waves, in gentle motion,
Soothes them with their lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing,
Still no danger they descry;
The guileless heart, its boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby.

LOVELY NAN.

SWEET is the ship that under sail,
Spreads her white bosom to the gale;
Sweet, oh! sweet's the flowing can:
Sweet to poise the lab'ring oar,

That tugs us to our native shore,
When the botswain pipes the barge to man:
Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze;
But, ho! much sweeter than all these
Is Jack's delight—his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,
To show of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man;
The needle time may rust—a squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,
Let seamanship do all it can;
My love in worth shall higher rise:
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was pen'd,
For serving of a worthless friend,
And ev'ry creature from me ran;
No ship, performing quarantine,
Was ever so deserted seen;
None hail'd me—woman, child, nor man:
But though false friendship's sails were furl'd,
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
To mourn their loss who hazard ran;
I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty and a spotless heart,
By manners love to show the man;
To sail through life by honour's breeze:—
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

SOLDIER'S RETURN.

'TWAS in the ev'ning of a wintry day,
When, safe returning from a long campaign,
Allen, o'ertoil'd and weary with the way,
Came home to see his Sally once again.

His batter'd arms he carelessly threw down,
And view'd his Sally with enraptur'd eyes;
But she receiv'd him with a modest frown:
She knew not Allen in his rough disguise.

His hair was knotted, and his beard unshorn;
His tatter'd 'coutrements about him hung;
A tear of pleasure did his cheeks adorn,
And blessings fell in torrents from his tongue.

Am I so alter'd, by this cruel trade,
That you your faithful Allen have forgot?
Or has your heart unto some other stray'd?
Ah! why did I escape the murd'ring shot?

When this she heard, her wonted colour fled,
She ran, and sunk upon her Allen's breast,
All pale, a while she look'd like one that's dead;
He kiss'd, she breath'd and all her love confes'd.

Oh! my delight, though alter'd as thou art,
Reduc'd by honest courage to this strait,
Thou art the golden treasure of my heart,
My long-lost husband, and my wish'd-for mate!

◆

THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

Sung by Mr. Townsend, in the Magic Oak.

DADDY Neptune one day to freedom did say,
If ever I liv'd upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be Little Britain,
Says Freedom why that's my own island.

Oh! what a snug little island,
A right tight little island;
All the globe round, none can be found
So happy as this little island.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water, he couldn't come by land,
And Dane, Pict and Saxon, their homes turn'd their back on,
And all for the sake of our island.
Oh what a snug little island,
They'd all have a touch at the island;
Some were shot dead, some of them fled,
And some stay'd to live in the island.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
Cried, damn it, I never lik'd my land,
It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
And live on yon beautiful island.
Says he, 'tis a snug little island,
Shan't us go visit the island;
Hop, skip, and jump, there he was plump,
And he kick'd up a dust in the island.

Yet party deceit help'd the Normans to beat,
Of traitors they manag'd to buy land,
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, we ne'er had been lick'd
Had they stuck to the king of the island.
Poor Harold the king of the island,
His lost both his life and his island;
That's very true, what could he do?
Like a Briton he died for his island.

Then the Spanish armada set out to invade-a,
Quite sure if they ever came nigh land,
They cou'dn't do less than tuck up queen Bess,
And take their full swing in the island.
Oh, the poor queen and the island,
The drones came to plunder the island;
But snug in her hive, the queen was alive,
And buz was the word at the island.

These proud puff'd up cakes thought to make ducks and drakes
Of our wealth, but they scarcely could spy land,
Ere our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck,
And stoop to the lads of the island.
Huzza! for the lads of the island,
The good wooden walls of the island;
Devil or Don, let 'em come on,
But how would they come off at the island.

I don't wonder much that the French and the Dutch
Have since been oft' tempted to try land,
And I wonder much less they have met no success,
For why should we give up our island.
Oh, 'tis a wonderful island,
And all of 'em long for the island;
Hold a bit there, (let 'em) take fire and air,
But we'll have the sea and the island.

Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune,
In each saying this shall be my land,
Should the army of England, or all they could bring land,
We'd show 'em some play for the island.
We'd fight for our right to the island,
We'd give 'em enough of the island;
Frenchmen should just bite at our dust,
But not a bit more of the island.

◆

THE SEAMAN'S FRIEND.

I'VE sail'd with many a captain bold,
I've sail'd both near and far,
I've sarv'd my king, I'm growing old,
And am mark'd with many a scar.

To larned words I don't pretend,
I says but this, and there's an end;
Heaven prosper long the seaman's friend;
The seaman's friend!

Only think when a tar gets out to sea,
To fight for his country dear;
Leave wife and children two or three,
Who all for his safety fear.
Only think how aloft their prayers ascend,
For those who may chance his lot to mend,
And to prosper long the seaman's friend;
The seaman's friend!

◆

NOTHING LIKE GROG.

A PLAGUE of those musty old lubbers,
Who tell us to fast and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink.
A can of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,
Would have sent them for pleasure agog,
And, spite of the rules,
The rules of the schools,
The old fools would have all of them swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth,
Cry'd, Jack, never be such a ninny
To drink;—says I, Father your health!
So I pass'd round the stuff and he twigg'd it,
And it set the old codger agog;
And he swigg'd, and mother,
And sister, and brother,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

One day when the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiously slunk,
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk;
I tipp'd him the stuff and he twigg'd it,
Which soon set his reverence agog;
And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,
And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then trust me, there's nothing as drinking
So pleasant on this side the grave,
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes 'em more valiant, more brave.
For me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good stuff so set me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
I've constantly, constantly swigg'd it,
And d—n me, there's nothing like grog.

◆

A SAILOR'S ADVICE.

LIFE'S like a ship in constant motion,
Sometimes high and sometimes low;
Where ev'ry hand must brave the ocean,
Whatsoever winds may blow.
If unassail'd by storm or shower,
Wafted by the gentle gales,
Let's not lose the favouring hour,
Whilst success attends our sails.

But if the wayward winds should bluster,
Let us not give way to fear;
But let us all our patience muster,
And learn from reason how to steer:

Let judgment keep you ever steady,
That's a ballast never fails;
If dangers rise, be ever ready
To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,
Whilst your vessel's under way;
Let good example bear dominion,
That's a compass will not stray.
When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,
And Boreas o'er the surface rails,
Let good discretion guide the rudder,
And Providence unbend the sails.

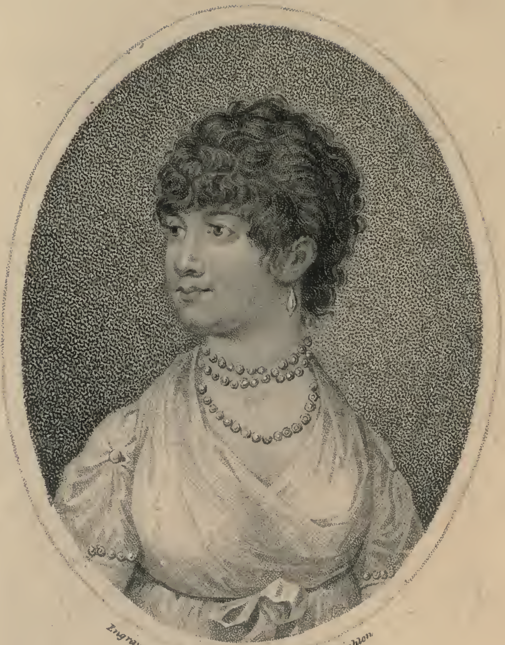
Then when you're safe from danger riding,
In some welcome port or bay,
Let hope be the anchor you confide in,
And care a-while in slumbers lay:
Then when each can's with liquor flowing,
And good fellowship prevails,
Let each heart with rapture glowing,
Drink success unto our sails.

◆

FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

GIN ye meet a bonny lassie,
Gi'e her a kiss and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty hussy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.
Be sure dinna quit the grip,
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay you twafold o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.



Engraved by K. Mackenzie from a drawing by Dighton

Mrs Jordan

Published by West & Hughes Paternoster Row. Sep 1.1800.

Watch the saft minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kep ony skaith.

Haith y're ill bred, she'll, smiling, say,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersel' in some dark nook.
Her laugh will lead you to the place,
Where lyes the happiness ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
" Nineteen nay-says are half a grant."

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss:
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliss.
These bennisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods indulgent grant;
Then, surly curs, wish't, forbear
To plague us wi' your whining cant.

◆

HENRY AND ROSA.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan, in the Secret.

MAJESTIC rose the god of day
In yon bright burnish'd day,
Old Ocean kindled at the ray,
And heav'd himself on high:
On the deck Henry stood,
To view the swelling tide,
Ah!—no,—Henry,—no!
He thought not of the flood,
'Twas Rosa by his side.

Now softly sunk the setting sun
Beneath his wat'ry bed;
The ev'ning watch was hush'd and done,
The pilot hung his head;
On the deck Rosa staid,
To view the waters glide,
Ah!—no,—Rosa,—no!
Such thought ne'er touch'd the maid,
'Twas Henry by her side.

* * *

POOR NEGRO WOMAN, ULALEE.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain, in the Drama of Obi,
or Three-Finger'd Jack.

MY cruel love to danger go,
No think of pain he give to me;
Too soon me fear like grief to know,
As broke the heart of Ulalee,
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!

Poor soul! to see her hang her head
All day beneath the Cypress Tree;—
And still she sing my love be dead—
The husband of poor Ulalee.
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!

My love be kill'd! how sweet he smil'd;
His smile again me never see;
Unless me see it in the child
That he have left poor Ulalee.
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!

" My baby to my breast I fold,
" But little warmth, poor boy! have he;
" His father's death make all so cold
" About the heart of Ulalee.
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!"

ORIGINAL SONG.

By Mrs. Mills and Groupe, in the Characters of Gipseys, at the Rural Fete Frogmore, before their Majesties.

COME, Royal George, and all thy court,
Come, see our pastime, see our sport;
Merry souls, and merry faces;
Not the muses, or the graces,
Can, with all their pow'r to charm,
Boast feelings truer, hearts more warm
Than our's, great George, for thee.

Let them sublimer honours claim;
Unpolish'd mirth's our only aim;
Contented if our sov'reign smile,
We care not, then, if they revile;
Truth needs no ornament or shew;
No bosoms more with love o'erflow
Than our's, great George, for thee.

We to thy honour'd Consort too,
All, all, are loyal, all are true;
To all thine house, in love we join,
For all to us, is dear, that's thine
Were not our fate with thine involv'd,
Still were no hearts yet more resolv'd,
Than our's, great George, for thee.

◆

SONG.

Sung by Corporal Brassenton of the Staffordshire Militia, at the Rural Fete, Frogmore, before their Majasties.

Tune—" *Ally Croker.*"

WHEN republican doctrines are ev'ry where found, Sir,
And leveling principles so much abound, Sir,

Let each son of liberty joyfully sing, Sir,
Long to reign over us, God save the King, Sir,
Send him victorious, happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us, God save the King, Sir.

May health and prosperity ever attend him,
And both whig and tory unite to defend him,
May the spirit of loyalty ever increase, Sir,
Abroad give us triumphs, at home give us peace, Sir,
The spirit to mantain, let us instantly sing, Sir,
In spite of all jacobins, God save the King, Sir.

May ev'ry reformer throughout this whole nation
Begin with himself the good reformation,
And may the bloody progress of French revolution,
Teach us how to value a good constitution,
While with grateful hearts we exultingly sing, Sir,
Long to reign over us, God save the King, Sir.

May atheistic levellers be equally low, Sir,
Who'd gladly the alter, and throne, overthrow, Sir,
And may each loyal subject long join in this strain, Sir,
God save the King, and defend him from *Paine,* Sir,
Send him victorious, happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us, God save the King, Sir.

* * *

THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR,

Sung by Mrs. Herbert, at the Royal Circus.

MY mam is no more, and my dad's in his grave,
  Little orphans are sisters and I, sadly poor;
Industry our wealth, and no dwelling we have
  But yon neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

The lark's early song does to labour invite,
  Contented we just keep the wolf from the door;
And, Phœbus retiring, trip home with delight
  To our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens the cheer,
Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore;
And heart-ease and health make a palace appear,
Of our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

◆

THE FOWLER.

Sung in the Magic Flute.

I am the fowler blithe and gay,
A merry fellow night and day,
My name is held in great renown,
Throughout the land, in ev'ry town.

Each rustic youth my practice tries,
While frighted ev'ry object flies,
But mine is ev'ry neighb'ring bird,
When my enchanting pipe is heard.

I spend my life in mirth and glee,
For I have all I want you see,
And yet my ever roving mind,
Seeks greater happiness to find.

A lure for pretty girls I wish,
Oh dear! how many then I'd fish,
For when I was to draw my line,
The girls around would all be mine.

◆

LITTLE SALLY'S WOODEN WARE.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

COME buy poor Sally's wooden ware,
Who all for money barters,
My pins, my toys, my shoe-knots rare,
My bodkins, lace, and garters.
Full cheap my various goods I sell
Through village, street, and alley;
In London, where I'm known full well,
They call me little Sally.
In London, &c.

Now thus from town to town I stray,
Light-hearted, free from sorrow;
And, when I eat my meal to-day,
I care not for to-morrow.
So ne'er again I'll London see,
But range each hill and valley;
Come, spend a trifle, Sir, with me,
And think on little Sally.
Come, spend, &c.

A BUNDLE OF PROVERBS,

Sung by Mr. Munden, at Covent-Garden Theatre.

MY name's Obadiah, a Quaker I am—(hum)
In spirit a lion, in figure a lamb;
'Tis true, I can't sing like the smarts of the town (hum!)
But I now and then chaunt out a stave of my own;
In Britain's praise,
My voice I'll raise—
May no foreign follies her sons bewitch!—(hum!)
If the blind lead the blind both will fall in the ditch—(hum!)

The French in their pride talk of conquering, true—
But 'tis one thing to say, and another to do;
Let them meet our brave tars, and they quickly retire,
For I've heard that burnt children dread sorely the fire.
They vaunting, roar
They'll soon come o'er,
And get us all under their claws in a trice;
But you know noisy cats very seldom catch mice.

I own they've done much by their fighting and burning,
But 'tis a long lane that has never a turning!
They rail at our laws, and religion, alas!
Those should never throw stones who have windows of glass.
They proudly boast
Their conquering host,
To humble old England shall soon be dispatch'd;
But some reckon their chickens before they are hatch'd.

In numbers they greatly exceed us, 'tis clear,
But two prest men's not equal to one volunteer;
In vain they are striving---mind not their alarms,
Sure they'll not find us babes, tho' we'll all be in arms.
Yea, faith and troth,
I'm mov'd to wrath,
Friend, lend me thy weapon---and I for one,
Will prove the old proverb as sure as a gun.

Now, tho' I'm a Quaker, I don't quake for fear,
For a thousand hot words will not sour good beer:
If we firmly unite, we may laugh at their tricks,
Let us mind the old tale of the bundle of sticks.
In friendship's bands,
Join heart in hands,
Let the spirits of Englishmen move us all!
While the props are firm the old house cannot fall.

◆

SONG.

By R. Cumberland Esq. Sung by Mrs. Bland in the Sighs.

'TWAS in the solemn midnight hour,
When all was dark around,
When planets strike, and spells have pow'r,
And mandrakes cleave the ground,
I heard a voice, as from the tomb,
The bell then beating one;
"Adieu!" it cry'd, "I meet my doom;
"My life's last sand is run."

'Twas William's voice, 'twas William's form,
Wet from his wat'ry grave.
"I sink," he cry'd, "amid the storm,
I sleep beneath the wave."—
Starting, I rise and snatch my gown,
And hasten to the shore;
I see the gallant ship go down,
But see my love no more.

SONG

Tune---*Ally Croaker.*

UP and down, round about, al the streets I paraded,
And zeen beaux who didn't know their beauties war vaded,
Their cuoates war zoo cut away---breeches to expose, zur,
And heads zoo bevrizz'd---curdles cover'd half their nose, zur.
Their cuoates war zoo, &c.

Then the ladies zoo dress---they do bury all their chin, zur,
Zoo lac'd in the middle---to look taper and thin, zur,
While behind, hoops and all, they do need nothing moor, zur,
But weight enow to balance what they carry here avore zur.
Behind hoops, &c.

How I laugh'd, O my zides, to zee zome ladies walking
Al about vast asleep! and what's more, they were talking
But in a dream, I suppose, vor al round about their heads zur,
The curtains war drawn, just as tho' they war in bed, zur.
In a dream, &c.

In the Crezzunt, 'tis as fine a place as ever I did zee, zur,
The beaux shorten paces with the belles to a ree, zur,
Niddle, noddle, to and fro---and to view each that passes,
For vear their eyes should wear out, they do stare dro looking glasses.
(Mimics their manners aukwardly.
Niddle, noddle, &c.

But pretending short zight, zarves a good turn enow, too,
They can auverlook those that they don't wish to bow to,
And at beauties can squinny with their glasses cock'd so close, zur,
Zometimes you would think, they war hook'd nose by nose, zur.
At beauties, &c.

In the pump room vull cramm'd---'tis a zight for to zee, zur,
And stranger to tell, there all ranks do agree, zur,
Vor leek corks in a box, stuck upright cheek by jowl, zur,
Push but one, and bob goes the bodies of the whole, zur.
Leek corks, &c.

But what pleas'd I the maust, war to zee in fine weather
Vine volk ride about in them things made of leather;
While two men wid long polls---all the world like a brier, zur,
Trot along with the corps---stuck an end in the air, zur.
Two men, &c.

Now you'll hardly believe, but you may if it please ye,
That I got a ride in one---I thought 'twar zoo eazy,
Trot along they did go---I went bibbity bob, zur.
(Mimics the chairman.
And now and then, bang 'gainst the zide went my nob, zur.
Along they, &c.

But all at once they did stop---because they could not pass, zur,
And pop! I could not help it, went my noodle dro the glass, zur,
Then quite overzet---dro the casement they haul'd me,
Dang it! I shall never vorget how they maul'd me!
Quite overzet, &c.

Al about war such racketing, such rioting, and ringing,
Zuch crying, and laughing, and vidling, and zinging,
And at night---here and there zivil leadies zoo pretty!
Do zay---How d'ye do, zur, whenever they do meet ye.
At night, &c.

At last having zeed al the zights and fine places,
Zhops, baths, rooms, parades, and a zight o' strange vaces,
I thought I'd come here, tho' my tale made ye laugh, zurs,
To tell ye this zight pleases I the best by half, zurs!
(Viewing the audience.
I thought, &c.

Now don't ye, dread critics---shew a spark of ill-nature,
My wish is to please---you may read in each feature,
O the pleasure of pleasing, my wish shall be for ever,
And you all to please---be my constant endeavour.
The pleasure of pleasing, &c.

HOLIDAY TIME.

Sung by Mr. Wallack, at the Royalty Theatre.

Tune---*The Pyeman.*

OH! health and long life to you all,
My masters and mistresses too;
Once again, I am here at your call,
To say from my heart---How d'ye do?
'Tis holiday time, as you know,
And the coach pretty crowded I drive,
But the best fare of all---gee-ho!
Is to see my good friends all alive.
Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

Oh! could you but see what odd folks,
I drive in my carriage and four;
Why, truly in spite of all jokes,
You'd laugh if you ne'er laugh'd before;

For here is a poor little taylor,
Squeaking out for more room, pretty oft,
And with his girl sits a sailor,
Who bundles poor Stitch up aloft.
Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

Now here is old Shortweight the baker,
And there is a virgin from Wapping,
Next to her sits a prim-looking quaker,
With Bobby the beau, fam'd for hopping;
Then here is a city apprentice,
And there is a gentleman's lacquey;
With Pull-out, the great puffing dentist,
And the milliner's man, Master Jackey.
Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

Then there is—Oh dear! how you squeeze!
With shambling Joey the sawyer—
Little Snob, rather lame in his knees,
With a half of the Devil, the lawyer;
But what are their callings to me?
Or how they are cramm'd, so I drive oh;
Yet I carry some queer ones, you see,
And in holiday time all alive, oh.
Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

◆

ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

Sung by Mr. Davis, at Sadler's Wells.

THERE ne'er was a name so handed by fame,
Thro' air, thro' ocean, and thro' land,
As one that is wrote upon every bank note,
And you all must know Abraham Newland.
Oh, Abraham Newland!
Notified Abraham Newland!
I have heard people say, sham Abraham you may,
But you must not sham Abraham Newland.

For fashion or arts should you seek foreign parts,
It matters not wherever you land,
Jew, Christian, or Greek, the same language they speak
That's the language of Abraham Newland.
Oh, Abraham Newland!
Wonderful Abraham Newland!
Tho' with compliments cramm'd, you may die and be d-d
If you hav'n't an Abraham Newland.

The world is inclin'd to think justice is blind,
Lawyers know very well they can view land;
But, lord, what of that ? she'll blink like a bat,
At the sight of an Abraham Newland.
Oh, Abraham Newland.
Magical Abraham Newland!
Tho' justice 'tis known can see through a mill-stone,
She can't see through Abraham Newland.

Your patriots who bawl for the good of us all,
Kind souls! here like mushrooms they strew land;
Tho' loud as a drum, each proves orator mum,
If attack'd by stout Abraham Newland.
Oh, Abraham Newland!
Invincible Abraham Newland!
No argument's found in the world half so sound
As the logic of Abraham Newland,

The French say they're coming, but sure they are humming
I know what they want if they do land;
We'll make their ears ring, in defence of our king,
Our country and Abraham Newland.
Oh, Abraham Newland!
Darling Abraham Newland!
No tri-colour'd elf, nor the devil himself,
Shall e'er rob us of Abraham Newland.

WHEN FIRST FROM KILKENNY.

Sung by Mr. Howell, at the Royalty Theatre.

Tune—*What can the matter be.*

WHEN first come from Kilkenny as fresh as a daisy,
The girls of our village all swore I was crazy ;
Arrah, maid, wife, or widow, could never be aisy,
If once, joy, I came in her way.
And, it's—Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?
Oh, botheration, joy ! what can the matter be ?
Such a fellow as Casey, they swore, there could never be,
For at romps, faith, I spent the whole day.

But soon as Miss Jenny fell into my way, Sir,
As dull as a sparrow I rambled all day ; Sir
I strove to speak to her, but nothing could say, Sir,
But phililu, what is't I ail?
And—Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be ?
The neighbours all laughing, cried---What can the matter be ?
Murphy O'Casey looks pale.

Our minds scarce made up, a rude press-gang assail'd me,
And tho' I tipp'd them leg bail; my jewel, soon nail'd me;
Jenteel by the collar, along the streets trail'd me,
And lodg'd me a top of a ship.
Speaks.) Where they left me, and half a dozen more, poked up in a hen-coop, all alone by myself, singing--
Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?
Oh, musha whack, honey, what can the matter be ?
But what of all that, sure, I'm now safe return'd from sea ;
Wa'n't it a delicate trip.

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

By G. S. Carey, Esq.

WHEN my money was gone that I gain'd in the wars,
And the world 'gan to frown at my fate,
What matter'd my zeal, or my honoured scars,
When indifference stood at each gate.

The face that would smile when my purse was well lin'd,
Shew'd a different aspect to me,
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hi'd once again to the sea.

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
To bear with cold looks on the shore,
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw,
Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather sad,
To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled, by far, than my mind,
For when the wide main I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And fortune a slippery jade.

And I vow'd, if once more I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones see,
That the turbulent winds, and the billows could shew
More kindness than they did to me.

PROLOGUE SONG.

Sung by Mr. Munden, in Five Thousand a Year.

THE times are gone by,
When on floors next the sky,
Cut off from roast beef, port, or claret,
Poor poets would pine,
And invoke all the nine,
To inspire attic wit in a garret.

Our author declares,
That a two pair of stairs,
Was the height of his soaring ambition,
'Till the Doctor and Jew,
Contriv'd, 'twixt the two,
To lower in life his condition.

Now snug in first floor,
He desires no more,
Than to keep with decorum his station,
And five thousand a year,
He offers you here,
For the favour of your approbation.

And by what I can find,
He has made up his mind,
To wait with due patience his meed;
He'll swallow the pill,
For he says, come what will,
He'll be damn'd if he does not succeed.

* * *

HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

FOR England when, with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ship up Channel steer'd,
And, scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appear'd;
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
nd to the pilot cheerly sung,
"By the deep—nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view;
An abbey-tow'r, an harbour-fort,
Or beacon, to the vessel true;
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
" By the mark—seven !"

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof
Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof.
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
" Quarter less—five !"

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh;
We shorten sail—she feels the tide—
" Stand clear the cable !" is the cry—
The anchor's gone; we safely ride.
The watch is set---and, through the night,
We hear the seaman with delight
Proclaim, " All's well!"

* * *

GIRL OF MY HEART.

IN the world's crooked path where I've been,
There to share of life's gloom my poor part,
The bright sunshine, that soften'd the scene,
Was—a smile from the girl of my heart.

Not a swain, where the lark quits her nest,
But to labour, with glee, will depart,
If at eve he expects to be bless'd
With—a smile from the girl of his heart.

Come then crosses and smiles as they may,
Let my mind still this maxim impart,
That the comfort of man's fleeting day,
Is—a smile from the girl of his heart.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

'TWAS post meridiem half past four,
By signal I from Nancy parted;
At six she linger'd on the shore,
With uplift hands, and broken-hearted:
At sev'n, while taught'ning the fore-stay,
I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy;
At eight we all got under weigh,
And bade a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came—and now eight bells had rung,
While careless sailors, ever cheery,
On the mid-watch so jovial sung,
With tempers labour cannot weary;
I, little to their mirth inclin'd,
While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arriv'd that jovial night,
When ev'ry true-bred tar carouses,
When, o'er the grog, all hands delight
To toast their sweethearts and their spouses:
Round went the can, the jest, the glee,
While tender wishes fill'd each fancy;
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heav'd a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four,
At six the elements, in motion,
Plung'd me, and three poor sailors more,
Headlong within the foaming ocean:
Poor wretches! they soon found their graves;
For me—it may be only fancy—
But love seem'd to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
Ere a bold enemy appear'd,
And, dauntless, we prepar'd for battle.
And now, while some lov'd friend or wife,
Like lightning, rush'd on ev'ry fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a pray'r—and thought on Nancy.

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three, A. M. discover'd day,
And England's chalky cliff's together,
At sev'n up Channel how we bore!
While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy;
At twelve I gaily jump'd ashore,
And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.

◆

MELVILLE.

THOU'ST play'd a false, a faithless part—
Remorse will wait on thee, my love!
Ambition hath seduc'd the heart
Which honour ow'd to me—my love!

Though splendour deck thy nuptial bow'r—
Though pleasures round thee fly, my love!
Each joy that marks the playful hour,
Shall labour with a sigh—my love.

And when the pensive moments come,
For who from these are free, my love?
Perhaps thou'lt mourn thy Melville's doom,
And lend a tear to me—my love.

NO ROSES FROM THE FIELD I SEEK.

(Never before printed)

Written by Peter Pindar Esq.

NO roses from the field I seek,
While brighter bloom on Cynthia's cheek,
Nor wish the honied juice to sip,
While richer nectar loads *her* lip.

Let rude *December* swell the storm,
And *nature's* beauteous robes deform ;
The shivering vale with torrents drown,
I feel no *winter* but *her frown.*

Unheeded mounts the orb of day,
And scatters wide the golden ray ;
While *she*, my moments can beguile,
I know no summer *but her smile.*

Then let me not desert my *Love*,
And madly from her beauty rove,
Who, when I clasp her peerless charms,
Contain a *world* within my arms.

◆

TO CHLOE.

(Never before printed)

Written by Peter Pindar, Esq

What danger lurks in those bright eyes !
Lo ! by their fire thy *poet* dies ;
  Yet *bravely* let me meet my doom :
And as to thee I owe my death,
I beg thee with my parting breath,
  To let thy *bosom* be my *tomb.*

◆

EWE-BUGHTS MARION.

WILL you go the ewe-bughts Marion,
  And wear in the sheep wi' me ?
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
  But nae half sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blyth blinks in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion;
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.

And ye's get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat of thē London brown,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
When'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll n'eu gae draw up with Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle of the cramasie,
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west and see ye.

* * *

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds, too late, that men betray;
What charms can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?
The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die!

JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

'TWAS on the morn of sweet May day,
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows fair,
Young Jockey early in the morn,
Arose and tript it o'er the lawn;
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run
With Jockey to the fair.
For Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The chearful parish bells had rung,
With eager steps he trudg'd along,
With flow'ry garlands round him hung,
Which shepherds us'd to wear;
He tapt the window—Haste, my dear;
Jenny impatient cry'd, Who's there?
'Tis I, my love, and no one near,
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
With Jockey to the fair.

My dad and mamy's fast asleep,
My brother's up and with the sheep;
And will you still your promise keep,
Which I have heard you swear?
And will you ever constant prove?
I will by all the pow'rs above,
And ne'er deceive my charming dove,
Dispel those doubts, and haste my love
With Jockey to the fair,
Dispel those doubts, &c.

Behold the ring, the shepherd cry'd,
Will Jenny be my charming bride?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there:

Then Jockey did his vows renew,
He wou'd be constant, wou'd be true!
His word was pledg'd, away she flew,
The cowslips tipt with balmy dew,
With Jockey to the fair.
The cowslips tipt, &c.

In raptures met the joyful train,
Their gay companions, blythe and young,
Each join the dance, each join the throng
To hail the happy pair;
In turns there's none so fond as they,
They bless the kind propitious day,
The smiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny run away,
With Jockey to the fair.
When lovely Jenny, &c.

* * *

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, jun. in the Children in the Wood.

THERE was Dorothy Dump, would mutter and mump
And cry "my dear Walter, heigho!
But no step she could take, would my constancy shake—
For she had a timber toe.
There was Rebecca Rose, with her aqueline nose,
Who cried "for you Walter I die,"
But I laugh'd at each glance, she threw at me askance,
For she had a gimlet eye.
There was Tabitha Twist, had a mind to be kiss'd,
And made on my heart an attack;
But her love I derided—for she was lopsided,
And cursedly warp'd in the back.
There was Barbara Brian, who always was crying,
"Dear youth put an end to my woes,"
But to save in her head all the tears that she shed,
Nature gave her a bottle nose.

SPRING-WATER CRESSES.

By George Saville Carey, Esq.

(ORIGINAL.)

WHEN hoary frost hung on each thorn,
Ere night had well withdrawn her gloom,
Poor Phœbe went one wint'ry morn,
From Colnbrook-down to Langly-broom:
When from the brake, or from the rill,
Half clad, and with neglected tresses,
Her rushy-basket try'd to fill,
With fresh and green Spring Water Cresses.

Yet many a cheerful strain she'd sing,
While wading through the chilling stream;
Her thoughtless spirits were a wing,
With love, or with some jocund theme;
Then with her humble merchandize,
In hopes to conquer her distresses;
Away to London next she hies,
And cries her young Spring Water Cresses.

Through many an alley, lane, or street,
Ere luxury had left her bed;
You're sure poor Phœbe next to meet,
Trying to get her daily bread:
The wind and rain she oft defies,
When e'er her purse some mite possesses;
With cheerful voice she daily cries,
Come buy my young Spring Water Cresses.

* * *

LOVE AND HONOUR.

MADAM you know my trade is war,
And what should I deny it for;
When drums and trumpets sound afar,
I long to hack and hew:

Then, madam, credit what I say,
When all my troops are drawn away,
And I this moment call'd away,
I'd rather stay with you.

Did the foe charge us front and rear,
Did in the bravest face appear,
Impress'd with signs of mortal fear,
As ever veteran knew;
So terrible, so hot the fight,
Though all my laurels they should blight,
And I should lose so fine a sight,
I'd rather stay with you.

Did drums and trumpets sprightly sound,
Did death and carnage stalk around,
Did dying horses bite the ground,
And we'd no hope in view;
Were the whole army lost in smoke,
Were these the last words that I spoke,
I swear, and bless me if I joke,
I'd rather stay with you.

DUET.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain and Miss Gaudry, in the Pantomime of Obi, or Three Fingered Jack.

THE white man come and bring his gold,
The Slatee meet him in the bay;
And Oh! poor negro then be sold,
From home poor negro sail away.

O, it be very sad, to see
Poor negro child and father part!
But if white man kind massa be
He heal the wound in negro's heart.

CHORUS OF NEGROES.

Good massa we find
Sing tingering, sing terry,
When Buckra be kind,
Then negro heart merry.
Sing tingering, &c.

TRIO.

We love massa; he be good;
No lay stick on negro back;
Much Kous-kous he give for food,
And save us from Three Fingered Jack.

CHORUS.

Good massa we find, &c.

◆

SONG.

Sung by Miss De Camp, in the Pantomime of Obi, or Three Fingered Jack.

A Lady, in fair Seville City,
Who once fell in love very deep
On her Spanish guitar play'd a ditty,
That lull'd her old Guardian to sleep.
With a hoo tira, lira, &c.

Her Guardian, not giving to dozing,
Was thought the most watchful of men;
But each verse had so sleepy a closing,
That he nodded, but soon woke again.
With a hoo, tira, lira, &c.

She touch'd the Guitar somewhat slower,
Again he look'd drowsy and wise;
And then she play'd softer and lower,
Till gently she seal'd up his eyes.
With a hoo tira, lira, &c.

TWEED SIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.

No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,
Nor Tweed, gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
The blackbird and sweet cooing dove
With music enchant ev'ry bush.

Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does not Mary tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While heavily she lies asleep?

Tweed's murmurs shall lull her to rest;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest where thousands are fair.

Say, charmer, where do the flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

ORIGIN OF ENGLISH LIBERTY.

ONCE the Gods of the Greeks, at Ambrosial feast,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing ;
Merry Momus amongst them was sat as a guest :
(Homer says the Celestials love laughing.)
On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,
So none could his jokes disapprove ;
He sung, reparteed, and some smart stories told,
And at length he began upon Jove.

" Sire ! Atlas, who long has the universe borne,
" Grows grievously tir'd of late ;
" He says that mankind are much worse than before,
" So he begs to be eas'd of his weight."

Jove knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
From his shoulders commanded the ball ;
Gave his daughter, *Attraction*, the charge of the world,
And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe round,
To see what each climate was worth :
Like a diamond the whole with an atmosphere bound,
And she variously planted the earth :
With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd ;
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear ;
What suited each clime, on each clime she bestow'd,
And Freedom she found flourish'd here.

Four Cardinal Virtues she left in this Isle,
As guardians to cherish the root ;
The blossoms of Liberty 'gan then to smile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit.
Thus fed and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,
O preserve it as free as 'twas given !
We will while we've breath ; nay, we'll grasp it in death,
Then return it untainted to Heav'n.

MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit, shed
Her silver light on tow'r and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy, far at sea;
Then soft and low a voice was heard,
Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With pallid cheek and hollow eye.

"O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

"Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We toss'd upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.

E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love of thee,
The storm is past, and I at rest,
So Mary, weep no more for me.

"O maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more."

Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled;
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

ADMIRAL DUNCAN's VICTORY.

Tune—" *Hearts of Oak.*

YE true Sons of Britain, whose valour and zeal
All Europe must honour, all nations must feel;
While with wreaths of fresh laurels your temples are bound,
And the thunder of conquest o'er ocean resound.
Brave DUNCAN led the way—British tars won the day,
Whose hearts, warm and steady,
Were loyal and ready,
To prove that our glory will never decay.
Our navy triumphant shall guard our fair Isle,
Where the loves and the graces exultingly smile;
Where the natives are dauntless, and still shall be blest,
For the bulwark of freedom is rear'd in each breast:
Then for DUNCAN let's join, a wreath to entwine,
While true British glory
Shall still live in story,
For fame gives to valour a title divine.
The breezes that bore them across the wide sea,
Like the Champions of Virtue and Britain, were free;
The white foaming billows were glitt'ring and gay,
Reflecting with triumph the Heaven-smiling day:
British tars still shall reign, o'er the vast swelling main,
With hearts warm and steady,
Undaunted and ready,
To lead them to conquest again and again.
The Guardians of Albion each peril can brave,
Like the Sun, fraught with glory, though rough as the wave;
Like the wind, to all points shall their valour extend,
And their minds prove as firm as the rock they defend:
Let the loud-roaring main echo back the proud strain
Our tars shall be ready,
Undaunted and steady,
To prove their own valour again and again.

LET US ALL BE UNHAPPY TOGETHER.

WE bipeds made up of frail clay,
Alas are the children of sorrow;
And tho' brisk and merry to-day,
We all may be wretched to-morrow.
For sunshine's succeeded by rain,
Then fearful of life's stormy weather,
Lest pleasure should only bring pain:
Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant, the best blessing we know
Is a friend—for true friendship's a treasure:
And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
Oh taste of the dangerous pleasure.
Thus friendship's a flimsy affair;
Thus riches and health are a bubble;
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life,
That on earth could be nearest to heaven,
Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife,
To whom truth and honour are given:
But honour and truth are so rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
That with all my respect for the fair,
I'd advise him to sigh and live single.

It appears from these premises plain,
That wisdom is nothing but folly,
That pleasure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy.
That all those who laugh ought to cry,
'That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving:
And that, since we must all of us die,
We should be unhappy while living.

THE COTTAGE OF CONTENT.

IN a cottage I live, and the cot of content,
As its roof's neither lofty nor low,
May boast that 'tis bless'd, like a patriarch's tent,
With all the kind gods can bestow.
'Tis a station which yields me a spring of delight,
Which lordlings may envy to see;
And a king might behold it, and say, "Does this wight
A blessing possess more than me?"

My tenement stands on the brow of a hill,
Where on mammon and pride I look down;
While the goldfinch's note, and the clack of my mill,
I prefer to the clack of the town.
Of my house I'm the sov'reign, my wife is my queen,
And she rules while she seeks to obey:
Thus the autumn of life, like the spring-tides serene,
Makes November as cheerful as May.

I lie down with the lamb, and I rise with the lark,
Health, spirits, and vigour to share;
For I feel on my pillow no thorns in the dark,
Which the deeds of the day planted there:
And though bigots each night, to elude heaven's wrath,
To their saints and their wooden gods pray,
Superstition I court not, for daggers of lath,
In my sleep to drive demons away.

Yet let not the egotist boast of his bliss,
Nor to self be life's comforts confin'd;
As he certainly merits all blessings to miss,
Who has no social impulse of mind.
For my friend I've a board, I've a bottle and bed,
And more welcome that friend if he's poor;
Nor shall he who looks up for a slice of my bread,
Though a stranger be shut from my door.

No servant I stint, nor put key on my cock,
To save a poor horn of small beer;
Nor butt'ry, nor pantry, disgrac'd with a lock,
Shall proclaim that old Gripe-all starves here.
For the miser on bolts and on bars may depend,
To keep thieves and robbers at bay,
But domestic attachment my house shall defend
From free-booters by night and by day.

◆

ADIEU, ADIEU, MY ONLY LIFE.

ADIEU, adieu, my only life,
My honour calls me from thee:
Remember thou'art a soldier's wife,
Those tears but ill become thee.
What tho' by duty I am call'd
Where thund'ring cannons rattle;
Where valour's self might stand appal'd,
Where valour's self might stand appal'd;
When on the wings of thy dear love,
To heaven above thy fervent oraisons are flown;
The tender pray'r thou put'st up there
Shall call a guardian angel down,
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle.

◆

SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES.

SEE the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

See the godlike youth advance,
Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance:
Myrtles wreath, and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brows divine.

MEDLEY.

TOM Tackle was noble, was true to his word;
If merit brought titles, Tom might be a lord:
How gaily his bark through life's ocean would sail:
Truth finish'd the rigging

When I took my departure for Dublin's sweet city,
And for England's ownself through the seas I did plough;
For three long days I was tost up and down

Peaceful slumbering on the ocean,
Seamen fear no dangers nigh:
The winds and waves in gentle motion
Sooths them with

Oh, the bonny, bonny bells,
How I love to hear them sound;
Far and near

The lads of the village, so merry ah!
Sound the tabor, I'll hand thee along;
And I say unto thee

Curtis was old Hodge's wife,
For virtue, none was ever such:
She led so pure, so chaste a life,
Hodge said

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew,
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death

To Batchelors'-Hall we good fellows invite,
To partake of the chace that makes up our delight:
We have spirits like

Jolly Dick, the lamplighter,
They say the sun's my dad:
And truly I believe

That all men are beggars, you plainly may see,
For beggars there are of ev'ry degree;
Tho' none are so blest or so happy as we,
Which nobody can deny, which nobody can deny.

◆

LITTLE COTTAGE MAIDEN.

FROM place to place I travers'd along,
Devoid of care or sorrow;
With lightsome heart, a merry song,
I thought not of to-morrow;
But when Priscilla caught my eye,
With every charm array'd in,
I sigh'd and sung, I knew not why,
Dear little Cottage Maiden.

And wou'd the charmer be but mine.
Sweet nymph I so revere thee,
I'd gladly share my fate with thine,
And ever more be near thee:
Tho' gold may please the proud and great,
My heart with love is laden;
Then let us join in wedlock's state,
Dear little Cottage Maiden.

O'er me and mine, come mistress prove,
And then what ill can harm us?
Kind Hymen will each fear remove,
And spread each sweet to charms us:
Together we will live content,
And nought but love we'll trade in;
So sweetly shall our lives be spent,
Dear little Cottage Maiden.

◆

NEIGHBOUR SLY.

THE passing bell was heard to toll!
John wail'd his loss with bitter cries!
The parson pray'd for Mary's soul,
The sexton hid her from all eyes.

And art thou gone?
Cry'd wretched John;
O dear, 'twill kill me—I am dying!
Cry'd neighbour Sly,
While standing by,
"Lord how this world is giv'n to lying!"

The throng retir'd; John left alone,
He meditated 'mongst the tombs,
And spelt out, on the mould'ring stones,
What friends were gone to their long homes.
"You're gone before,"
Cry'd John, "No more!
"I shall come soon—I'm almost dying!"
Cry'd neighbour Sly,
Still standing by,
"Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!"

Here lies the bones, Heaven's will be done!
Of farmer Slug;—reader, would'st know
Who to his mem'ry rais'd this stone:
'Twas his disconsolate widow!
Cry'd John, "Oh, ho,
"To her I'll go;—
"No doubt with grief the widow's dying!"
Cry'd neighbour Sly,
Still standing by,
"Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!'

Their mutual grief was short and sweet!
Scarcely the passing-bell had ceas'd
When they were sped;—the funeral meat
Was warm'd up for the marriage feast!
They vow'd and swore,
Now o'er and o'er,
They ne'er would part till both were dying!
Cry'd neighbour Sly,
Still standing by,
"Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!"

Again to hear the passing-bell,
John now a sort of hank'ring feels ;
Again his help-mate brags how well
She can trip up a husband's heels,
Again to the tomb
Each longs to come,
Again with tears, and sobs, and sighing,
For neighbour Sly,
Again to cry—
" Lord, how the world is giv'n to lying !"

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

'TWAS Saturday night, the twinkling stars
Shone on the rippling sea :
No duty call'd the jovial tars,
The helm was lash'd a-lee.
The ample cann adorn'd the board,
Prepar'd to see it out,
Each gave the lass that he ador'd
And push'd the grog about.
And push'd, &c.

Cried honest Tom, my Peg I'll toast,
A frigate neat and trim,
All jolly Portsmouth's favourite boast :
I'd venture life and limb,
Sail seven long years, and ne'er see land,
With dauntless heart and stout,
So tight a vessel to command :
Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried little Jack, my Poll,
Sailing in comely state,
Top ga'nt-sails set, she is so tall,
She looks like a first-rate.
Ah ! would she take her Jack in tow,
A voyage for life throughout,
No better birth I'd wish to know :
Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried I, my charming Nan,
  Trim, handsome, neat, and tight,
What joy! so neat a ship to man!
  Oh! she's my heart's delight.
So well she bears the storms of life,
  I'd sail the world throughout,
Brave every toil for such a wife:
  Then push the grog about.

Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
  Each his best manner tried,
Till summon'd by the empty cann,
  They to their hammocks hied:
Yet still did they their vigils keep,
  Though the huge cann was out;
For in soft visions gentle sleep
  Still push'd the grog about.

◆

COME ALL HANDS, AHOY, TO THE ANCHOR.

COME all hands, ahoy, to the anchor,
  From friends and relations to go,
Poll blubbers and cries—devil thank her!
  She'll soon take another in tow.
This breeze like the Old One will kick us
  About on the boisterous main:
And one day, if death does not trick us,
  Perhaps we may come back again.

With a will-ho then pull away, jolly boys?
  At the mercy of fortune we go,
We are in for't; then dam'me, what folly boys
  For to be down-hearted, yo-ho!

Our boatswain take care of the rigging,
  More 'specially when he gets drunk;
The bobstays supply him with swigging,
  He the cable cuts up for old junk;

The studding-sail serves for his hammock;
With the clue-lines he bought him his call,
While ensigns and jacks in a mamock
Are sold to buy trinkets for Poll.
With a will-ho, &c.

Of the purser this here is the maxim,
Slops, grog, and provision he sacks;
How he'd look if you were but to ax him
With the captain's clerk who 'tis goes snacks!
Oh! he'd find it another-guess story,
That would bring his bare back to the cat,
Should his majesty's honour and glory
Just only be told about that:
With a will-ho, &c.

The chaplain's both holy and godly,
And sets us for heaven agog:
Yet, to my mind, he looks rather odly
When he's swearing and drinking of grog.
When he took on his knee Betty Bowser,
And talk'd of her beauty and charms,
Cry'd I. "Which is the way to heav'n now sir?"
"You dog," says the chaplain, "her arms!"
With a will-ho, &c.

The gunner's a dev'l of a bubber,
The carpenter can't fish a mast,
The surgeon's a lazy land-lubber,
The master can't steer if he's ask't;
The lieutenants conceit are wrapp'd in,
The mates hardly merit their flip,
And there's never a swab, but the captain,
Knows the stem from the stern of the ship.
With a will-ho, &c.

Now fore and aft having abus'd 'em,
Just all for my fancy and gig,
Could I find any one that ill-us'd 'em,
Dam'me but I tickle his wig,

Jack never was known for a railer;
'Twas fun ev'ry word that I spoke;
For the sign of a true hearted sailor
Is—to give and to take a good joke.
With a will-ho, &c.

* * *

BATCHELORS HALL.

TO Batchelors Hall we good fellows invite,
To partake of the chace, that makes up our delight;
We have spirits like fire, and of health such a stock,
That our pulse strikes the seconds as true as a clock:
Did you see us you'd swear, as we mount with a grace;
That Diana had dubb'd some new gods of the chace,
Hark away, hark away,
All nature looks gay,
And Aurora with smiles ushers in the bright day.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back:
Tom Trig rode a bay full of mettle and bone,
And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan;
But the horse of all horses that rivall'd the day,
Was the Squire's Neck-or-nothing, and that was a grey.
Hark away, hark away,
While our spirits are gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

Then for hounds there was Nimble, so well that climbs rocks,
And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a Fox,
Little Plunge, like a mole, who with Ferret and Search,
And beetle-browed Hawks-eye so dead at a lurch:
Young Sly-looks, that scents the strong breeze from the South,
And musical Echo-well, with his deep mouth.
Hark away, &c.

Our horses, thus all of the very best blood,
'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud;
And for hounds our opinions with thousands we'll back,
That all England throughout can't produce such a pack;
Thus having describ'd you, dogs, horses and crew,
Away we set off, for the Fox is in view.
Hark away, &c.

Sly Reynard's brought home, while the horns sound a call,
And now you're all welcome to Batchelor's Hall.
The savory Sir-loin grateful smoaks on the board,
And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard;
Come on then, do honour to this jovial place,
And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from the chace.
Hark away, &c.

* * *

OLD TOWLER.

BRIGHT chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And spangles deck the thorn,
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
The lark springs from the corn;
Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,
Fleet Towler leads the cry,
Arise, the burden of my song,
This day a stag must die.

With a hey, ho, chevy,
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,
Hark, hark, tantivy,
This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs snuff up the gale;

The upland winds they sweep along,
O'er fields, thro' brakes they fly,
The game is rous'd, too true the song
This day a stag must die.
With a hey, ho, &c.

Poor stag! the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face,
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chace;
Alike the generous sportman burns,
To win the blooming fair,
But yet he honours each by turns,
They each become his care.
With a hey, ho, &c.

◆

A BRITISH SOLDIER IS MY DAD.

A BRITISH soldier is my dad
The couch of ease disdaining,
And I a true-born British lad,
Like him, live by campaigning;
Dad makes the enemy retreat,
His son and heir, I've fame in view,
He ne'er was conquer'd, I ne'er beat,
For when alarms, loud call to arms,
I beat a rub-a-dub, and a rat-tat-too.

Like dad, from love I never fly,
It's joys are so inviting,
He loves old England, so do I,
And glory take delight in;
A hero's name old dad enjoys,
His son and heir, I've fame in view,
And in the battle make some noise;
For when alarms, loud call to arms,
I beat a rub-a-dub, and a rat-tat-too.

LITTLE BESS, THE BALLAD SINGER.

WHEN first a babe upon the knee
My mother us'd to sing me,
I caught the accents from her tongue,
And e'er I talk'd I lisp'd in song,
I'm little Bess the ballad-singer.

In every village where I came,
They call'd me by my infant name,
And pensive as I rove along,
This still the burthen of my song,
I'm little Bess, &c.

Thro' woods and village scenes I stray,
With plaintive suit and artless lay,
And every passenger I meet
With lowly curtsey thus I greet,
I'm little Bess, &c.

◆

DEATH OR LIBERTY.

WHILST happy in my native land,
I boast my country's charter,
I ne'er will basely lend a hand
It's liberties to barter;
The noble mind is not at all
By poverty degraded,
'Tis guilt alone that makes us fall,
So well I am persuaded—
Each true born Briton's song shall be,
O give me death or liberty.

Tho' small the power that fortune grant,
And few the gifts she sends us,
The lordly hireling still shall want
That freedom which defends us;
By laws secur'd from lawless strife;
Our house is our castellum,
Thus blest with all that's dear in life,
For lucre shall we sell them?
Each true born Briton's, &c.

THE FEMALE VOLUNTEERS.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin, at Vauxhall, the Music by Mr. Reeve, written by Mr. Upton.

COME ye brave, with noble hearts,
  Listen to my story;
Come, like soldiers, play your parts,
  'Tis the path to glory!
Gallant heroes, list with me,
  List, and when united,
Never doubt by land or sea
  We'll see our country righted.
And, hark! the warlike fife and drum
  Salutes the hero's ears;
And bids him join with *hand* and *heart*,
  The *Female Volunteers.*

Valor is the soldier's game,
  And his *Mistress, Honour!*
By that ever sacred name,
  Cast no stain upon her?
Never—'tis not in the man—
  Boasting British spirit!
Sworn to prove his only plan
  Is his *country's* credit.
And, hark! &c.

  Ladies, drop all idle mirth,
Nor of favours prattle
  'Till each *lover* proves his worth,
In the *field* of *battle.*
  Then as it is your duty,
Throw *your arms* about his *neck*,
  And *bless* him with your *beauty*!
And, hark! &c.

Now then, *list* in *England's* cause,
Freedom's favourite nation;
To defend the state and laws—
Is a Briton's station:
Yes, and should the *murderer's* strife,
Be to George directed,
Britons will preserve his *life*,
And see their *King protected!*
And, hark! &c.

◆

LOUISA.

A Rondo, Sung by Master Gray, at Vauxhall, the Music by Mr. Carter, written by Mr. Upton.

SAY, Louisa, can'st thou leave me,
Would'st thou play the tyrant's part?
Tho' the world may frown and grieve me,
Only you—can *break* my *heart*.

Think how long we've known each other,
Love from *childhood* with us grew;
Can'st thou then the passion smother?
Must it meet its death from you?
Say, Louisa, &c.

Give not way to form or fashion,
Frowns may drive me to despair;
Love like *mine*, should meet compassion,
Be as kind as thou art fair!
Say, Louisa, &c.

◆

NED OF DOVER.

Tune—*Yo Heave Ho.*

'TWAS near the town of Dover, dwelt Ned, a jolly sailor,
Who many years on the briny ocean steer'd,
His heart was blith and jolly, never gave to melancholy,
And many a long tedious voyage he had steer'd

Sure this can't be call'd a pleasure,
But this youth he had a treasure,
A treasure, a treasure, which lay near to his heart,
A maiden so fair,
Is the truth I declare,
As by these few lines I will soon impart.

As walking on the beach one day with lovely Nancy,
A maiden much esteem'd by this jovial British tar,
He cries my dearest girl, for you I have a fancy,
My love shall prove true as the morning star;
Come let us walk the beach along,
While our sweet moments pass along,
And those sweet murmuring streams do gently glide,
See the birds on each spray,
Tune their artless lay,
Should you like to be young sailor's bride?

I needs must confess that I love a jolly sailor,
They're the heartiest blades that e'er my eyes did see;
But the worst of all is, you leave us broken-hearted,
While you are a sailing upon the salt sea;
For when that you do leave us,
How often you deceive us,
When to some foreign clime or port as you go,
Sometimes never return,
While we are left to mourn,
And oftentimes are killed by the daring foe.

O do not talk such nonsense, my lovely jewel,
I'll ever prove constant to them that I regard;
Your sweet image on my breast already is engraven,
I shall often think on my love when I'm on the yard,
And as the boisterous winds do blow,
And I am twirling to and fro,
To keep the ship safe as onward she sails,
As the compass is true,
I will be unto you,
My dear Nancy, let whate'er will avail.

But as they were talking, the boatswain fell bawling,
The signal is hove, all hands my lads for sea,
The summons is come, and depart we must quickly,
The young damsel then cry'd, O woe is me,
My love at last is forc'd to go,
To face the proud and haughty foe,
He is forced, but goes without dread or fear,
May you protected be,
From all dangers, cries she,
As on the beach she stood, then let fall the soft tear.

◆

HONEST PADDY'S REMARKS.

OCH! botheration, about preservation,
I love both myself, my dear country and king,
But monopolizers, I always despise, Sirs,
May they on a lamp-post all merrily swing.

CHORUS.

Crying, hubaboo, hubaboo, while they are able,
While tin pots and brass kettles shall sound out their knell,
In all kinds of weather, let them hang together.
Faith, sure they're unworthy on earth for to dwell.

Odd youns,blood and pouars, of those wicked spaltoons.
Sure I have no patience 'bout any such thing,
To hear in this nation, a word like starvation,
Bad luck to their souls, tie them up in a string.

Our fields yielding plenty, and not a barn empty,
You ne'er saw before a more beautiful spring.
O my life to Moll Kelly, you'll ne'er fill your belly,
Till such cruel wretches are noos'd in a string.

Besides those men-eaters, there's other vile creatures,
Who've dar'd to attempt the dear life of our king,
By good sober sadness, I'd soon cure their madness,
To the Devil I'd pitch them on Paddy's new swing.

By holy Britannia, and lovely Hibernia,
With glee I'd soon make this our nation to ring,
Cheap bread, beef, and beer, Sirs, our spirits to chear, Sirs,
Elated each heart will sing, "God save the king."

So now to conclude, my honest friend Casey,
I hope these cruel wars will soon have an end,
About Bonaparte, and such nonsense be easy,
Fill up a bumper, and each toast his friend.

But first you must tuck up all monopolizers,
With tin pots and brass kettles we'll play them a tune,
Then cheap provision we'll get,—the toast round the table,
Will be, roast beef, a speedy peace, and *soon*.

◆

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

OF all the girls in our town,
There's none like pretty Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

There's ne'er a lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And in the streets doth cry them;
Her mother she sells laces long,
To all who choose to buy them;
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally.
She is the darling of my heart, &c.

When Sally's by I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely,
My master comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely;
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally,
She is the darling of my heart, &c.

Of all the days there's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between
A Saturday and Monday;
O then I'm drest all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally,
She is the darling of my heart, &c.

My master carries me to church,
And often I am blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named:
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away with Sally,
She is the darling of my heart, &c.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for her, I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley;
But when my seven years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally,
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley.

* * *

SENTIMENTAL SALLY.

Tune—*Sally in our Alley.*

THE bard who glows with Grub-street fire,
In Sally's praise profuse is;
But know, the Sally I admire,
'Tis wit alone produces;

Sweet sprightly Sylph, 'tis thee I mean,
  Then stand not shilly-shally;
But as thou art my fancy's queen,
  Ne'er let me want a Sally!

'Tis true we're told in prose and rhyme,
  "*A wit is but a feather;*"
But let me lightly mount sublime,
  While grovelings hug their tether;
Then, like the lark, I'll soar and sing,
  While from the sordid valley,
The clod-sprung earthworm ne'er takes wing,
  Nor e'er enjoys a Sally.

Sallies of wit, where wisdom rules,
  Are gladsome, gamesome, gay things;
But those who sport with pointed tools,
  Shou'd handle well their playthings;
Then, haply, when the stroke offends,
  No longer prone to rally;
I'll silence keep, to keep my friends,
  And check the sportive Sally.

And as old Time speeds on apace,
  His sport and prey to make us,
With hasty strides, and hot-foot chace,
  Determin'd to o'ertake us;
When from the Sally-port of life,
  We rush to close life's tally;
Releas'd from cank'ring care and strife,
  Triumphant be our Sally!

◆

PIZARRO.

AS I walk'd thro' the Strand, so careless and gay,
  I met a young girl who was wheeling a barrow;
"Choice fruit, Sir," said she—"and a bill of the play?"
  So some apples I bought, and set off for Pizarro.

When I got to the door I was squeez'd, and cried
" dear me,
" I wonder they made the entrance so narrow!"
At last I got in, and found every one near me
Was busily talking of Mr. Pizarro.

Lo, the Hero appears, (what a strut and a stride!)
He might easily pass for Marshal Suwarrow;
And Elvira so tall, neither virgin nor bride—
The loving companion of gallant Pizarro!

But Elvira, alas, turn'd so dull and so prosy,
That I long'd for a hornpipe by little Del Caro:
Had I been 'mong the gods, I had surely cry—" Nosy,
" Come play us a jig; and a fig for Pizarro!"

On his wife and his child his affection to pay,
Alonzo stood gazing, and strait as an arrow:
Of him I have only this little to say—
His boots were much neater than those of Pizarro!

Then the Priestess and Virgins, in robes white and
flowing,
Walk'd solemnly on—like a sow and her farrow;
And politely inform'd the whole house they were going
To entreat Heav'n's curses on noble Pizarro!

Then at it they went. How they made us all stare!
One growl'd like a bear, and one chirp'd like a
sparrow:
I listen'd; but all I could learn I declare,
Was, that vengeance would certainly fall on Pizarro!

Rolla made a fine speech, with such logic and grammar
As must sure rouse the envy of counsellor Garrow,
It would sell for five pounds, were it brought to the
hammer;
For it rais'd all Peru against valiant Pizarro!

Four acts are tol lol—but the fifth's my delight,
  Where Hist'ry trac'd with the pen of a Varro
And Elvira in black, and Alonzo in white,
  Put an end to the piece, by killing Pizarro!
I have finish'd my song. If it had but a tune,
  (Nancy Dawson won't do, nor the sweet Breas of
    Yarrow,)
I vow I would sing it from morning to noon—
  So much I am charm'd with the Play of Pizarro

◆

DOLL OF WAPPING.

'TWAS at Stepney-church I was splic'd to Doll,
  Pull away, pull away together,
In wedlock you'll oft'times meet with a squall,
  But I found it all foul weather:
Such a curious clapper hung-tongue had she,
  Doll's music there was no stopping;
So in less than a week I put off to sea,
  Pull away, pull away, I say,
What a devil of a Doll of Wapping!
I sail'd for Jamaica, to give her the slip,
  Pull away, pull away, yo ho there;
But soon, finding my latitude, Doll took a trip,
  And she presently had me in tow there;
So again I was forc'd to lead the old life,
  And to India was fain to be hopping:
Where, landing, the first that I met was my wife,
  Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say—
What d'ye think of my Doll of Wapping?
At Calcutta she jaw'd for three weeks and a day,
  Pull away, pull away, so fine O!
Where I luckily shipp'd her for Botany Bay,
  And myself set sail for China:
But just as I counted on the end of my toils,
  Never dreaming of what was to happen,
We were both cast away near the Phillippine Isles—
  Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
What a chop for my Doll of Wapping!

Well, what wou'd you have? all my buffeting past,—
Pull away, pull away—d'ye mind me?
I'm here among the savages moor'd at last,
Where Doll is not able to find me!
Safe out of the reach of her d—d slack jaw,
With plenty of grub for popping,
I'm snug alongside of this tight young squaw—
Pull away, pull away, pull away, belay!
And the devil take Doll of Wapping!

* * *

TALLY HIGH HO, OR, ALL THE WORLD TURN'D GRINDERS.

Sung at Mr. Astley's Amphitheatre.

GO search the world round about,
And many a freak you'll be finding;
But what do you think is all the go?
By the hookey, it's nothing but grinding.
Tally high ho, scandal the devil bind her,
The world is all how come you so, and every profession are grinders.

The law is a state mill, those devouring elves,
The lawyers, are terrible giants;
They grind all the grist for themselves,
And leave all the chaff for their clients.

The doctors grind you for their fees,
They kill you for mere preservation;
For they know if you live to get well,
They must die sure enough by starvation.

The misers grind north, east, west, and south,
The barber at grinding's a crammer;
The churchwarden has got a wide mouth,
And his grinders are like a sledge hammer.

The gamester he grinds by the cards,
  You'd swear he's the devil's own cousin ;
The taylor he grinds by the yard,
  And the baker he grinds by the dozen.

Thus like coblers, to make both ends meet,
  Each man sticks close to his leather,
But Old Nick, who all grinders can beat,
  Will soon grind the whole boiling together.

Britain's grinders, beware of her wooden walls
  The Cambrians and Scots are not behind her
But the cornfactor grinds us the worst,
  I'm sure he's the devil's own grinder.

If ever a raft's form'd at Brest,
  Tho' your favours are ever so binding,
May the devil grind me with the rest,
  So just gently finish your grinding.

SONG

ON board the Valiant we set sail,
  The streamer waving in the wind,
The sails distended by the gale,
  Seem'd to forget the shores behind :
The sailor to the topmast flies,
  To wave his handkerchief in air,
And on the tow'ring cliff descries,
  His own true Polly weeping there.
      And hears her sigh, Adieu !

Now, fresher blew the sou'west gale,
  In peace no more the billows sleep,
The storm that rent the swelling sail,
  Loud murmur'd o'er the swelling deep
No more the sailor sees the land,
  Yet waves his handkerchief in air ;
In vain he seeks the well-known strand,
  To find his own true Polly there :
      And hear her sigh, Adieu !

The storm grew louder, split the mast,
The hurricane more fiercely blows,
And as against the rocks we cast,
The vessel to the bottom goes;
The sailor to the topmast flies,
To wave his handkerchief in air,
And on the tow'ring cliff descries,
His own true Polly weeping there,
And hears her sigh, Adieu!

* * *

IF A BODY LOVES A BODY.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin, at Vauxhall.

A Body may in simple way
Read love in shepherds' eyes,
A body may, ah! well a-day,
Find love, tho' in disguise.

CHORUS.

There is a body loves a body,
I could tell you who;
And if a body loves a body,
Let him come and woo.
And if a body loves a body,
Let him come and woo.

I ne'er will wed, I often said,
A lad that cannot speak;
Yet something's running in my head
Which prudence cannot check.

An humble cot, and simple lot,
Is suited to my mind,
No wealth I seek, then let him speak,
He'll find a body kind.

THE KISS.

WHEN fond emotion swells the heart,
Ere Hope its cordial deigns,
What language dares not to impart
Th' expressive sigh contains.

But when sweet Hope the bosom cheers,
And leads the soul to bliss,
Then rapt'rous love confest appears,
Effusing in the *Kiss!*

* * *

A NEGRO SONG.

(From Mr. Park's Travels)

Versified by her Grace the Dutchess of Devonshire.

THE loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast
The white man yielded to the blast—
He sat him down beneath a tree,
For weary, sad, and faint was he!
And ah! no wife or mother's care
For him the milk or corn prepare.

CHORUS.

The white man shall our pity share
Alas! no wife or mother's care,
For him the milk or corn prepare!

The storm is o'er—the tempest past
And *Mercy's* voice has hush'd the blast;
The wind is heard in whispers low—
The white man far away must go!
But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the negro's care!

CHORUS.

Go, white man, go—but with thee bear
The negro's wish, the negro's pray'r—
Remembrance of the negro's care!

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

STAY, lady—stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
Ah, sure my looks must pity wake—
'Tis want that makes my cheeks so pale!

Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy:
But in the Nile's proud fight he died—
And I am now an orphan boy!

Poor foolish child! how pleas'd was I,
When news of Nelson's vict'ry came,
Along the crowded streets to fly—
And see the lighted windows flame!

To force me home my mother sought—
She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy!

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shudd'ring, clos'd her ears:
"Rejoice, rejoice!" still cry d the crowd—
My mother answer'd with her tears!

"Oh why do tears steal down your cheek,"
Cried I, "while others shout with joy?"
She kiss'd me; and, in accents weak,
She call'd me her poor orphan boy!

"What is an orphan boy?" I said:
When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,
And her eyes clos'd!—I shriek'd for aid:—
But, ah! her eyes were clos'd in death!

My hardships since I will not tell:
But now no more a parent's joy,—
Ah, lady! I have learnt too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh, were I by your bounty fed!—
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread—
The sailor's ophan boy has pride.

Lady, you weep:—what is't you say?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ!
Look down, dear parents; look and see
Your happy, happy orphan boy!

* * *

THE TARRY TROWSERS.

AS I walked one May summer morning,
The weather being fine and clear,
There I heard a tender mother,
Talking to her daughter dear.

Saying, daughter I would have you marry,
And live no longer a single life:
No, said she, I'd sooner tarry
For my jolly sailor bright.

Daughter, sailors are given to roving,
And to foreign parts they go,
Then they leave you broken hearted,
And they prove your overthrow.

O sailors they are men of honour,
And do face their enemy;
Where the thundering cannons rattle,
And the bullets they do fly.

I know you would have me to have a farmer,
And not give me my heart's delight,
Give me the lad with tarry trowsers,
Shines to me like diamonds bright.

Polly, my dear, our anchors are weighing,
And I am come to take my leave,
Tho' I leave you my dearest jewel,
Charming Polly do not grieve.

Jemmy, my dear, let me go with you,
No foreign danger will I fear ;
When you are in the height of battle,
I will attend on you my dear.

Hark ! how the great guns rattle,
And small arms do make a noise ;
When they were in the height of battle
She cries, fight on my jolly, jolly boys.

Now all young maidens take warning,
That a jolly sailor is your delight ?
Never be forc'd to wed with another,
For all their gold and silver bright.

* * *

BEHOLD THE MAN THAT IS UNLUCKY:

BEHOLD the man that is unlucky,
Not from neglect, by fate worn poor,
Tho' gen'rous, kind, when he was wealthy,
His friends are friends to him no more ;
He finds the same in each kind fellow,
By trying those he had reliev'd,
Tho' men shake hands, drink healths, get mellow,
Yet man by man are thus deceiv'd.

Where can you find a fellow-creature
To comfort him in his distress,
His old acquaintance proves a stranger,
Who us'd his friendship to profess ;
Altho' a tear drops from his feelings,
Their selfish hearts cannot be mov'd,
Then what of all their goodly preaching,
If gen'rous deeds cannot be prov'd.

But so it is in life among us,
And give mankind their justly due,
Tis hard to find one truly generous,
We all at times find this too true ;

But if your friend he feels your sorrow,
His tender heart's glad to relieve,
And when he thinks on you to-morrow,
He's happy he had it to give.

◆

SONG.

IF ever a sailor was fond of good sport
'Mongst the girls, why that sailor was I,
Of all sizes and sorts, I'd a wife at each port,
But when that I saw Polly Bligh,
I hail'd her my lovely, and gav'd her a kiss,
And swore to bring up once for all,
And from that time Black Barnaby's splic'd us, till this,
I've been constant and true to my Poll.

And yet now all sorts of temptations I've stood,
For I afterwards sail'd round the world,
And a queer set we saw of the devil's own brood,
Wherever our sails were unfurl'd,
Some with faces like charcoal, and others like chalk,
All ready one's heart to o'erhaul,
Don't you go to love me, my good girl, said I, walk,
I've sworn to be constant to Poll.

I met with a squaw out at India, beyond,
All in glass and tobacco pipes drest,
What a dear pretty monster, so kind and so fond,
That I ne'er was a moment at rest,
With her bobs at her ears, and her quaw, quaw, quaw,
All the world like a Bartelmy doll,
Says I, you Miss Copperskin, just hold your jaw,
For I shall be constant to Poll.

Then one near Sumatra, just under the line,
As fond as a witch in a play,
I loves you, says she, and just only be mine,
Or by poison I'll take you away,

Curse your kindness says I, but you can't frighten me,
You don't catch a gudgeon this haul,
If I do take your ratsbane, why then do you see,
I shall die true and constant to Poll.

But I scap'd from 'em all, tawny, lily, and black,
And merrily weather'd each storm,
And my neighbours to please, full of wonders came back,
But what's better I'm grown pretty warm,
And so now to sea I shall venture no more,
For you know, being rich I've no call,
So I'll bring up young tars, do my duty ashore,
And live and die constant to Poll.

◆

THE CHAPTER OF KINGS.

Sung by Mr. Collins, Author of the Evening Brush, with great applause.

THE Romans in England they once did sway,
And the Saxons they after them led the way;
And they tugg'd with the Danes till an overthrow
They both of them got by the Norman bow.

CHORUS.

Yet, barring all pother,
The one and the other,
Were all of them Kings in their turn.

Little Willy the Conqueror long did reign,
But Billy his son by an arrow was slain;
And Harry the first was a scholar bright,
But Stephy was forc'd for his crown to fight.

Second Harry Plantagenet's name did bear,
And Cœur de Lion was his son and heir;
But Magna Charta we gain'd from John,
Which Harry the Third put his upon.

There was Teddy the first like a tyger bold,
But the second by rebels was bought and sold:
And Teddy the third was his subjects pride,
Though his grandson Dicky was popp'd aside.

There was Harry the fourth a warlike wight,
And Harry the fifth like a cock wou'd fight;
Though Henry his son like a chick did pout,
When Teddy his cousin had kick'd him out.

Poor Teddy the fifth he was kill'd in bed,
By butchering Dick who was knock'd at head;
Then Harry the seventh in fame grew big,
And Harry the eighth was as fat as a pig.

With Teddy the sixth we had tranquil days
Though Mary made fire and faggot blaze;
But good Queen Bess was a glorious Dame,
And bonny King Jemmy from Scotland came.

Poor Charley the first was a martyr made,
But Charley his son was a comical blade;
And Jemmy the second when hotly spurr'd,
Run away do ye see me from Willy the third.

Queen Anne was victorious by land and sea,
And Georgey the first did with glory sway;
And as Georgey the second has long been dead,
Long life to the Georgey we have in his stead,
  And may his sons' sons to the end of the chapter
  All come to be Kings in their turn.

HAPPY WERE THE DAYS.

HAPPY were the days, from infancy advancing,
  When by a parent's fostering power,
My youthful mind, its energies enhancing,
  Waked to new bliss, expanding ev'ry hour.
To the east, when the sun light and life was bringing,
  Or when the western world its rising glories saw,
To the lute's dulcet sound still was Zelma singing,
  The song, the song of joy—Dilkusha.

Thus the opening rose-bud the nightingale was wooing,
The cruel ſtorm aroſe, the bolt his boſom tore;
Ah! hapleſs flow'r, the ſame fate are we rueing,
Thy guardian's loſt—my father is no more.
To the eaſt tho' the ſun light and life be bringing,
Alas! the day that e'er the light I ſaw;
To the lute's dulcet ſound, when ſhall Zelma ſinging,
Again the ſong of joy—Dilkuſha.

◆

THE COTTAGE MAID.

Tune—*the Madrigal.*

LET town-bred belles, elate with pride,
Our humble ruſtic joys deſpiſe,
We in our turn can their's deride,
And artleſs ſimpler pleaſures prize.

What tho' to opera, ball, and play,
A ſtranger is the cottage maid,
She when the moon-beams trembling ray,
Trips lightly o'er the dewy glade.

Be it their's with vain inſidious grace
To bid each feature move by rule,
With borrow'd charms to deck the face,
Or point the ſhaft of ridicule.

Be it ours to breathe the healthful gale,
And at Aurora's ſummons riſe,
To bear the milk-pail through the dale,
And feel the glow of exerciſe.

Be it their's to ſpread the wily ſnare,
And play a light conquetiſh part;
The cottage maid knows no ſuch care,
To gain the ruſtic's honeſt heart.

Love flies the town on ſilken wing,
He ſickens at their gay parade;
With virtue blooms perpetual ſpring,
And ſmiles upon the cottage maid.

WHEN IN WAR ON THE OCEAN.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

WHEN in war on the ocean we meet the proud foe,
Tho' with ardour for conquest our bosoms may glow,
Let us see on their vessels Old England's flag wave,
They shall find British sailors but conquer to save.

And now their pale ensign we view from afar,
With three cheers they're welcom'd by each British tar;
While the genius of Britain still bids us advance,
And our guns hurl in thunder defiance to France.

Bnt mark our last broadside! she sinks! down she goes!
Quickly man all your boats—they no longer are foes;
To snatch a brave fellow from a watery grave,
Is worthy a Briton, who conquers to save.

◆

THEN SAY, MY SWEET GIRL, CAN YOU LOVE ME.

DEAR Nancy I've sail'd the wide world all around,
And seven long years been a rover,
To make for my charmer each shilling a pound,
But now my hard perils are over:
I've sav'd from my toils many hundreds in gold,
The comforts of life to beget;
Have borne in each climate the heat and the cold,
And all for my pretty Brunette:
Then say, my sweet girl, can you love me?

Though others may boast of more riches than mine,
And rate my attraction e'en fewer,
At their jeers and attractions I'll scorn to repine,
Can they boast of a heart that is truer?
Or will they for thee plough the hazardous main,
Brave the seasons both stormy and wet?
If not, why I'll do it again and again,
And all for my pretty Brunette:
Then say, my sweet girl, &c.

When order'd afar in pursuit of the foe,
I sigh'd at the bodings of fancy,
Which fain would persuade me I might be laid low,
And ah! never more see my Nancy!
But hope, like an angel, soon banish'd the thought,
And bade me such nonsense forget;
I took the advice, and undauntedly fought,
And all for my pretty Brunette:
Then say, my sweet girl, &c.

* * *

BEN BOWSPRIT.

Sung by Mr. Johannet, at Astley's Amphitheatre.

BEN Bowsprit I am, and a true jolly boy,
Pull away, pull away so funny,
I was always the first for to pipe hands a-hoy,
When the signal was out to be sunny:
I could weather all seas like a true jolly dog,
With the best he that ever went a hopping
But the ocean I like is the ocean of grog,
Pull away, pull away, pull I say—
What d'ye think of Ben Bowsprit of Wapping?

My grandfather bulg'd with a freighting of flip,
Pull away, pull away, so frisky,
Old Davy contriv'd my dad's cable to slip,
One day overladen with whisky:
Then my wife's christian name, it was brandyfac'd Nan,
'Twas gin to old Nick sent her hopping;
So the family's cause I keep up while I can,
Pull away, pull away, pull I say—
What d'ye think of Ben Bowsprit of Wapping?

Avast, now, dont't think that I'd launch out a lie,
Pull away, pull away, so groggy,
Don't you see in the service I've bung'd up one eye,
And t'other eye grows rather foggy,

Then to stand on I've scarcely a leg left behind,
And should death t'other day-light be stopping;
Why the worst you can say, is—He's drunk till he's dead,
Pull away, pull away, pull I say,
What d'ye think of Ben Bowsprit of Wapping ?

* * *

BEGONE, DULL CARE.

BEGONE, dull Care, I pry'thee begone from me,
Begone, dull care, thou and I shall never agree ;
Long time thou hast been tarrying here,
And fain thou would'st me kill ;
But I'faith, dull care,
Thou never shall have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man look gray ;
And too much care will turn an old man to clay;
My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
So merrily pass the day ;
For I hold it one of the wisest things
To drive dull care away.

* * *

THE PRETTY HAYMAKER.

Sung by Mr. Dignum at Vauxhall, composed by Mr. Reeve, the words by Mr. Upton.

'TWAS in June, rosey June
That I saunter'd one morning,
All alone tho' the fields
Just as Phœbus was dawning :
When fortune so fix'd it
For which the deuce take her,
I must full deep in love
With a pretty *haymaker*;
Yes, in love, deep in love,
With a little haymaker!

She was fair, and well form'd,
  Nay, all lovely I own it,
And *grass* here and there
  Into hillocks had thrown it:
Her words were—" Stand by Sir!"
  And I strove to forsake her,
But, no, I was caught
  By this *pretty haymaker;*
Yes, in love, deep in love
  With a *little haymaker.*

'Twas her *figure,* her *mien,*
  And *two* pretty *black eyes,* Sir,
With a *blush* the most sweet
  Took my heart by surprise, Sir:
'Twas a something bewitching,
  For which the deuce take her,
Made me fall deep in love
  With this pretty *haymaker;*
Yes, in love, deep in love
  With a *little haymaker.*

What to do I can't tell,
  For a cause more perplexing
Was sure never known,
  No, nor truly more vexing;
Pray, young men have a care
  Of the *fields,* and each *raker,*
Lest you fall deep in love
  With some pretty *haymaker.*
For I'm trapp'd, fairly trapp'd,
  By a *little haymaker!*

* * *

GLEE, FOR THREE VOICES.

TO be jovial and gay, to be merry and wise,
To pass time away is a boon that I prize;
With Friendship and Glee, to fill up the span,
Is a life that suits me, and I will if I can.

A DRINKING SONG.

Tune—" *Derry Down.*

HAD Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and instead of his brine,
Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
For the sake of good liquor as well as for gain!
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking,
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a drinking.

The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more haste,
Secure in the evening of such a repast;
And when he'd got tipsy, would have taken his nap
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine;
What vast exhalation he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth, as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when blest with such rain,
To fill all our vessels, and fill them again!
Nay, even the beggar, that has ne'er a dish,
Might jump into the river, and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment on ev'ry one's brow!
Hob, as great as a prince, dancing after the plough!
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Although they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, who, I think, don't to drinking incline,
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we then enjoy'd,
Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd!
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his power
To let slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

THE BEAUTEOUS LOUISA.

Tune—*The High-Mettled Racer.*

SEE the park throng'd with beauties, the tumult's begun,
And right-honour'd knaves talk of conquests they've won;
But view yon pale damsel, and mark her sad air,
'Tis the beauteous Louisa, once virtuous as fair;
Nor spurn her, ye virgins, who shone like a sun,
Ere the beauteous Louisa by man was undone.

A titled despoiler this peerless maid found,
And with specious pretences her innocence drown'd;
But having grown weary and cloy'd of her charms,
The titled seducer expell'd her his arms:
E'en the conquest hard won he insults with his breath,
Though the beauteous Louisa is pining to death.

Though numbers yet offer rich proofs of their love,
The penitent victim against them has strove;
Betray'd and abus'd by the man she ador'd,
She now only wishes her honour restor'd:
But, alas! hapless fair one, thy wishes are vain!
And the heart-broke Louisa is left to complain.

But chance, when the spoiler shall hear she's no more,
The fate of Louisa e'en he may deplore;
The breast that could spurn her may then heave a sigh,
And wish the fair blossom still on it might lie:
But, ah! then how fruitless his love-proffer'd terms,
When the beauteous Louisa's a prey to the worms!

THE FAIR OF BRITAIN'S ISLE.

FILL, fill the glass, to beauty charge,
And banish care from ev'ry breast;
In brisk champagne we'll quick discharge;
A toast shall give the wine a zest;
With rapturous love the soul delight,
And make e'en misery smile—
The nation's ornament most bright,
The Fair of Britains Isle.

The boasted beauties they surpass
Of France, of Italy, and Spain;
More nobly rank'd in virtue's class,
The world's applause they justly gain·
Circassia's dames no more shall boast
Their once all-conquering smile;
Through kingdoms this the future toast—
The Fair of Britain's Isle!

Then join with me, ye gen'rous youth,
Whose breasts with noble passion burn,
Plead with sincerity and truth,
Nor doubt you'll meet a just return;
Do you deserve, and they'll reward
With fascinating smile;
Then love and honour ever guard
The Fair of Britain's Isle.

◆

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

O Think on my fate, once I freedom enjoy'd,
Was as happy as happy could be,
But the pleasure is fled, even hope is destroy'd,
A captive, alas! on the sea;
I was taken by the foe, 'twas the fiat of fate
To tear me from her I adore,
But thoughts bring to mind my once happy state,
I sigh, I sigh, while I tug at the oar.

O hard, hard is my fate, how galling are my chains,
My life steers by misery's chart,
And tho' against my tyrants I scorn to complain,
Tears gush forth to ease my fond heart;
I disdain even to shrink tho' I feel the sharp lash,
Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore,
While around me the the unfeeling billows do dash
I sigh, I sigh, while I tug at the oar.

How fortune deceiv'd me, I'd pleasure in tow,
The port where she dwelt I'd in view,
But the wish'd nuptial morn was all clouded with woe,
Dear Anna, I'm hurried from you,
Our shallop was boarded and I bore away,
To behold my dear Anna no more,
But despair waste my spirits, my form felt decay,
I sigh, I sigh, while I tug at the oar!

◆

FAVOURITE BALLAD;

Sung in the Iron Chest.

DOWN by the river there grows a green willow,
Sing, oh! for my true-love, my true-love, oh!
I'll weep out the night there, the bank for my pillow,
And all for my true-love, my true-love, oh!
When chill blows the wind, and tempests are beating,
I'll count all the clouds as I mark them retreating,
For true-lovers' joys, well-a-day are as fleeting;
Sing all for my true-love, my true-love, oh!

Maids, come in pity, when I am departed,
Sing, oh! for my true-love, my true-love, oh!
When dead on the bank I am found broken-hearted,
And all for my true-love, my true-love, oh!
Make me a grave, all while the wind's blowing,
Close to the stream where my tears once were flowing,
And over my corse keep the green willow growing,
'Tis all for my true-love, my true-love, oh!

OLD OLIVER; OR, THE DYING SHEPHERD.

Written by P. Pindar, and set to Music by M. Rauzzini.

RECITATIVE.

THE shepherd, Oliver, grown white with years,
Like some old oak weigh'd down by winter snows,
Now drew the village sighs, and village tears;
His eye-lids sinking to their last repose.

Yet ere expir'd life's trembling flame, and pale,
Thus to the bleating bands around his door,
That seem'd to mourn his absence from their vale,
The feeble shepherd spoke, and spoke no more!

AIR.

O, my flock! whose kind voices I hear,
Adieu! ah, for ever adieu!
No more on your hills I appear,
And together our pleasure pursue:

No more, at the peep of the day,
From valley to valley we rove,
'Mid the streamlets and verdure of May,
'Mid the zephyrs, and shade of the grove.

No more to my voice shall ye run,
And, bleating, your shepherd surround;
And, while I repose in the sun,
Like a guard, watch my sleep on the ground.

When winter, with tempest and cold,
Dims the eye of pale nature with woe,
I lead you no more to the fold,
With your fleeces all cover'd with snow.

O, mourn not at Oliver's death?
Unwept my last sand let it fall;
Ye too must resign your sweet breath,
For *who* his *past years* can recall?

O, take all your shepherd can give!
  Receive my last thanks, and last sigh;
Whose simplicity taught me to *live*,
  And whose innocence teaches to *die!*

LONDON CRIES.

Tune—*By the Deep Nine.*

WHEN I, to London, first came in,
  How I began to gape and stare!
" Fresh lobsters—dust—and wooden-ware!"
  The cries they kept up such a din—
A damsel, lovely and black-ey'd,
Tript through the streets, and sweetly cry'd—
  " Buy my live sprats—buy my live sprats."
A youth on t'other side the way,
With hoarser lungs did echoing say,
    " Buy my live sprats!"

Full shrilly cry'd the chimney-sweep:
  The fruitress fair bawl'd—" Round and sound;"
The Jew, would down the æra peep,
  To look for custom under ground:
His bag over his shoulder flung,
And to the footmen sweetly sung:
  " Cloashes to sell—cloashes." " Round and sound—sweep."
Young Soot cry'd, " Sweep," in accents true;
The Barrow-lady, and the Jew—
    " Round and sound —cloashes."

A noise at every turn you'll find:
  " Ground-ivy—Rabbit-skins to sell;
" Great news from France! and knives to grind,
  " Matts—muffins—milk, and mackarel!"

And when these motly noises die,
And various tones the watchmen cry—
  "By the clock—twelve!—Past twelve o'clock!"
Then home to bed, the shopmen creep;
And all the night are kept from sleep,
  With—"Past—*hum'*—o'clock!"

* * *

THE VINE-COVER'D HILLS.

O'ER the vine-cover'd hills and gay regions of France,
  See the day-star of LIBERTY rise;
Through the clouds of detraction unweary'd advance,
  And hold its gay course through the skies!
An effulgence so mild, with a lustre so bright,
  All Europe with wonder surveys,
And from deserts of darkness, and dungeons of night,
  Contends for a share of the blaze.

Let Burke, like a bat, from its splendour retire,
  A splendour too strong for his eyes:
Let pedants and fools his effusions admire,
  Intrapt in his cobwebs like flies.
Shall phrenzy and sophistry hope to prevail,
  When *Reason* opposes its weight,
When the welfare of millions is hung in the scale,
  And the balance yet trembles with fate?

Ah! who 'midst the horrors of night would abide,
  That can taste the pure breezes of morn?
Or who, that has drunk of the crystalline tide,
  To the secculent flood would return?
When the bosom of Beauty the throbbing heart meets,
  Ah! who can its transports decline?
Then who that has tasted of Liberty's sweets,
  The *prize* but with *life* would resign?

But 'tis over! High Heav'n the decision approves!
  Oppression has struggled in vain!
To the Hell she has form'd *Superstition* removes,
  And *Tyranny* gnaws his own chain.

To the record of time a new æra unfolds—
All nature exults in its birth:
The CREATOR benign his creation beholds,
And gives a new *charter* to earth.

O catch its high import, ye winds! as ye blow,
O bear it, ye waves! as ye roll,
From regions that feel the sun's vertical glow,
To the farthest extremes of the pole.
Equal *laws*, equal *rights*, to the nations around,
Peace and *friendship* their precepts impart;
And wherever the footsteps of *man* shall be found,
May he *bind* the *decree* on his *heart!*

◆

HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

Composed by Dr. Harington.

HOW sweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound and horn,
To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn;
But hard is the chace my fond heart must pursue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view:
She's lost!
Fair Daphne is lost to my view!

Assist me, chaste Dian', the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with disdain;
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies,—
Though Daphne's pursu'd,—tis Myrtillo that dies!—
That dies!
Though Daphne's pursu'd,—'tis Myrtillo that dies.

◆

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

SPANKING Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
Though winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle and sing;
Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to his Molly,
And if honour gives greatness, was great as a king.

One night, as we drove with two reefs in the mainsail,
And the scud came on lowering upon a lee shore,
Jack went up aloft, for to hand the top-ga'nt-sail,
A spray wash'd him off, and we ne'er saw him more.

CHORUS.

But grieving's a folly, come let us be jolly,
If we've troubles at sea, boys, we've pleasures ashore.

Whiffling Tom, full of mischief, or fun in the middle,
Though life in all weathers at random would jog;
He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
And swig with an air his allowance of grog.
Long side of a Don, in the Terrible frigate,
As yard-arm and yard-arm we lay off the shore,
In and out Whiffling Tom did so caper and jig it,
That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,
He was manly and honest, good-natur'd and free;
If ever one tar was more true than another
To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he.
One day, with the david to heave the cadge anchor,
Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy shore,
He overboard tipt, when a shark, and a spanker,
Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er saw him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

But what of it all, lads, shall we be down-hearted,
Because that may-hap we now take our last sup?
Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
And death in fast mooring will bring us all up.
But 'tis always the way on't, one scarce finds a brother,
Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,
But by battle or storm, or some d—d thing or other,
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

FREDERICK AND PEACE ARE NO MORE.

ERE Emma's ſair form first attracted my view;
This bosom no restless anxiety knew;
The mild breeze of eve lull'd to slumber mine eye,
And morning's bright radiance awoke me to joy;
But ah! this felicitous season is o'er,
And Fred'rick and peace are united no more.

Regardless of danger, I gaz'd on the maid,
And boldly her thousand attractions survey'd;
I view'd her bright lips with vermillion that glow,
Her love-darting eyes, and her bosom of snow;
A rashness, alas! I must ever deplore,
For Fred'rick and peace are united no more.

For though this incaution has fill'd me with pain,
And robb'd me of joys I can ne'er know again,
Yet spite of my suffering this heart will refuse,
A passion as ardent as hopeless, to lose;
And ne'er shall it cease the dear maid to adore;
Tho' Fred'rick and peace be united no more.

◆

THE INVITATION.

Tune—*In Storms when Clouds obscure the Sky.*

THO' winter spreads her drear domain,
And whirlwinds howl on ev'ry plain;
Tho' snows descend in northern storms,
The thought of Bet my bosom warms;
Let tempests roll
From pole to pole,
And wild tornadoes threat,
Bless'd with thy love,
I'll cheerly rove,
And think on thee, my Bet!

Then haste, Eliza, to my cot,
Where winter's frowns shall be forgot:
Thy presence makes each season gay,
And stern December sweet as May.
Come then, my dear,
Disperse thy fear,
No danger here beset;
As swift as thought
The hours will sport,
While bless'd with thee, my Bet.

At length, when spring new prints the mead,
To thee I'll tune my oaten reed;
Or lead thee to yon silent grove,
Sweet harbour of content and love!
There, blithe and gay,
I'll bless the day,
When first my love I met;
I'll laugh at pain,
Nor e'er again
Will part with thee, my Bet.

◆

THE FAITHFUL CAMP BUTCHER.

Sung by Mr. Cosgrove, at Astley's Amphitheatre.

SAM Steel is my name, and a man of some fame,
For where the boys march, there am I;
Yet pray take me right, I mean not to fight,
No—mine is their wants to supply:
For go where I will, I knock down and kill,
And prove, if you'll give me belief,
By night and by day, a friend as you'll say,
And find them old English roast-beef.
Brave boys!
And find them old English roast-beef.

Like Britons they beat, and like Britons they eat,
And while I can handle a knife,
I'll cut up and carve, a soldier to serve,
E'en though at the risk of my life.
And since in the battle, though cannons may rattle,
A soldier's a stranger to grief,
I'll prove very clear, to my heart they are dear,
And find them old English roast-beef, &c.

Then, this too I'll boast, old England's my toast,
And her champions for ever, say I;
May they fight in her cause, nor e'er make a pause,
Till they see all her enemies fly.
And if I turn tail in my duty, or fail,
Why, may I be hang'd like a thief;
No, no, while I live, my assistance I'll give,
And find them old English roast-beef, &c.

◆

I'LL BE TRUE TO THEE.

A favorite Scotch Air, Sung by Mrs. Franklin, at Vauxhall.

EXCHANGING vows of mutual love,
Beside a purling stream,
Sat Joe and Jane, in prime of youth,
And love was all their theme:
Gin ye can loo me, lass, he cry'd,
And loo but only me,
Ye soon shall be a bonny bride,
And I'll be true to thee, lassie.

A wee house o'er the burn ye see,
Wi' thatch well cover'd o'er,
'Twill shelter give to thee and me,
And what should we want more,
Gin ye can loo me, &c.

Let others follow fame and wealth,
For greater joys I sigh,
I ask of heaven, sweet ease and health,
With thee to live and die.
Gin ye can loo me, &c.

THE RICHMOND PRIMROSE GIRL.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, at Freemasons Hall.

NEAR bowery Richmond, Thames's pride,
Dwelt Ellen, when her father died:
One snowy night he lost his way,
And never more beheld the day;
Two infant boys around the mother clung,
And kindred grief the heart of Ellen wrung.

Upon the earth her eyes she threw,
The flow'rets wild before her grew:
Those gifts, by bounteous nature spread,
She gather'd, to procure them bread,
And thro' the hollow sounding streets,
By few reliev'd, but jeer'd by many,
Her cry each morning she repeats,
Primroses primroses,primroses,two bunches a penny,
Primroses, two bunches a penny.

Her pensive way I've seen her keep,
With anxious step from door to door,
And oft I've turn'd aside to weep,
And mourn'd that fortune made me poor;
Ere early light adorns the sky,
She roves the heath and valley fenny,
And towards proud London hastes to cry—
Primroses,primroses,primroses,two bunches a penny,
Primroses, two bunches a penny.

◆

THE MAID OF THE ROCK.

By G. S. Carey.

(ORIGINAL.)

I SAT out one eve, with intention to roam,
To the Rock, where the surges wantonly play,
When the owl had stol'n out from his secret home,
And bright-vested Hesperus clos'd in the day.

The moon was at full, and with dignity rose,
And tissu'd with silver the green-mantl'd seas,
The God of the ocean was gone to repose,
And Æolus fann'd with a whispering breeze.

On reaching the cave where old legends report,
And many a sorrowful tale has been sung,
Where blood-hunting robbers have oft held their court,
On each side was some vestige of chivalry hung;
My eyes were alarm'd on beholding a maid,
Who, near to the cavern, sat silent in grief,
Her head on her hand all in sorrow was laid,
A hard rocky pillow was all her relief.

She started with fear, and she fain would have fled,
I begg'd her to stay and her sorrows relate,
Then told her, from me, she had nothing to dread,
That I was sent there by the order of fate,
You came by the order of one, she reply'd,
Who has done all she can to distract my poor mind,
O'er-whelm'd in the deep, my dear William, my pride,
Then sunk, and she gave her last breath to the wind!

MARY OF THE TYNE.

(ORIGINAL.)

WHAT pleasure oft' 'tis to reveal,
The pain or pleasure that we feel;
'Tis bliss, while either we impart
Unto a sympathetic heart;—
Just like that sweet heart of thine,
My lovely Mary of the Tyne.

I lose, when near thee, all my care,
When from thee, I am all despair;
My bosom heaves with anxious pain,
Until I meet with thee again;
What are the adverse pangs of mine,
My lovely Mary of the Tyne?

Say is it from thy beauteous face,
Or is it from thy natural grace,
Or is it thy angelic mind,
Or is it ev'ry one combin'd,
Making one sweet from divine,
My lovely Mary of the Tyne?

Shou'd it be love, thou'lt sure forgive,
That is the food on which I live;
But if thou shou'dst that bliss deny,
Then must thy faithful lover die;
Or linger out his life and pine,
For lovely Mary of the Tyne.

◆

NANCY.

Sung by Miss Waters.

ONE sweet May morn, in Woodley park,
  From a fond parent first I parted,
And kept along the winding vale,
  With trembling step and doubtful hearted:
In climbing slow the village hill,
  Full oft' I turn'd, indulging fancy,
When on its brow I lingering still,
  Look'd, sigh'd, and wept—ah! happy Nancy.

The Chester coach, for London now
  Took up its burthen gay and cheery,
But as it lengthen'd on my view,
  The busy road to me seem'd dreary!
Silent my flying couch I prest,
  Yet to amuse my troubled fancy,
I sometimes caught the passing jest,
  I heard and smil'd—ah! thoughtless Nancy.

And now arriv'd at that dear spot,
The bound of many a village longing,
Soon humbler views were all forgot,
'Midst high rais'd hopes alternate thronging:
With flatt'ry, so it prov'd to be,
The men caught ev'ry female fancy,
And when in turn it fix'd on me,
I fond believ'd—ah! simple Nancy.

Too soon the simple storm came on,
Gay London—would I sought it never!
Saw one more hapless maid undone,
And wreck'd her fairest hopes for ever:
The day was pass'd in silent woe,
At night, it may be only fancy,
A pitying angel whisper'd now,
Fly hence, or thou art lost, poor Nancy.

At break of day, disguis'd, alone,
I urg'd my flight, scarce caring whither,
And left for aye the vicious town,
And a gay villain's arms together:
Thus quitting both, yet woman still,
A thousand fears rush on my fancy—
Ah! may, at last, kind chance reveal
Some friendly shade to hide poor Nancy.

* * *

JOLLY JACK OF DOVER.

I'M jolly Jack main top-mast, call'd jolly Jack of Dover,
Who've lately been employ'd much in bringing Frenchmen over—
Split my top sails if ever I'd such cargoes before, sir,
And sink me to the bottom if I'll carry any more, sir.

CHORUS.

Oh no the devil a bit with jolly Jack of Dover,
None of your perfidious French shall ever more come over.

I brought over a priest, and he was not worth a farthing,
He offer'd for his passage, for all my sins a pardon;
I curs'd his lubber lazy limbs, and trundled him ashore, sir
Split my timbers if ever I'll be done so any more, sir.
Oh no the devil a bit, &c.

I brought o'er a lady, a person of distinguish'd note,
She offer'd for her passage a corner of her passage boat;
But says I, it won't do, ma'am, perhaps your boat is leaky,
Or perhaps you're a French fire ship, so sink me if I speak ye.
Oh no the devil a bit, &c.

I brought o'er a barber, who offer'd me a tweezer case,
A pot of paint and curling tongs, to decorate my homely face;
Smash your sprit-sail, says I, then my face wants no careening,
But you want to go passage free, I understand your meaning.
Oh no the devil a bit, &c.

I brought o'er a captain, who pleaded his great poverty,
Says I, you're a coward, or you would not from your country fly;
And so, my limbs, I'll make you pay as sure as you're alive now,
Or down you go to Davy Jones, and learn of him to dive now.
Oh no the devil a bit, &c.

I brought o'er a milliner, she said her name was Nancy,
And she had got some fringes which would amuse my fancy;
But says I, back avast there, my dear, I'm not so eager,
Not quite so tir'd of English meat, to long for your soup meagre.
Oh no the devil a bit, &c,

I brought o'er a swindler, coward renegado,
Who fled because he fear'd to get a German bastinado,
He thinking for to cheat me, jump'd over board and
swam ashore,
But forgot to take along with him a box of shining
Louis do'r.
Oh no the devil a bit, &c.

So now here's a health to Old England and her tars,sir,
May heaven keep us safe from all civil broils and jars,
sir,
I'll never fall a-stern when my country's in distress,
sir,
Nor land another Frenchman my country to oppress,
sir,
Oh no the devil a bit, &c.

◆

LOVE AND UNANIMITY.

Tune—*The Hardy Tar.*

WHEN party feuds and hateful broils
Distrust and mad delusion,
Disturb the happiest of isles,
And all is wild confusion:
When each pursues his stubborn will,
And minds are much divided,
It then requires the utmost skill,
To get the storm subsided.

CHORUS.

Then let us hand and heart exert,
With manly resolution,
Determ'd firmly to support
Our Glorious Constitution.

The chearful and industrious heart,
Who oft perhaps in need is,
If well in life he acts his part,
I care not what his creed is;

Dissenter—Churchman—Catholic,
Whatever their persuasions,
Good subjects are to me alike,
Of all denominations.
Chorus—Then let us, &c.

Let harmony without controul,
Be quickly reinstated,
'Twill glad the breast of each free soul,
To have the work compleated:
Fair commerce then will more expand,
Nor shall our hopes be blighted,
No foreign foe can harm our land,
If Britons are united.
Chorus—Then let us, &c.

To quell at once the hateful storm,
And stifle all confusion,
Tho' cherish'd by the word Reform,
We'll have no Revolution;
By truth's fair standard may we see
The wheels of state directed,
And freedom, life, and property,
For ever be protected.

CHORUS.

Then let us hand and heart exert,
With manly resolution,
Determin'd firmly to support
Our KING and CONSTITUTION.

◆

THE SOCIAL FRIEND.

Tune—*Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.*

WHAT mortal can more happy be,
Than he who spends his days,
From envy and contention free,
And does his best to please.

CHORUS.

At close of day—go where I may,
A social hour to spend;
Whilst life I prize—of tranquil joys,
Give me the Real Friend.

Good humour fondly to impart,
Was always pleasant found,
And party spleen, I from my heart
Wish in oblivion drown'd.
Chorus—At close of day, &c.

That good old saying much I love,
" Be merry and be wise,"
For who of conduct can approve,
Which harmony destroys.
Chorus—At close of day, &c.

May truth her glorious standard rear,
Our sacred rights to guard,
And genuine merit every where
Receive its just reward.
Chorus—At close of day, &c.

◆

THE LADS OF THE OCEAN.

Tune—*Go to the Devil and shake yourself.*

WHAT matters your ditties, your jokes, and narrations,
Of lawyers, and doctors still making your game,
With your gallipots, parchments, and clients, and patients,
And all such cantanherous stuff as that same,
In praise of our admirals, captains, and sailors,
I'll sing, and long life to the lads, and all such
Who on the salt ocean were never yet failers
In banging the Spaniards, the French, and the Dutch,
And sing fillalloo, smallilloo, ditheroo, whack,
Let an enemy come and we'll trundle him back,
While the lads of the ocean shall tell the proud elf,
He may go to the Devil and shake himself.
Chorus—And sing fillalloo, &c.

Did'nt Frenchmen one June to our lads cry *peccavi,*
Lord Howe he did pelt them through thunder and smoke
With British hard dumplins without any gravy,
Till Mounseer no longer could relish the joke?
And then did'nt Jarvis the Spaniards belather?
Then Duncan and Nelson completed the job,
To shew them we can beat them all three both together
As fast as each pleases to put up his nob.
Chorus—And sing fillalloo, &c.

Each wave as it washes our shores would soon tell us,
If it had but a tongue and could speak what was just,
How it carry'd to glory our brave honest fellows—
How oft on its surface our foes bit the dust.
And now to be building on land you'd be a'ter,
Some trophy of honour their actions to grace,
While they have built one for themselves on the water,
The Devil himself could'nt shove from its place.
Chorus—And sing fillalloo, &c.

◆

THE MODEL.

MY friend is the man I wou'd copy through life,
He harbours no envy, he causes no strife;
No murmurs escape him, though fortune bears hard,
Content is his portion, and peace his reward;
Still happy in his station,
He minds his occupation,
Nor heeds the cares,
Nor knows the snares,
Which vice and folly brings;
Daily working wearily,
Nightly singing cheerily,
Dear to him his wife, his home, his country, and his King.

His heart is enlarged, though his income is scant,
He lessens his little for others that want;
Tho' his children's dear claim on his industry press,
He has something to spare for the child of distress;
He seeks no idle squabble,
He joins no thoughtless rabble,
To clear his way,
From day to day,
His honest views extend;
When he speaks 'tis verily,
When he smiles 'tis merrily;
Dear to him his sport, his toil, his honour, and his friend.

How charming to find, in his humble retreat,
That bliss so much sought, so unknown to the great;
The wife only anxious her fondness to prove,
The playful endearments of infantine love;
Relaxing from his labours,
Amid his welcome neighbours,
With plain regale,
With jest and tale,
The happy peasant see;
No vain schemes confounding him;
All his joys surrounding him,
Dear he holds his native Land, its Laws and Liberty.

◆

SADI THE MOOR.

The trees seem'd to fade, as the dear spot I'm viewing,
My eyes fill with tears as I look at the door;
And see the lov'd cottage all sinking in ruin,
The cottage of peace, and Sadi the Moor.
Poor Sadi was merciful, honest, and chearly,
His friends were his life's blood, he valued them dearly,
And his sweet dark-eye'd Zeida, he lov'd her sincerely,
Hard was the fate of poor Sadi the Moor.

As Sadi was toiling, his Zeida was near hi
 His children were smiling and prattling before,
When the pirates appear, from his true love they tear him,
 And drag to the vessel poor Sadi the Moor.
The forlorn one rav'd loudly, her lost husband seeking,
His children, and friends at a distance were shrieking,
Poor Sadi cried out, while his sad heart was breaking,
 Pity the sorrows of Sadi the Moor.

In spite of his plaint to the galley they bore him,
 His Zeida and children, to mourn and deplore,
At morn from his feverish slumbers they tore him,
 And with blows hardly treated poor Sadi the Moor.
At night up aloft while the still Moon was clouding,
The thought of his babes on his wretched mind crowing,
He heav'd a last sigh, and fell dead from the shrouding,
 The sea was the grave of Sadi the Moor.

PRAY REMEMBER JACK.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett, at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

WHEN scarce a handspike high,
 Death with old dad made free;
So what does I do, d'ye think,
 But pikes it off to sea.
Says I to sweetheart Poll,
 If ever I come back,
We'll laugh and sing tol de rol lol,
 If not, remember Jack.

I'd fortune smooth and rough,
 The wind would chop and veer;
Till hard knocks I'd nabb'd enough
 On-board a privateer.

Propp'd with a wooden peg,
  Poll I thought would bid me pack;
So was forc'd, d'ye see, to beg,
  And 'twas—Pray remember Jack.

I ax'd, as folks hove by,
  And shew'd my wooden pin;
Young girls would sometimes sigh,
  And gaping lubbers grin.
In vain I often bawl,
  My hopes were ta'en aback,
And my share of copper small;
  So pray remember Jack.

One day, my lockers bare,
  And togs all tatter'd grown,
I twigg'd a pinnace fair,
  Well rigg'd, a bearing down.
'Twas Poll—she look'd so spruce:
  "What thus," says she, "come back!"
My tongue forgot its use,
  And pray remember Jack.

What matters much to prate,
  She'd shiners sav'd a few;
Soon I became her mate:
  Wa'nt Poll a sweetheart true?
Then from a friend I sarv'd before,
  From a long voyage trips back;
Shar'd with I his gold galore,
  For, he well remember'd Jack.

So, what though I lost my leg,
  It seem'd to fortune mend;
And was forc'd, d'ye see, to beg,
  I gain'd a wife and friend.
Here's the King, Old England, Poll,
  My shipmate just come back,
Then laugh and sing tol de rol lol,
  And pray remember Jack.

SANDY AND JENNY.

Written by Mr. Upton, and sung by Mr. Cooke at Vauxhall. The Music by Mr. Sanderson.

(NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.)

" COME, come, bonny lassie," cry'd Sandy, " awa,
While mither is spinning, and father's a-far;
The folk are at work, and the bairns are at play,
And we will be marry'd, dear Jenny, to-day."

" Stay, stay, bonny laddie," I answer'd with speed,
" I winna, I munna go with you indeed;
Besides, should I do so, what would the folk say?
O we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day."

" List, list," said he, " lassie, and mind what you do?
Both Patty and Peggy I give up for you;
Besides, a full twelvemonth we've trifled away,
Then let us be marry'd, dear Jenny, to-day."

" Fie, fie! bonny laddie," reply'd I again,
" When *Peggy* you *kiss'd* t'other day on the plain;
Besides, a new ribbon does Patty display,
So we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day"

" Then, then a good by, bonny lassie," said he,
" For *Peggy* and *Patty* are *waiting* for *me!*
The *kirk* is hard by, and the bells call away,
And *Peggy* or *Patty* I'll marry to-day."

" Stop, stop, bonny laddie," says I with a smile,
" And know I was *joking* with you all the while;
Let *Patty* go *spin*, and send *Peggy* away,
For *we* will be *marry'd*, dear Sandy, *to-day*."

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

By T. Inskip..

(NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.)

OF ev'ry sensation true joy can impart,
To soothe the keen sorrows of life;
There's none can such pleasures convey to the heart
As that of a friend and a wife.
For oh! what fond transports that bosom must prove,
Which boasts the enjoyment of Friendship and Love.

Should fortune prove kind, a friend's wants are reliev'd,
Till plenty once more is his guest;
Should she frown, from that friend the same blessing's receiv'd,
Whilst pleasure succeeds in each breast.
Then oh! what fond transports that bosom must prove,
Which boasts the enjoyment of Friendship and Love.

Tho' the blessings of friendship the bosom may warm,
Still love gives an equal relief;
In health—the inspirer of ev'ry soft charm,
In affliction—the pillow of grief.
Then oh! what fond transports that bosom must prove,
Which boasts the enjoyment of Friendship and Love.

* * *

THE KING'S PICTURE.

Written by Mr. T. Dibdin.

MR. Abraham Newland's a monstrous good man,
But when you have said of him whatever you can;
Why all his soft paper would look very blue,
If it wan't for the yellow boys, pray what think you?
Fal, lal, &c.

With Newlands for letters of credit proceed,
Pray what would you do where the people can't read?
But the worst of all dunces we know very well,
Only shew him a guinea, I warrant he'll spell.
Fal, lal, &c.

Your lawyers, and doctors, and them sort of folks,
Who with fees, and such fun, you know never stand jokes,
In defence of my argument, try the whole tote,
Sure they'll all take a guinea before a pound note.
Fal, lal, &c.

The French would destroy all our credit and trade,
If they were not unable, asham'd, or afraid;
They may talk of our King, but let who will be victor,
They'll be devilish glad to get hold of his picture.
Fal, lal, &c.

From this picture so precious, may Britons ne'er part,
While the glorious original reigns in each heart;
And while we've such tars as our navy can boast,
With our King and his picture we must rule the roast.
Fal, lal, &c.

ANACREONTIC SONG.

By Captain Morrice, for which he received the Prize of the Gold Cup from the Harmonic Society.

COME, thou soul-reviving CUP,
And try thy healing art,
Light the fancy's visions up,
And warm my wasted heart!

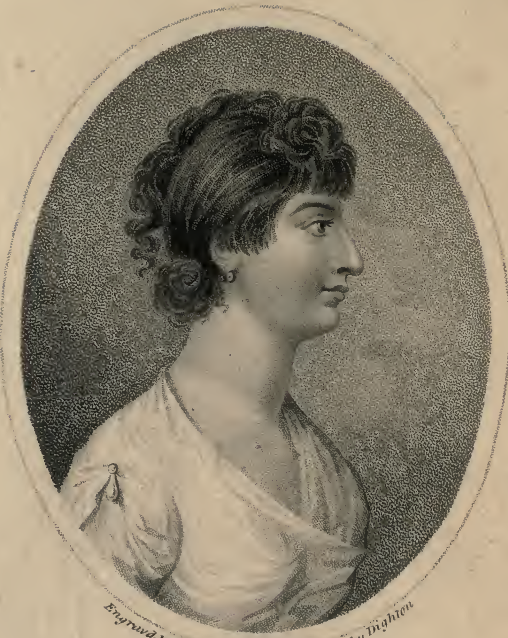
Touch with glowing tints of bliss
  Mem'ry fading dream;
Give me, while thy lip I kiss,
  The heav'n that's in thy stream!

In thy fount the LYRIC MUSE
  Ever dipp'd his wing,
Anacreon fed upon thy dews,
  And Horace drain'd thy spring!
I, too, humblest of the train,
  There my *spirit* find,
Freshen there my languid brain—
  And store my vacant mind!

When, blest CUP, thy fires divine
  Pierce through TIME's dark reign,
All the joys that once were mine
  I snatch from DEATH again;
And, though oft fond anguish rise
  O'er my melting mind,
Hope still starts to sorrow's eyes—
  And drinks the tear behind!

Ne'er, sweet CUP, was vot'ry blest
  More through life than me;
And that life, with grateful breast,
  Thou seest I give to thee!
'Midst thy rose-wreath'd nymphs I pass
  Mirth's sweet hours away;
Pleas'd, while TIME runs *through the glass*
  To FANCY's brighter day!

Then, magic CUP, again for me,
  Thy pow'r creative try;
Again let hope-fed FANCY see
  A heav'n in BEAUTY's eye!
O, lift my lighen'd heart away
  On PLEASURE's downy wing,
And let me taste that bliss TO-DAY
  TO-MORROW MAY NOT BRING!



Engrav'd by Mackenzie from a Drawing by Dighton

Miſs De Camp.

Publiſhd by West & Hughes Paternoster Row Nov.1.1800.

PENT WITHIN THIS CAVERN DREAR.

Sung by Miss Decamp, in What a Blunder!

PENT within this cavern drear,
Captive of a ruffian crew;
Startled at each sound I hear,
Shudd'ring at each face I view;
In dread I pass the gloomy day,
And weep the sleepless night away.

Ere I mourn'd a fate so dire,
Sorrow was an inmate here;
Still her beams of heavenly fire,
Hope display'd my breast to cheer.
The gladd'ning ray she now denies,
For dimm'd is hope when freedom dies.

◆

BLUE-EYED MARY.

Tune—*High-Mettled Racer.*

IN a cottage embossom'd within a deep shade,
Like a rose in a desart, oh! view the meek maid;
Her aspect all sweetness, all plaintive her eye,
And a bosom for which e'en a monarch might sigh.

Then in neat Sunday gown see her met by the 'squire,
All attraction her countenance—his all desire.
He accosts her—she blushes—he flatters—she smiles;
And soon blue-eyed Mary's seduc'd by his wiles.

Now with drops of contrition her pillow's wet o'er;
But the fleece, when once stain'd, can give sweetness
no more.
The aged folks whisper, the maidens look shy;
To town the 'squire presses—how can she deny?

There behold her in lodgings—she dresses in style,
Public places frequents, sighs no more, but reads Hoyle!
Learns to squander—they quarrel—his love turns to hate,
And soon blue-eyed Mary is left to her fate.

Still of beauty possess'd, and not yet void of shame,
With a heart that recoils at the prostitute's name,
She tries for a service—her character's gone—
And for skill at her needle, alas! 'tis unknown.

Pale want now approaches; the pawnbroker's near,
And her trinkets and clothes, one by one, disappear;
Till at length, sorely pinch'd, and quite desperate grown,
The poor blue-ey'd Mary is forc'd on the town.

In a brothel next see her, trick'd out to allure,
And all ages, all humours, compell'd to endure;
Compell'd, though disgusted, to wheedle and feign,
With an aspect all smiles, and a bosom all pain.

Now caress'd, now insulted, now flatter'd, now scorn'd,
And by ruffians and drunkards oft wantonly spurn'd.
This worst of all mis'ry she's doom'd to endure,
For the poor blue-eyed Mary is now an impure.

Whilst thus the barb'd arrow sinks deep in her soul,
She flies for relief to that traitor the bowl;
Grows stupid and bloated, and lost to all shame,
Whilst a dreadful disease is pervading her frame.

Now with eyes dim and languid, the once blooming maid,
In a garret on straw, faint and helpless is laid;
Oh! mark her pale cheek, see, she scarce draws her breath,
And lo! her blue eyes are now seal'd up in death.

SONG.

By the Rev. Thomas Maurice, M. A. *Assistant Librarian of the British Museum.*

STILL, still, this ardent bosom glows
With hopeless love's consuming fires;
My watchful eyes no slumbers close,
And life in secret pangs expires.

As one vast furnace burns my breast,
Pure as the bright but distant fair,
Whose sacred image deep imprest
Kindles the eternal tumult there.

In the dark grave's oblivious womb
I'll headlong plunge, and lose my care;
Ope wide thy jaws, thou friendly tomb!
And shield a lover from despair.

But hence, ye gloomy doubts, away!
'Tis Stella meets my longing eyes;
Her radiant looks restore the day,
Her smile transports to Paradise.

* * *

ALL ON BOARD OF A MAN OF WAR.

WOULD you know, Pretty Nan, how we pass our time,
While we sailors are toss'd on the sea;
Why, believe me, my girl, in each season and clime,
True hearted and merry we be;
Though tempests may blow, still unmindful of care;
So the fiddles but strike up a bar,
Why we sing and we dance, toast our sweethearts, and swear,
All on board of a man of war.

Should the foe bear in sight, and all hands call'd on deck,
Don't think jolly sailors are cow'd,
No, we'll teach them the old British flag to respect,
And bid them defiance aloud;
Then to it like lions perhaps we may go,
What then—do we whine at a scar?
No, we sing and we fight, till we take her in tow,
All on board of a man of war.

As for this thing and that, which the lubbers on shore
Would fain make our lasses believe,
Why d'ye see 'tis palaver, my girl, nothing more,
So Nan, pretty Nan, do not grieve;
No danger can ever our courage affright,
Or shake the true love of a tar,
For wherever steering we still feel delight,
All on board of a man of war.

◆

LE PIPE DE TOBAC.

A much-admired French Air.

WHY should life in sorrow be spent,
When pleasure points to the road,
Wherein each trav'ller with content
May throw off the pond'rous load;
And, instead in ample measure
Gather fruits too long left ripe:
What's this world without its pleasure,
What is pleasure but a pipe?

See the sailor's jovial state,
Mark the soldiers' noble soul;
What doth heroes renovate?
What refines the splendid bowl?

Is it not tobacco dear?
That from the brow fell grief can wipe,
Yes, like them, with a jolly chear,
I find pleasure in a pipe.

Some are fond of care and grief,
Some take pleasure in sad strife,
Some pursue a false belief;
Few there are that enjoy life.
Some delight in envy ever,
Others avaricious gripe:
Would you know my greatest pleasure,
'Tis a glowing social pipe.

◆

SONG.

By Thomas Clio Rickman, to a young Lady.

Tune—*Ere around the huge Oak.*

HOW sweet, when the nightingale sings from yon grove,
When the moon is half hid o'er the hill;
When nothing is heard but the whispers of love,
And the sound of the far distant rill.

How sweet with the friend of our bosom to stray,
'Midst scenes such as these to commune;
And quitting the glitter and bustle of day
Mend the heart, and the passions attune.

May this oft' be our lot, so wisdom divine
Shall lead us a flowery way;
So our morning of life shall splendidly shine,
And its ev'ning be cloudless and gay.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie would often times go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn-trees grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;
He sang with so saft and enchanting a sound,
That sylvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That Mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dower,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour,
Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

◆

THE YEOMANRY OF ENGLAND.

(ORIGINAL.)

Written by G. S. Carey.

WHEN Galia strove to spread thro' all this land
The seeds of discord—while insidious strife
In secret corners lurk'd; within each hand
She held, conceal'd, the gastly murd'rer's knife;
Britannia's sons now felt the dire alarms,
And muster'd at the warlike trumpet's sound,
In one strong body clad themselves in arms,
To save the helpless from the mischiefs round.

To arms! to arms! they urg'd, throughout the isle,
While fell rebellion urg'd her direful host
Religion's sacred alters to defile
With impious hands upon our neighb'ring coast;
The beauteous virgins, here in safety roam,
The aged parents with their offspring bless'd
Protected, solace in their peaceful home,
And on their pillows confidently rest.

Now weave a chaplet, virgins, for the head
Of ev'ry Briton, who, to aid our laws,
And, by a voluntary ardour led,
Stands forth a champion in his country cause;
Who puts on armour for the general good,
Nor yet would wish the polish'd blade to stain,
But to prevent the purple stream of blood,
And one much-envy'd reign of peace maintain.

Again our drooping commerce shall revive,
And, unmolested o'er the briny main,
Our laden vessels shall with Neptune strive
To fill the coffers of this land again.
On this fam'd spot each artisan shall boast,
The blessings of his labour, and shall sing,
Or drink together in one fervent toast
The Yeoman brave, his Country and his King;
Then let each Briton's motto be:
"The *Cause* and Unanimity!"

◆

THE BRITISH FAIR, WITH THREE TIMES THREE.

Sung at Vauxhall.

My jovial friends, with social glee,
The bottle now we'll pass;
Each bosom charg'd with loyalty,
With good old port each glass:
The bumpers fill'd, the toast shall be,
"The British Fair, with three times three."

When Briton's sons, with martial fire,
And patriot ardour glow,
While they to warlike deeds aspire,
And pant to meet the foe;
" To British arms, by land and sea,
We'll drink success, with three times three."

The lovely nymph's of Albion's isle,
With pleasure then we'll toast,
And beauty's fascinating smile,
Shall be each Briton's boast:
The bumpers fill'd, the toast shall be,
" The British Fair, with three times three."

◆

SONG.

Written by Mr. Gay.

GO, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd place
With never-fading love!
There, phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die;
Involv'd in, &c.

Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there,
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and despair:
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.
You die, &c.

TOBY FILPOT.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug, which now foams with mild ale,
In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the Vale,
Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl.
In boozing about, 'twas his praise to excel,
And 'mongst jolly topers he bore off the bell.
He bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days, he sat at his ease,
In a flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he dy'd full as big a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,
A potter found out, in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug,
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and mild ale;
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the Vale.

◆

NAN OF GLOSTER GREEN.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

WILL you leave your village cot,
And range the fields with me,
My mind to soothe on yon fair spot,
Intent on nought but thee:
The op'ning spring that hails the year,
So like the graceful mein,
My charming girl, to me so dear,
In Nan of Gloster Green.

Could I but gain your heart, my fair,
How gay the time would pass,
Each day to tend my fleecy care
With you, my lovely lass!
Come then, dear girl, to church with me,
Now smile consent, my queen;
My ev'ry wish is form'd for thee,
Sweet Nan of Gloster Green.

Her lilly hand, and willing heart,
A blush o'erspread her face;
Here take me, shepherd, let's depart,
And seek the hallow'd place,
Where love and friendship shall combine,
And union e'er be seen,
Now all assist our hands to join,
The joy of Gloster Green.

◆

NAVAL TRIUMPHS:

Written by T. C. Rickman, composed by Mr. Yates.

IN the famous days of old,
When our Harrys brave, and Edwards bold,
Cas'd in armour bright as gold,
Bade Old England's banners wave;
Rous'd by the soul-inspiring flame,
Of Agincourt's, or Cressy's fame;
Full many a knight of gallant name,
Resolv'd on glory or the grave.

The good Queen Bess's golden days,
The invincible armada's blaze,
Not unto us, but heav'n the praise!
Loud proclaim'd our naval sway:
And now, where e'er our country calls,
We boldly steer our wooden walls;
A Nelson bleeds!—a Westcott falls!
But triumph crowns the bloody day.

Lo! whilst grateful Pœans rise,
Glory wounds, and streamy eyes,
For Briton's weal the sacrifice,
Claim our sympathetic sigh!
Sons of the wave, your country's pride,
Ye offspring, of the brave who dy'd,
Sooth'd be your pangs, your sorrow's dry'd,
'Tis glorious thus to bleed, or die!

Nor have our heroes bled in vain,
Nurs'd by vict'ry, on the main,
The cherub peace shall smile again,
War and groans be heard no more.
Rule Britannia! Great and free,
Thine, Howe's, Vincent's, Duncan's be,
Thine, the empire of the sea,
Until its waves shall cease to roar.

◆

YOU LITTLE HEED HOW SEAMEN FARE.

O YOU, whose lives on land are pass'd,
And keep from dangerous seas aloof:
Who careless listen to the blast,
Or beating rains upon the roof;
You little heed how seamen fare—
Condemn'd the angry storm to bear.

Sometimes, while breakers vex the tide,
He takes his station on the deck;
And now, lash'd o'er the vessel's side,
He clears away the cumb'ring wreck
Yet, while the billows o'er him foam,
The ocean is his only home!

Still fresher blows the midnight gale!
All hands, reef top-sails, are the cries!
And, while the clouds the heavens veil,
Aloft to reef the sails he flies!
In storms so rending, doom'd to roam,
The ocean is the seaman's home.

◆

'TWAS NEAR A ROCK.

'TWAS near a rock within a bay,
Where many a shatter'd vessel rides,
An ample cottage shelter'd lay,
Which overlook'd the ebbing tides,
Its calm inhabitants would view
The ocean struggling with the sky,
Whene'er the northern tempest blew,
Or when each wave ran mountains high.

Once, at the closing of the day,
When angry Boreas, in his rage,
Had clear'd the dark'ning clouds away
That caus'd a thund'ring war to wage,—
A shipwreck'd sea-boy, pale and spent
With buffetting the threat'ning waves,
Straight to the peaceful cottage went,
And, bending low, for succour craves.

He told his tale with feeble voice,
For he'd a heart that could not feign;
The list'ning hearers all rejoice
That he was safe on land again.
The parents and the children strove
Who now should first his wants supply;
While pity caus'd each heart to move,
And sympathy fill'd ev'ry eye.

The can was fill'd, the fire was made,
  To cheer and dry their drenched guest,
For each brought something to his aid,
  And anxiously the boy caress'd.
At length reviv'd, express his mind,
  And shew'd his gratitude so plain,
Forgot the thunder and the wind,
  Resolv'd to try the sea again.

◆

THE GREEN SEA.

Written by Mr. T. Dibden; sung by Mr. Townsend.

Tune—*Derry Down.*

WHEN the world first began, and some folks say before,
As old Neptune was quaffing his grog at the Nore,
He cry'd out, in his cups, as my land is the sea,
It's high time to consult what its colour should be.

Amphitrite had been to drink tea at Sheerness,
And had seen, at the barrack's, a captain's spruce dress;
To her husband she said, as she flirted her fan,
Let its colour be red, now do, that's a dear man.

Neptune shook his rough locks, at his wife gave a frown;
When the taylor call'd on us with some patterns from town;
He still was in doubt, till he cast up his eye;
And resolv'd that the ocean should match the bright sky.

Thus the sea, as philosophers know to be true,
As it wash'd our bright cliffs, bore a fine azure hue;
'Till the laurel of *Britain victorious* was seen
To reflect on its surface, and change it to green.

You may guess our opposers were sad at the sight,
As the sea grew more green, why, Monsieur grew more white;
And they never behold it, but, vex'd at the view,
They scold at poor Neptune, and cry out Morbleu!

May its colour remain, and good luck to the boys,
Who o'er its salt surface, through danger and noise,
With Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent, and Nelson maintain,
That the tight little island still governs the main.

◆

THE GIPSEY'S SONG.

By Mr. Lewis, M.P. Author of the Monk.

COME, cross my hand! my art surpasses
All that did ever mortal know:
Come, maidens, come! my magic glasses
Your future husband's form can shew.

For 'tis to me the power is given,
Unclos'd the book of fate to see;
To read the fix'd resolves of heaven,
And dive into futurity.

I guide the pale moon's silver waggon;
The winds in magic bonds I hold;
I charm to sleep the crimson dragon,
Who means to watch o'er buried gold.

Fenc'd round with spells, unhurt I venture,
Their sabbath strange where witches keep;
Fearless the sorcerer's circle enter,
And woundless tread on snakes asleep.

Lo! here are charms of mighty power!
This makes secure an husband's truth;
And this, compos'd at midnight hour,
Will force to love the coldest youth.

If any maid too much has granted,
  Her loss this philtre will repair,
This blooms a cheek where red is wanted,
  And this will make a brown girl fair.

Then silent hear, while I discover
  While I in fortune's mirror view;
And each, when many a year is over,
  Shall own the gipsey's saying true.

◆

POOR TOM HALLIARD.

Written by Peter Pindar, Esq.

NOW the rage of battle ended,
  And the French for mercy call,
Death no more, in smoke and thunder,
  Rode upon the vengeful ball.

Yet, what brave and loyal heroes
  Saw the sun of morning bright;
Ah! condemn'd by cruel fortune,
  Ne'er to see the star of night.

From the main-deck to the quarter,
  Strew'd with limbs, and wet with blood,
Poor Tom Halliard, pale and wounded,
  Crawl'd where his brave captain stood.

" Ah! my noble captain! tell me,
  Ere I am borne a corpse away,
Have I done a seaman's duty,
  On this great and glorious day?

" Tell a dying sailor truly,
  For my life is fleeting fast,
Have I done a seaman's duty?
  Can there ought my mem'ry blast?"

" Ah! brave Tom!" the captain answer'd,
" Thou a sailor's part hast done!—
I revere thy wounds with sorrow,
Wounds by which our *glory's won!*"

" Thanks, my captain, life is ebbing
Fast from this deep wounded heart;
But, oh! grant one little favour,
Ere I from the world depart.

" Bid some kind and trusty sailor,
When I'm number'd with the dead,
For my dear and constant Cath'rine,
Cut a lock from this poor head.

" Bid him to my Cath'rine give it,
Saying, *her's* alone I die!
Kate will keep the mournful present,
And embalm it with a sigh.

" Bid him, too, this letter bear her,
Which I've penn'd with panting breath;
Kate may ponder on the writing,
When the hand is cold in death."

" That I will!"—reply'd the captain,
And be ever Cath'rine's friend."
" Ah! my good and kind commander,
Now my pains and sorrows end."

Mute, towards his captain weeping,
Tom uprais'd a thankful eye,
Grateful, then, his foot embracing,
Sunk with Kate on his last sigh!

Who, that saw a scene so mournful,
Could without a tear depart?
He must own a savage nature,
Pity never warm'd his heart.

Now in his white hammock shrouded,
By the kind and pensive crew;
As he dropp'd into the ocean,
All burst out—" *Poor Tom, adieu!*"

* * *

I RISE WITH THE MORN.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan.

I RISE with the morn, I contemplate the sun,
Aurora's bright lustre I see;
I sigh with regret when the day-light is gone,
For night brings no solace to me.
I wander in groves whilst the nightingales sing,
I traverse the sands of the sea,
They hear not my sighs, so no comfort they bring,
For what can bring comfort to me.

Alas! my poor heart, once so sprightly and gay,
No more can I boast to be free,
Love's fever consumes it—Ah! fatal the day
That brought such a torment to me!
At night my sad pillow's bedew'd with my tears,
Sleep flies till entomb'd I shall be
In the grove there's an end to troubles and fears,
And that's consolation for me.

* * *

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

Tune—*Cease Rude Boreas.*

CEASE fair ladies, cease bewailing,
Let your idle fears be done;
All complaints, whate'er your ailing,
I can cure them every one:
Wives who fret, or maids who languish,
Discontented night and day,
I can meliorate your anguish,
Cure you all—No cure, no pay.

Jealousy creates wry faces,
Envy's pang will steal the heart,
But however sad your case is,
I'll with ease remove the smart.
When you want me to advise you
Send a note and I'll obey;
Send a guinea in it nicely,
I'll prescribe—No cure, no pay.

Tune—*Hunting the Hare.*

QUACKS abound in a motley variety,
Life will shew them in every degree,
Fashion renders the title respectable,
Folly renders it useful to me;
For when you're ill, sir,
I've powders and pills, sir,
Elixirs and squills, sir,
A plentiful store;
Also a potion
To put you in motion,
And give you a notion
Of physical power.

When I physic the public credulity,
Small pills of falsehood I never prescribe;
Larger does of improbability
Men most eagerly always imbibe:
Like other traders,
A maxim I've made is
To flatter the ladies,
And give 'em their way,
Wishing to please, sir,
As well as give ease, sir,
I pocket my fee, sir,
Then bid 'em good day.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

O HOW happy is the man,
Who's health, and can command a shilling
A friend, a sweetheart, and a can,
A book, and house to dwell in;
With him the day is light and gay,
The night is never dreary;
With friend and lass. with book and glass,
He's happy, snug, and cheery.

O how happy is the man,
Who's health, and can command a shilling,
A friend, a sweetheart, and a can,
A book, and house to dwell in;
He's never whining or repining,
But frank to lend or borrow,
If poor he's glad, but never sad,
Still careless of to-morrow.

O how happy is the man,
Who's health, and can command a shilling,
A friend, a sweetheart, and a can,
A book, and house to dwell in;
With little care, a gentle fair,
A mind to pleasure,
How blest the man who always can
Command the splendid shilling!

* * *

SWEET DITTIES WOULD MY PATTY SING.

SWEET ditties would my Patty sing:
Old Chevy-chace, God save the king;
Fair Rosamond, and Sawney Scot,
Lil-li-bul-le-ro, and what not:
All these would sing my blue-ey'd Patty,
As with her pail she trudg'd along:
While still the burden of her song,
My hammer beat to blue-ey'd Patty.

But nipping frosts and chilling rain
Too soon, alas! chok'd ev'ry strain;
Too soon, alas! the miry way
Her wet-shod feet did sore dismay,
And hoarse was heard my blue-ey'd Patty:
While I for very mad did cry,
Ah! could I but again, said I,
Hear the sweet voice of blue-ey'd Patty!

Love taught me how: I work'd, I sang;
My anvil glow'd, my hammer rang,
Till I had form'd from out the fire,
To bear her feet about the mire,
An engine for my blue-ey'd Patty.
Again was heard each tuneful close,
My fair one in the patten rose,
Which takes its name from blue-ey'd Patty.

◆

THE FAN.

FOR various purpose serves the fan;
As thus—a decent blind,
Between the sticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
Resentments in the snap;
A flirt expresses strong disdain,
Consent a gentle tap.

All passions will the fan disclose,
All modes of female art;
And to advantage sweetly shews,
The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

SONG.

By Mr. Thomas Inskip.

(NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.)

THE hardy sailor, glory's son,
  Secure amidst all harms,
Ne'er seeks the hostile foe to shun,
  But braves the worst alarms.
His mind is social, gay and free,
  He gains his friend's esteem;
All day he sings with jocund glee,
  And this his fav'rite theme.

" With wine and flip I drink and sing
  The bliss of friendship prove;
Protect my country—serve my king—
  And prize the girl I love."

When grappling with the hostile foe,
  Undaunted still and brave;
Should angry fate direct the blow,
  He finds a wat'ry grave.
But should he live—triumphant still
  He braves the boisterous main;
Whilst riches all his coffers fill,
  He turns his fav'rite strain.
    With wine and flip, &c.

And when each toilsome danger's o'er,
  And furious discords cease;
He seeks again his native shore,
  To eat the bread of peace.
The happy spot he left behind,
  With fresh delight he views;
And whilst new pleasures fill his mind,
  His fav'rite theme pursues.
    With wine and flip, &c.

THE VICTIM OF PLEASURE;

(ORIGINAL.)

By George Saville Carey—the Music by Mr. Attwood.

ELIZA once was fair and young
By fortune rais'd on high,
Delusion often to her sung,
With syren melody;
For she was gayest of the gay,
By many much admir'd,
She thought too long the shortest day,
And pleasure never tir'd.

Oft to the drawing-room at night
She'd post in gilded car,
With costly jewels all bedight,
A meer nocturnal star;
But when her fortune once was gone,
And poverty took place,
She found herself soon left alone,
And scorn in every face.

Now feeble grown with age, and poor,
In solitude she dwells,
Near to the border of a moor,
Where oft the night-bird yells.
Fate sings this burthen in each blast-
Which howls along the plain,
Thy destiny, Eliza's, cast,
Never to rise again!

SONG.

Written by G. A. Stevens.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be;
For what can this world more afford,
Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,
And a cellar that's plenteously stor'd?

See! my vault door is open, descend ev'ry guest,
Tap the cask, for the wine we will try;
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to your taste,
And as bright as her cheeks to your eye.

In a piece of slit-hoop I my candle have stuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand;
The foot of my glass for the purpose I've broke,
For I hate that a bumper should stand.

Sound that pipe—'tis in tune, and the binns are well fill'd,
View that heap of Champaigne in the rear;
Those bottles are Burgundy, see how they're pill'd,
Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
All gloriously rang'd in review;
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
As kingdoms I've got to subdue.

'Tis my will, when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
No *hic jacet* be grav'd on my stone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that my drinking is done.

◆

THE LAND IN THE OCEAN.

Written by Mr. T. Dibdin; sung by Mr. Fawcett, at Covent Garden Theatre.

Tune—*Meg of Wapping.*

IN the midst of the sea, like a tough man of war,
Pull away, pull away, yo ho, there!
Stands an island, surpassing all others by far,
If you doubt it, you've only to go there:

By Neptune 'twas built upon freedom's firm base,
And for ever 'twill last, I've a notion;
All the world I defy to produce such a place,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
As the snug bit of land in the ocean.

From the opposite shore, puff'd with arrogant pride,
Pull away, pull away, so clever;
They have oft sworn as how they would come along side,
And destroy the poor island for ever;
But Britannia is made of such durable stuff,
And so tightly she's rigg'd, I've a notion;
She'd soon give the saucy invaders enough,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
If they touch'd at the land in the ocean.

There was *Howe*, ever bold in the glorious cause,
Pull away, pull away, so stout, boys!
Who gain'd on the first day of June such applause,
And Monsieur he put to the rout, boys:
The next was *St. Vincent*, who kick'd up a dust,
As the Spaniards can tell, I've a notion:
For, they swore not to strike—says he, *dam'me* me, but you must,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
To the lads of the land in the ocean.

Adam Duncan came next, 'twas in autumn, you know,
Pull away, pull away, so jolly;
That he made big Mynheer strike his flag to a foe,
Against whom all resistance was folly;
And they sent, as you know, if you're not quite a dunce,
Such a sad *story* home, I've a notion;
How *Duncan* he beat a whole *Winter* at once,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
What d'ye think of the land in the ocean?

Now the Frenchmen again may come in for their share,
Pull away, pull away, so hearty!
For *Nelson* will set all the world in a stare,
And land-lock e'en great *Buonaparte:*
And we'll beat them again, should their stomachs incline,
But they're all pretty sick, I've a notion;
Then, may victory's sword to the olive resign,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
And *peace* crown the land in the ocean.

* * *

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

By the late Robert Burns.

Tune—*The Mill, Mill, O.*

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,
That had been blear'd with mourning.

I left the lines, and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor but honest soldier.

A leal light heart beat in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheerly on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o'Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon her witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported,
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted.

Wha spied I but mine ain dear maid
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom.

My purse is light, I've far to gang,
Fain wad I be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang,
Take pity on a soldier.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier grew than ever;
Quo' she, a soldier ance I lo'od,
Forget him I shall never.

Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake o't,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
You're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd——she redden'd like a rose,
Syne pale like any lily,
She sunk within mine arms, and cry'd,
Art thou mine ain dear Willie?

By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man!——and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true hearted;
Tho' poor in geer, we're rich in love,
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted.

Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
And mailin plenish'd feirly:
Come then, my faithful soldier lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the soldier's prize,
The soldier's wreath is honour.

The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember, he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger.

◆

OH! WHAT A MOST HORRID SENSATION.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett, in What a Blunder!

OH! what a most horrid sensation
I feel at this terrible minute!
A curse on this flame-loving nation,
That I should be ever caught in it.

The bent of the mind,
From it pleasures we find;
And what is a Spaniard's delight?
Why his great holiday,
Is an auto da fé,
And its bonfires the joy of his sight.

Ah! shortly there'll be
A blaze made of me,
At some joyful event's celebration:
On a festival night
They'll set me alight
To make part of a grand 'lumination.

The national taste
In horror is plac'd,
Their Escurial's a symbol of malice:
They, plainly to prove
For torture their love,
In a gridiron's shape built a palace.

For a fault e'er so small,
Or for no fault at all,
Here a man dies the death of a sinner:
As gospel 'tis true,
He'll be burn'd for a jew,
Who cannot eat pork for his dinner.

What an ideot was I
Dear England to fly,
Where good humour so justly is boasted;
Oh, curse on such folk
As can't take a joke:
Here must I for a frolic be roasted.

◆

SONG.

FROM ploughing the ocean, and thrashing monsieur,
In old England we're landed once more;
Your hands, my brave comrades; halloo, boys, what cheer,
For a sailor, that's just come on shore?

Those hectoring blades thought to scare us, no doubt,
And to cut us, and slash us—morbleau!
But hold there—avast—they were plaguily out;
We have sluic'd them, and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence know,
Yon invaders shall soon do you right;
The lion may rouse, when he hears the cock crow,
But shall never be put in a fright.

You've only to shun your nonsensical jars,
Your damn'd party and idle contest;
And let all your strife be, like us honest tars;
Who shall fight for their country best.

A sea-faring spark if the maids can affect,
Bid the simpering gipsies look to't;
Sound bottoms they'll find us in ev'ry respect,
And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landsmen, mayhap, in the way of discourse,
Have more art to persuade, and the like;
But 'ware those false colours—for better, for worse,
Is the bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the king! may he prosperous reign,
Of no power, no faction, afraid;
May Briton's proud flag still exult o'er the main,
At all points of the compass display'd!

No quicksands endanger, no storms overwhelm,
Steady, steady, and safe may she sail;
No ignorant pilots e'er sit at the helm,
Or her anchor of liberty fail!

The early lark proclaims the spring,
The thrush delights with notes to cheer;
The flow'r will bloom, and birds will sing,
Tho' faithless Edward is not here:

Had Edward been true, oh? how blest had I been,
Each flow'ret more sweet, and more gay ev'ry scene.
If he had been true,
So had I been too;
But if with another he seeks for delight,
To be sure to myself, I'll his falsehood requite,
Young Henry is true,
So will I be too;
At the dance on the green, at the wake or the fair,
I'll be happy and merry, tho' faithless Edward's not there.
At the dance on the green, &c.

◆

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

O LISTEN to the voice of love,
He calls me Daphne to the grove;
The primrose sweet bedecks the field,
The tuneful birds invite to rove:
To softer joys let splendour yield,
O listen to the voice of love.

Where flow'rs their fragrant sweets exhale,
My Daphne! fondly let us stray;
Where whisp'ring love breathes forth his tale,
And shepherds sing their artless lay.
O listen, &c.

Come, share with me the sweets of spring,
And leave the town's tumultuous noise;
The happy swains all cheerful sing,
And echo still repeats their joys:
Then listen, &c.

THE IRISHMAN'S FIRST OF AUGUST.

Written and Sung by T. Dibdin.

Tune—*Paddy O'Blarney.*

NOW listen, my honeys, awhile if you please,
And a comical story I'll tell soon,
Of a tight little fellow, well known on the seas,
And his name it was admiral Nelson;
I'm sure you have all of ye heard of his fame,
How he fought like the devil, wherever he came;
[*Spoken.*] And may be the Dutch, Spaniards, and French, won't—well, then, they won't—
Have plenty of cause to remember the name
Of my tight little admiral Nelson.

His arm having lost at that damn'd Teneriffe,
Never mind, says he, I shall get well soon,
I shall catch 'em one day, as you see, lads; and if
They escape me, blame admiral Nelson.
To doubt what I promise were mighty absurd,
And I've left 'em my hand as a pledge of my word;
[*Spoken.*] And so he did, faith, arm and all; and good security it was; for, you know the old proverb says
That one hand in the bush is worth two in the bird,
So success to brave admiral Nelson!

At length, by my faith, it would make the dead smile,
Just to hear what Sir Horace befel soon;
The French took a trip to the banks of the Nile,
To make work for brave admiral Nelson;
Arrah fait, he fell in wid 'em close by the land,
And he stuck in their skirts, as you'll soon understand;
[*Spoken.*] And fait, the devil himself would have laughed wid both sides of his mouth—
To see how he lather'd the French with one hand,
Oh! the world for brave admiral Nelson.

On the first of sweet August, you know that's the day,
As the boatmen of London can tell soon,
When for coats and for badges they all row'd away,
Little thinking of admiral Nelson,
Who then won a badge of so brilliant a cast,
That its memory with Britons will never go past:—
[*Spoken.*] And every first of August, while the health of Nelson floats on the glass, the liquor shall be enriched with a tear to the memory of the brave fellows who fell on the occasion; and come as many first of Augusts as there will—
There's no first of August will e'er beat the last,
When the French struck to admiral Nelson.

◆

TIBBY.

O TIBBY! I hae seen the day
Ye wad na' been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye do slight me,
But, fiend a hair care I.

Yestreen I met ye on the moor,
Ye spak na', but gaed by like stour;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But, fiend a hair care I.

I doubt na', lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
As follow ony saucy quean,
That looks sae proud and high.

It's gin a lad be e'er sae smart,
Yet, if he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll thraw your head another art,
And answer him fou dry.

But, gin he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like the brier,
Though he be, or for sense or lear,
Nae better than the kye.

Then, Tibby, lass, tak my advice—
Your daddy's gear maks ye ilk' nice;
For the de'il o'm a' wad speer your price,
Were ye as poor as I.

◆

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Black-friars bridge us'd for to ply?
He feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart, and delighting each eye:
He look'd so neat, and row'd so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily;
And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted withal!
He was always first oars, when the fine city ladies,
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering;
For loving, or liking, he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen;
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall.
And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night, before it was morrow:
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's marry'd, and never in want of a fare?

'TWAS WHEN THE SEAS WERE ROARING.

Written by Mr. Gay.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring,
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd!
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

AIR.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,
And let my lover rest;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
To that within my breast?

The merchant robb'd of pleasure,
Views tempests with despair,
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why, then, beneath the water,
Do hideous rocks remain?

No eyes those rocks discover,
Which lurk beneath the deep;
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

* * *

THE SWEET LITTLE GIRL THAT I LOVE.

Sung by Master Phelps.

MY friends all declare that my time is mispent,
While in rural retirement I rove;
I ask no more wealth than dame fortune has sent,
But the sweet little girl that I love.

The rose on her cheek's my delight,
She's soft as the down on the dove,
No lily was ever so white,
As the sweet little girl that I love.

Tho' humble my cot, calm content gilds the scene,
For my fair one delights in my grove,
And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green
With the sweet little girl that I love.
The sweet little girl, &c.

No ambition I know but to call her my own,
No fame but her praise wish to prove;
My happiness centers in Mary alone,
She's the sweet little girl that I love:
The sweet little girl, &c.

* * *

SWEET LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

O'ER barren hills and flow'ry dales,
O'er seas and distant shores,
With merry song, and jocund tales,
I've pass'd some pleasant hours:

Tho' wand'ring thus I ne'er could find
A girl like blithsome Sally,
Who picks, and culls, and cries aloud,
Sweet lilies of the valley.

From whistl'ing o'er the hollow turf,
From nesting of each tree,
I chose a sailor's life to wed,
So social, gay, and free:
Yet, though the lasses love as well,
And often try to rally,
None pleases me like her who cries,
Sweet lilies of the valley.

I'm now return'd, of late discharg'd,
To use my native toil;
From fighting in my country's cause,
To plough my country's soil:
I care not which, with either pleas'd,
So I possess my Sally,
That little merry nymph that cries,
Sweet lilies of the valley.

* * *

THE CARELESS TAR.

WHAT matters, Tom, to where we're bound,
If slighted while on British ground,
Because our pocket's low?
A foe, d'ye see, can't use us worse,
Kind fortune yet may favour us,
And take her tars in tow.

What though we be neglected now,
Shall we to lubbers cringe and bow?
No, dam'me, messmates, no:
D'ye mind me, we never did it yet,
Kind fortune soon may smile abit,
And take her tars in tow.

For my part, dear Tom, whate'er betides,
I know there's one that will provide,
For you, and I, and Joe;
So brave, my hearts, the tempest now,
Kind fortune yet I think as how,
Will take her tars in tow.

Of this be sure, though now cast down,
The mermaid can't for ever frown,
Why then, she'll kinder grow:
And, shiver me to splinters, mate,
But fortune yet may change our state,
And take us tars in tow.

But should she frown, and, brimstone like,
Her saucy colours never strike,
Why, then we'll let her know,
There's room enough for you and me,
To spend our lives in joy at sea,
And she to hell may go.

* * *

WHY DROOPS MY NAN.

WHY droops my Nan, and why those tears?
Cheerful, my girl, dispel all fears;
Cast grief aside, while, from you far,
Tumultuous billows rock your tar:
While howling winds around him blow,
Let not your bosom ache with woe;
A pow'r benignant from above,
Will guard me from my dearest love.

I go, my Nan, my country's friend,
We're dar'd by foes, we must contend;
Glory and honour doth invite,
The youth to fix his native right:
One cheering smile before we part,
Wipe off those drops that sink my heart;
Where'er I go I'll think of you,
One kiss, sweet girl, and then adieu.

A HUNTING SONG.

YE sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too,
Who delight in the joys of the field;
Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
And no one the contest will yield.
His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace,
A hunting continually go;
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace;
Hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,
To hunt for a mortgage or deed;
The husband gets up, at the sound of the horn,
And rides to the Commons full speed;
The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game;
The poet, too, often lays low,
Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

While, fearless, o'er hills and o'er woodlands they sweep,
Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,
How oft do they decency's bounds over-leap,
And the fences of virtue break down.
Thus, public or private, for pension, for place,
For amusement, for passion, for shew,
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

◆

WHA WANTS ME?

THE sun, o'er western hills advanc'd,
Shot forth a gowden ray,
That on our cottage window danc'd,
The foy of parting day:

'Twas then I roam'd the flow'ry glen,
That ilka passing gale,
Might bear to bonny Sandy's ken
A whisper of my tale—
Let mother scold me if she like,
The lad I lang to see;
Then Sandy—peeping o'er a dyke—
Said, smiling, "Wha wants me?"

Quite startled by the shepherd's voice,
For nane methought was near,
I journey'd hameward in a trice,
Bombaz'd wi' shame and fear;
But Sandy busk'd in bonnet blue,
And plaid of tartan bra,
Appear'd a winsom lad to view,
The blythest e'er I saw.
Says I, indeed I love him weel,
And fain would speak him free:
Still Sandy, close upon my heel,
Cry'd, lassie, "Wha wants me?"

My mother knew not his desert,
And therefore gave command,
That tho' the swain had won my heart,
He ne'er should ha' my hand:
Tho' oft on yonder flow'ry birk,
He woo'd me to comply,
Persuading me to gang to kirk,
King Hymen's knot to tie;
Yet long my shepherd woo'd in vain,
I never durst agree;
Sae now am doom'd to range the plain,
Still sighing, "Wha wants me?"

WHEN BRITAIN ON THE FOAMING MAIN.

WHEN Britain on the foaming main,
Her native reign,
Bids her sons her rights declare;
Soon as her fire has taught the foe
Again to know
Who their dauntless conquerors are;

CHORUS.

The sailor's bosom swells with joy,
Beyond the glory to destroy
He feels the power to save,
And conquering views a foe no more,
In him who sought his life before,
But lifts him from the wave.

Tho' seas are swelling mountains high,
Our boats we ply,
'Tis a fellow creature falls—
See him raise his hand in fear,
And wond'ring hear
The cheering voice that life recalls.
The sailor's bosom, &c.

◆

SOVEREIGN OF THE SEA.

THUS, thus, my boys, our anchor's weigh'd,
The glorious British flag display'd,
Unfurl'd the swelling sail;
Sound, sound, your shells, ye Tritons, sound!
Let every heart with joy rebound—
We scud before the gale;

CHORUS.

For Neptune quits his wat'ry car,
Depos'd by Jove's decree,
To hail each free-born British tar,
A sov'reign of the sea.

A sail a-head, our decks we clear,
The canvas croud, the chase we're near,
In vain the Frenchman flies;
A broadside pour'd through clouds of smoke,
Our captain roars, my hearts of oak,
Now draw and board your prize.
For Neptune, &c.

◆

HIS SPARKLING EYES.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

HIS sparkling eyes were dark as jet,
Chica, chica, chica, cho;
Can I comely Turk forget?
O never, never, never, no:
Did he not watch till night did fall,
And sail in silence on the sea;
Did he not climb our sea-girt wall,
To talk so lovingly to me!
O his sparkling eyes, &c.

His lips were of the coral hue,
His teeth of ivory so white;
But he was hurry d from my view,
Who gave to me such fond delight!
And why should tender lovers part,
And why should father cruel be?
Why bid me banish from my heart,
A heart so full of love for me?
O his sparkling eyes, &c.

◆

WHEN FORC'D FROM DEAR HEBE TO GO.

Written by Mr. Shenstone.

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
And I thought—but it might not be so—
She was sorry to see me depart.

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Written by Mr. Shenstone.

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
And I thought—but it might not be so—
She was sorry to see me depart.

She cast such a languishing view,
  My path I could scarcely discern;
And so sweetly she bade me adieu,
  I thought she had bade me return.

Methinks she might like to retire,
  To the grove I had labour'd to rear;
For whatever I heard her admire,
  I hasted, and planted it there.
Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
  So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she says,
  I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, ere I haste to the plain,
  Come, shepherds, and tell of her ways;
I could lay down my life for the swain
  Who would sing me a song in her praise.
While he sings may the maids of the town
  Come flocking, and listen the while;
Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
  Tho' I cannot allow her to smile.

To see when my charmer goes by,
  Some hermit peep out of his cell;
How he thinks of his youth with a sigh!
  How fondly he wishes her well!
On him she may smile if she please,
  It will warm the cool bosom of age—
Yet cease, gentle Hebe, O cease,
  Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow,
  To deck the dear charms I approve;
For what can a blossom bestow,
  So sweet, so delightful as love!
I sing in a rustical way,
  A shepherd, and one of the throng;
Yet Hebe approves of my lay:
  Go, poets, and envy my song.

THE LINNETS.

As bringing home, the other day,
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The little warblers seem'd to pray
For liberty again:
Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
I sung across the mead;
In vain they tun'd their pleasing throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing thro' the tufted grove,
Near which my cottage stood,
I thought I saw the queen of love,
When Clara's charms I view'd;
I look'd, I gaz'd, I press'd her stay,
To hear my tender tale;
But all in vain—she fled away,
Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon, thro' the wound which love had made,
Came pity to my breast;
And thus I (as compassion bade)
The feather'd pair address'd:
" Ye little warblers, chearful be,
Remember not ye flew;
For I, who thought myself so free,
Am far more caught than you."

A HUNTING SONG.

COME, rouze, brother sportsmen, the hunters all cry,
We've got a good scent, and a fav'ring sky;
The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early song,
Will chide the dull sportsman for sleeping so long.

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,
Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the chace;
He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray.

Sweet Molly may teize you, perhaps, to lie down;
And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown:
But tell her, that love must to hunting give place;
For as well as her charms, there are charms in the chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy;
At his brush nimbly follow brisk Chanter and Fly;
They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls they roll;
We're in at the death—now let's home to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the king;
From a bumber fresh loyalty ever will spring;
To George, peace and glory may heaven dispense,
And fox-hunters flourish a thousand years hence.

◆

DESERVES TO BE RECKON'D AN ASS.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,
While thus we sit round on the grass:
The lover, who talks of his suff'rings and smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass;
Deserves to, &c.

The wretch, who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
And wishes to add to the mass,
Whate'er the carmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass;
Deserves to, &c.

The beau, who so smart, with his well powder'd hair,
An angel beholds in his glass,
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass;
Deserves to, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
Of Crœsus the wealth to surpass;
And oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home
Claps the horns of an ox on the ass;
Claps the, &c.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,
With forehead well cover'd with brass,
Tho' he talks to no purpase, he pockets your fee;
There you, my good friend, are the ass;
There you, &c.

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill,
Shall last be produc'd in this class;
The sick man awhile may confide in his skill,
But death proves the doctor an ass;
But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
By turns take our bottle and lass;
For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass;
Deserves to, &c.

◆

SONG.

Sung by Miss Sims.

I'M as smart a lad as you'd wish to see,
I love all the girls, for they all love me,
And between you and I—but it's all very well,
And you know 'tis not fair to kiss and tell;
Or else, why lud, no lass in town,
Of dark, or fair, or black, or brown,
But wou'd take my hand, indeed 'tis true,
And give *me* a kiss, when she'd laugh at you.

CHORUS.

I'm a pretty fellow, see, and believe me now,
I'm a very merry lad—nay, besides I vow,
That, tho' prais'd by the lasses, great and small,
I'm lov'd by your Susan best of all.

Nay, nay, good Sir, ne'er look so bluff,
The reason why, is plain enough;
I dance, I fence—Ha! ha!—See there,
And cock my hat *en militaire;*
Yet if you're vex'd about your Sue,
Tho' she loves me as well as she *can* love you,
Why sooner than plant in your breast a dart,
I'll give up her hand with all my heart.
I'm a pretty fellow, &c.

◆

BRITANNIA'S SONS AT SEA.

BRITANNIA'S sons at sea,
In battles always brave;
Strike to no power, d'ye see,
That ever plough'd the wave.
Fal, lal, &c.

But when we're not afloat]
'Tis quite another thing,
We strike to petticoat,
Get groggy, dance and sing.
Fal, lal, &c.

With Nancy deep in love,
I once to sea did go,
Return'd, she cry'd, by Jove,
I'm marry'd, dearest Joe.
Fal, lal, &c. (*Mimicks her.*)

Great guns I scarce could hold,
To find that I was flung,
But Nancy prov'd a scold,
Then I got drunk and sung.
Fal, lal, &c. (*Hiccups.*)

At length I did comply,
And made a rib of Sue;
What tho' she'd but one eye,
It pierc'd my heart like two.
Fal, lal, &c.

And now I take my glass,
Drink, England; and my King,
Content with my old lass,
Get groggy, dance, and sing.
Fal, lal, &c. (*Hiccups.*)

* * *

CONTENT;

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Written by Mr. Cunningham.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and weary I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home;
Yellow sheaves, from rich Ceres, her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor;
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best;
While thrown from my guard, by some glances she cast,
Love slily stole into my breast.
I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins her voice was divine)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms;
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep;
And if, on the banks by the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views:
Or rest on the rock where the streamlet distills
And mark out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager Peace is well known to her sire,
And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

COME HASTE TO THE WEDDING.

Sung in the Elopement.

COME haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye neighbours,
The lovers their bliss can no longer delay;
Forget all your sorrows, your care, and your labours,
And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to-day:

Ye vot'ries all, attend to my call,
Come, revel in pleasures that never can cloy;
Come, see rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,
Still crowd to, and beat at the breast of the great;
To such wretched passions we give no admission,
But leave them alone to the wise-ones of state;
We boast of no wealth, but contentment and health,
In mirth and in friendship our moments employ.
Come, see rural felicity, &c.

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure,
With reason we drink of the full-flowing bowl;
Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,
For fatal excess will enslave the free soul.
Then come at our bidding, to this happy wedding,
No care shall intrude our bliss to annoy;
Come, see rural felicity, &c.

◆

WILLY;

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
Young Willy won my heart,
A blyther swain you could nae see,
All beauty without art.

Chorus.

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wond'rous bonny;
And Willy says he'll marry me,
Gin e'er he'll marry ony.

O came you by yon water-side,
Pull'd you the rose or lily,
Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willy.
Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &c.

Syne now the trees are in bloom,
And flow'rs spread o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lad among the broom,
And lead him to my summer's shield.
Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &c.

◆

LORD DUNCAN OFF CAMPERDOWN.

THE eleventh of October shall never be forgot,
Our prospects were but sombre, when lo! a gallant Scot:
Brave Duncan, honour'd name, with glory and renown,
He thunder'd Britain's fame off thee, O Camperdown!

Along Batavia's shore what dire and sad dismay,
What floods of purple gore flow'd on that dreadful day:
Britannia generous weeps, e'en o'er her hero's crown,
Which half in tears she steeps off thy shore, Camperdown.

See Holland's vaunted navy, their glory and their boast,
The flag strike of Batavia, in sight of their own coast:
What though they nobly fought, great Duncan still bore down,
And Britain's glory bought off thy shore, Camperdown.

Valour and skill combine at once to overthrow,
Brave Duncan burst the line, and hurl down on the foe
The weight of Britain's pow'r, her awful naval frown,
Shook Holland in that hour off thy shore, Camperdown.

To Providence supreme let ev'ry heart give way,
Assert its grateful claim, like Duncan homage pay;

Devotion valour grac'd, with dignity her son,
The god of battles prais'd off thy shore, Camperdown.

Old England proudly rears on Howe and Vincent's fame,
Scotia her quota bears, and this distinguish'd name
Shall in her heart still live with glory and renown,
Mem'ry must ever give, Duncan off Camperdown.

◆

IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

Sung by Mr. Jordan.

IN the dead of the night, when with labour opprest,
All mortals enjoy the calm blessing of rest.
Cupid knock'd at my window, disturbing my ease,
Who's there? I demanded—Begone if you please.

He answer'd so meekly, so modest, and mild,
" Dear ma'am, it is I, an unfortunate child;
'Tis a cold rainy night, I am wet to the skin;
I have lost my way, ma'am, so pray let me in."

No sooner from wet and from cold he got ease,
Then taking his bow, he cry'd—" Ma'am, if you please,
If you please, ma'am, I would by experiment know
If the rain has damag'd the string of my bow.

Then away skipp'd the urchin, as brisk as a bee,
And, laughing, " I wish you much joy, ma'am," said he,
" My bow is undamag'd, for true went my dart,
But you will have trouble enough with your heart."

◆

PHYSICAL SNOB.

I AM a physical snob, Sirs,
Can cure ev'ry disease very fast!
There's no greater dab at a job, Sirs,
Than little Emanuel Last.

A son of seventh son I, Sirs,
Altho' in no chariot I rolls!
As physician I patch up your bodies,
As cobler I patch up your soles.
With my fol de rol, &c.

Your Warwick-lane physic disciples
Strut about, and look wond'rous big;
But, alas! all their knowledge is plac'd
In a gold-headed cane and bush wig.
As for me, Sir, I cure all distempers,
Howsomever so bad they may be;
But like many of my learned brothers,
No prescription without I've a fee.
With my fol de rol, &c.

Master Bobby, a crop of this age,
T'other day in great haste for me sent,
Lest death should push him off life's stage;
So away to the gemman I went:
I gave him a potion for sleeping,
Which, a little while after he'd ta'en,
He was put into bed, and he slept, Sirs,
So sound that he ne'er wak'd again.
With my fol de rol, &c.

◆

THAN ENVIED MONARCHS HAPPIER STILL.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

THAN envied monarchs happier still,
O! happier far, the peasant,
No treason lurks about his mill,
No terrors break his slumbers pleasant.
Yet one must fill the regal seat,
With care incessant pressing,
E'en to preserve those slumbers sweet,
His lowly, happy cottage, blessing.

Then fly not now, O gentle sleep,
Fly not our humble dwelling,
His anguish in oblivion sleep,
The image of the past repelling;
And such soft visions of delight,
From airy fancy borrow,
As he deserves, whose watchful night,
From us poor peasants, drives forth sorrow.

◆

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

I HAVE sail'd the world all round, view'd all nations and climes,
Ev'ry point of the compass have box'd,
Seen fair weather, heavy squalls, your best and worst of times,
And now and then a pretty girl I've coax'd.

CHORUS.

But Old England for my money, and a British lass in tow,
Bless their hearts! why I never, never snub 'em,
As for this or that there enemy, wherever bred the foe,
We English hearty cocks always drub 'em.
Then with flip, the fiddle, Poll,
Piping, tol de riddle, lol,
We laugh and quaff it merrily, yeo ho!

They call us careless ninnies, we'll e'en let them, and what then?
Why the rhyno we work hard for you know;
Not to hoard it like lubbers, but spend it, boys, like men,
With a messmate, girl, a fiddle, boys, or so.
Old England for my money, &c.

DUNCAN AND VICTORY.

AGAIN the willing trump of fame
Receives from bounteous heaven a claim,
Around glad nature's sons to call,
And wake with wonder the terrestrial ball;
Strike shudd'ring France and harrow'd Spain
With Duncan's thunder, and Britannia's reign,
Confirm'd anew his empire o'er the main;

CHORUS.

Sing, Britons, sing, prizing what fate has giv'n,
Union, Content, and gratitude to heaven.

October the eleventh, at nine,
Neptune beheld the British line,
And, lest his honours so long worn,
Should from our ever conqu'ring flag be torn;
Dismay to France, horror to Spain,
Bid Duncan's thunder, Great Britannia's reign
Proclaim anew the sov'reign of the main;

CHORUS.

Sing, Britons, sing, prizing what fate has given,
Union, content, and gratitude to heaven.

Fate warr'd on this momentous day;
Three hours nine ships saw captur'd lay;
(Vain Holland's dream of pow'r, no more!)
Her conquer'd fleet shall grace Britannia's shore;
Droop, trembling France, sink, fearful Spain,
Duncan, in thunder, great Britannia's reign
Proclaims anew, the sov'reign of the main;

CHORUS.

Sing, Britons, sing, prizing what fate has giv'n,
Union, content, and gratitude to heaven.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

A SAIL on our lee-bow appears,
She looms like a French man of war,
Then pipe up all hands my brave tars,
And cheerly for chasing prepare,
Set each sail that will draw, ease your reefs and be mute,
Mind how you steer,
Don't let her weer,
She'll lose way if she yare,
So steadily down on your enemy bear,
And give her a British salute.

But now see her top-sails aback,
She seems making ready to fight,
Up hammocks, down chests, clear the deck,
And see all your matches alight,
Now splice the main brace, and to quarters away,
Stand every one
True to his gun,
'Till the battle be done,
We soon shall compel them to fight, sink, or run,
Huzza for Old England, Huzza.

◆

THE VALIANT VANGUARD.

BRITANNIA's sons, attend my call,
And jolly sailors one and all,
And drink, that ills may ne'er befal
Brave Nelson and the Vanguard.
On the first of August, off the Nile,
" ALMIGHTY GOD," was pleas'd to smile,
On Nelson brave,
On the wave;
On board each lad did all aspire
To conquer, when the word's, To fire,
On board the valiant Vanguard.

Genius of Britain, aid my pen,
To sing the praise of gallant men,
Let's bless them all, lads—all, amen!
On board the valiant Vanguard.
St. Vincent and Nelson's glorious name
Inspires each ardent tar for fame;
Nelson and Hood
Undaunted stood,
And fought with hearts replete with zeal,
Beating for their country's weal—
Success to the gallant Vanguard.

Brave admiral Brueys, (tho' our foe)
He fought most brave, but soon did know
That British tars were never slow
To fight on board the Vanguard:
Our valour threw them in despair,
One noble ship was blown in air;
To Britons true
They cry'd, *morbleau!*
For when they saw their sailors fall,
They struck their colours one and all.
To Nelson and the Vanguard.

As British tars were brave,
So soft humanity we have,
A fellow-creature oft we save
On board the valiant Vanguard.
It made each British sailor weep,
To see ten hundred in the deep;
Each haughty foe,
Was soon laid low!
Let ev'ry loyal Briton sing
Success to George, our noble king,
Brave Nelson and the Vanguard.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass?

'Tis Woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart:
The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice Sorrow lifts up her head,
And Poverty listens, well pleas'd, from her shed;
While Age, in an ecstacy, hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest and deepest that stands on the board;
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,
'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who dare!

◆

THE OLD MAN's WISH.

IF I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate:—in a neat country town
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl, to rub my bald pate!

Chorus.

May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay!

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look;
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before;
With roast mutton, rather than ven'son or veal,
And clean, though coarse, linen at ev'ry meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, some stout humming liquor,
And remnants of latin to welcome the vicar;
With *Monte Frascone*, or Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say,
In the morning, when sober, in the ev'ning, when mellow,
He's gone, and has not left behind him his fellow.

CHORUS.

For he govern'd his passion with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

◆

ANACREONTIC.

TO Anacreon in heav'n, where he sat in full glee,
A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
That he their inspirer and patron would be;
When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian:
" Voice, fiddle, and flute,
No longer be mute,
I'll lend you my name, and inspire ye to boot;
And, besides, I'll instruct you, like me, to entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

The news through Olympus immediately flew,
When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs;
"If these mortals are suffer'd their plans to pursue,
The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.
Hark! already they cry,
(In transports of joy)
Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly;
And there with good fellows, we'll learn to entwine
The mirtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

"The yellow-hair'd god and his nine fusty maids,
From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee;
Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
And the bi-forked hill a mere desart will be:
My thunder, no fear on't,
Will soon do its errand.
And d—me, I'll swing the ring-leaders I warrant;
I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Apollo rose up, and said, "Pry'thee, ne'er quarrel,
Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below;
Your thunder is useless." Then shewing his laurel,
Cried, "*Sic evitable fulmen*, you know!
Then over each head.
My laurel I'll spread,
So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread,
Whilst, snug in their club-room, they jovially twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,
And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join;
"The full tide of harmony still shall be his,
But the song, and the catch, and the laugh, shall be mine.
Then Jove be not jealous,
Of these honest fellows."
Cried Jove, "We relent, since the truth you now tell us;
And swear by old Styx, that they long shall entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Ye sons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand,
Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love;
'Tis your's to support what's so happily plann'd;
You've the sanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove.
While thus we agree,
Our toast let it be,
May our club flourish happy, united, and free!
And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

◆

THE CHAPTER OF ADMIRALS.

Tune—*Chapter of Kings.*

LORD Effingham kick'd the armada down,
And Drake was a fighting the world all round;
Gallant Raleigh liv'd upon fire and smoke,
But Sir John Hawkins's heart was broke.
Yet barring all pother,
The one and the other
Were all of them lords of the main.

Sir Humphrey was lost at sea,
And frozen to death was poor Willoughby;
Both Grenville and Frobisher bravely fell—
But 'twas Monson who tickled the Dutch so well.

The heart of a lion had whisker'd Blake,
And York was a seaman for fighting's sake;
But Montague perish'd among the brave,
And Spragge was doom'd to a briny grave.

To Russel the pride of the Frenchmen struck,
And their ships at Vigo was burnt by Rooke;
But Sir Cloudesley Shovel to the bottom went,
And Benbow fought till his life's shot was spent.

Porto-Bello the Spaniards to Vernon lost,
And sorely disturb'd was Hosier's ghost.
Lord Anson with riches return'd from sea;
But Balchin was drown'd in the victory.

Of conquering Hawke let the Frenchmen tell,
And of bold Boscawen who fought so well;
While Pocock and Saunders as brightly shine
In the Annus Mirabilis, Fifty-Nine.

Warren right well for his country fought,
And Hughes too did as Britons ought;
Then Parker so stoutly the Dutchmen shook,
And the flower of the French bully Rodney took.

Howe, Jervis, and Hood, did bravely fight,
And the French and Spaniards put to flight;
And when they shall venture to meet us again,
Britain's sons will give proof that they are lords of the main.

'Twere endless to mention each hero's name,
Whose deeds on the ocean our strength proclaim;
From Howard to Howe we have beat the foe,
But Brave Duncan has given the finishing blow.

END OF VOL. I.

INDEX TO VOL. I.

	Page
A BANKRUPT in trade, fortune frowning on ſhore	30
A poor little gypſey, I wander forlorn	46
A plague on thoſe muſty old lubbers	56
A lady, in fair Seville city	83
A Britiſh ſoldier is my dad	99
A body may, in ſimple way	112
A laſs was left to my care	36
A ſail in our lee-bow appears	209
Adieu, adieu, my only life	90
Again the willing trump of fame	208
An honeſt tar, and freſh from ſea	11
And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman	187
Aſk you who is ſinging here	44
As I walk'd thro' the Strand, ſo careleſs and gay	107
As I walk'd one May ſummer morning	115
As bringing home, the other morn	197
Aurora, now ſummons the lads of the courſe	10
Ben Bowſprit I am, and a true jolly boy	122
Begone, dull care, I pry'thee begone from me	123
Behold the man that is unlucky	116
Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn	98
Britannia's ſons at ſea	200
Britannia's ſons attend my call	209
By the gaily-circling glaſs	19
Ceaſe, fair ladies, ceaſe bewailing	169
Come haſten, my hearties, to true honeſt Ned	5
Come Royal George, and all thy court	61
Come buy poor Sally's wooden ware	63
Come all hands, ahoy, to the anchor	95
Come ye brave with noble hearts	101
Come haſte to the wedding ye friends and ye neighbours	202
Come thou ſoul-reviving cup	151
Come croſs my hand! my art ſurpaſſes	166
Come, rouze, brother ſportſmen, the hunters all cry	197
"Come, come, bonny laſſie," cry'd Sandy, "awa	149
Come, come ye brave with noble hearts	101
Contented I am, and contented I'll be	174
Could I conquer the paſſion of love	20
Daddy Neptune one day to freedom did ſay	53
Dear is my little native vale	41
Dear Nancy I've ſail'd the world all around	121

INDEX.

Page
Dear Tom, this brown jug, which now foams with mild ale ·· 161
Down by the river there grows a green willow ·· 128

Elva once was fair and young ·· 174
Ere Emma's fair form firſt attracted my view ·· 134
Eſcap'd with life, in tatters ·· 32
Exchanging vows of mutual love ·· 136

For ever fortune wilt thou prove ·· 1
For London is like a mill going round ·· 25
For England when with fav'ring gale ·· 73
For various purpoſe ſerves the fan ·· 172
From prudence let my joys take birth ·· 15
From my cradle a ſoldier was all my delight ·· 24
From place to place I travers'd alone ·· 92
From plowing the ocean, and thraſhing Monſieur ·· 180

Gin ye meet a bonny laſſie ·· 58
Go ſearch the world round about ·· 110
Go, roſe, my Chloe's boſom grace ·· 160

Habakuk's my name, it's well known to my friends ·· 14
Happy were the days, from infancy advancing ·· 119
Her mouth with a ſmile ·· 18
His ſparkling eyes were black as jet ·· 195
How mild in the ruby pale chaſtity fluſhes ·· 3
How ſtands the glaſs around? ·· 17
How cruel are the parents ·· 21
How ſweet in the woodlands with fleet hound and horn ·· 132
How ſweet when the nightingale ſing from yon grove ·· 157

I am a phyſical ſnob, ſirs ·· 205
I have a ſilent ſorrow here ·· 12
I have ſail'd the world all round, view'd all nations and climes 207
I ſail'd in the ſhip, Duke of Clarence ·· 49
I am the fowler blith and gay ·· 63
I ſat out one eve, with intentions to roam ·· 137
I riſe with the morn, I contemplate the ſun ·· 169
I ſigh for a maid, and a ſweet pretty maid ·· 41
If a landſman would know the true creed of a tar ·· 25
If pity, ſweet maid, ever dwelt in thy breaſt ·· 47
If ever a ſailor was fond of good ſport ·· 117
If ever I live to grow old, for I find I go down ·· 211
I'm jolly Jack Maintop-maſt, call'd jolly Jack of Dover ·· 140
I'm as ſmart a lad as you'd wiſh to ſee ·· 199
In a cottage emboſom'd within a deep ſhade ·· 153
In a cottage I live, and the cot of content ·· 89
In ſtorms when clouds obſcure the ſky ··
In April when primroſes paint the ſweet plain ·· 158
In the midſt of the ſea, like a tough man of war ·· 175
In the famous days of old ·· 162
In the world's crooked path where I've been ·· 74

INDEX.

Page
In the garden of love, like the garden of Flora 3
In the dead of the night when with labour oppreſt 205
It chanc'd one day that a crow ſo black 39
I've lov'd many a maiden fair 30
I've ſail'd with many a captain bold 55

Let town bred belles, elate with pride 120
Life's like a ſhip, in conſtant motion 57
Lord Effingham kick'd the armada down 214

Madam you know my trade is war 81
Majeſtic roſe the god of day 59
Mirth, be thy mingled pleaſure mine 7
My name, d'ye ſee's Tom Tough, I've ſeen a little ſarvice 28
My name's Obadiah, a Quaker I am (hum) 64
My cruel love to danger go 60
My mam is no more, and my dad's in his grave 62
My temples with cluſters of grapes I'll entwine 211
My friend is the man I would copy through life 145
My friends all declare that my life is miſpent 189
My jovial friends, with ſocial glee 159
Mr. Abraham Newland's a monſtrous good man 150

Near bowery Richmond, Thames's pride 137
Ned Flint was lov'd by all the ſhip 37
No roſes from the field I ſeek 77
Now Joan we are marry'd—and now let me ſay 34
Now the rage of battle ended 167
Now liſten, my honies, awhile, if you pleaſe 185

O how happy is the man 171
O Loggie of Buchan, O Loggie the laird 27
O liſten to the voice of love 184
O Tibby I hae ſeen the day 186
Oh botheration, about preſervation 104
O'er barren hills and flow'ry dales 189
O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and bare 201
O'er the gloomy woods reſounding 21
O'er the vine-cover'd hills and gay regions of France 131
Of all the girls in our town 105
Of ev'ry ſenſation true love can impart 150
Oh! where, and oh where is your highland laddie gone 9
Oh! born to ſoothe diſtreſs, and lighten care 20
Oh! health and long life to you all 68
Oh! what a moſt horrid ſenſation 179
Once the gods of the Greeks, at ambroſial feaſts 85
On board the Valiant we ſet ſail 111
One ſweet May morn in Woodley park 139

Peaceful ſlumb'ring on the ocean 51
Pent within this cavern drear 153
Puſh about the briſk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart 198

INDEX.

Page
Round Mountblanc's lofty ſummit, and Alp's ſnowy head 13

Sam Steel is my name, and a man of ſome fame 135
Says fame t'other day, to the genius of ſong 31
Say, Louiſa, canſt thou leave me 102
Secure within her ſea-girt reign 22
See the conquering hero comes 90
Spanking Jack was ſo comely, ſo pleaſant, ſo jolly 132
Stay, lady—ſtay, for mercy's ſake 114
Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear 19
Sweet is the ſhip that's under ſail 51
Sweet ditties would my Patty ſing 171
Still, ſtill this ardent boſom glows 155
Stand to your guns, my hearts of oak 183

Take, oh, take thoſe lips away 2
Than envied monarchs happier ſtill 206
The roſe had been waſh'd, juſt waſh'd in a ſhower 4
The bird that hears her neſtlings cry 2
The wealthy fool with gold in ſtore 37
The ſtreamlet that flow'd round her cot 40
The deuce take the cards, for they give to me the gripes 43
The ſignal's gave, all hands prepar'd 50
The times are gone by 73
The white man come and bring his gold 82
The moon had climb'd the higheſt hill 86
The paſſing bell was heard to toll 92
The bard who glows with Grub-ſtreet fire 106
The loud wind roar'd, the rain fell faſt 113
The Romans in England, they once did ſway 118
The parent bird forſakes its neſt 4
The ſhepherd Oliver, grown white with years 129
The trees ſeem'd to fade, as the dear ſpot I'm viewing 146
The eleventh of October ſhall never be forgot 204
The hardy ſailor, glory's ſon 173
The ſun, o'er weſtern hills advanc'd 192
There ne'er was a name ſo handed by fame 69
There was Dorothy Dump, would mutter and mump 80
Tho' winter ſpreads his drear domain 134
Thou'st play'd a falſe and faithleſs part 76
Thus, thus my boys, our anchor'r weigh'd 139
Time has not thin'd my flowing hair 18
To Anacreon in heaven, where he ſat in full glee 212
To lecture I come, and your pardon I crave 35
To batchelors hall we good fellows invite 97
To be jovial and gay, to be merry and wiſe 124
Tom Starboard was a lover true 23
Tom Tackle was noble, was true to his word 91
'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town 38
'Twas poſt meridian half paſt four 75
'Twas Saturday night, the twinkling ſtars 94
'Twas near the town of Dover, dwelt Ned a jolly ſailer 102
'Twas near a rock within a bay 164

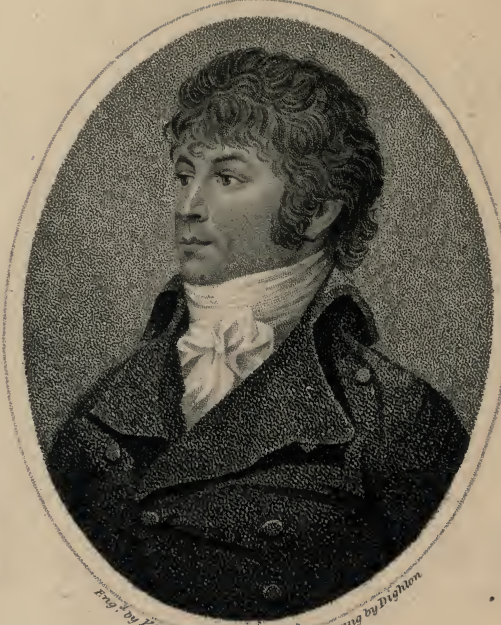
INDEX.

Page
'Twas at Stepney church I was ſplic'd to Doll 109
'Twas on the morn of ſweet May day 79
'Twas in the ev'ning of a wint'ry day 53
'Twas in the ſolemn midnight hour 65
'Twas in June, roſy June 123
'Twas when the ſeas were roaring 188

Up and down, round about, all the ſtreets I paraded 66

We bipeds made up of foul clay 88
What pleaſure oft 'tis to reveal 138
What mortal can more happy be 143
What matters your ditties, your jokes and narrations 144
What matters Tom to where we're bound 190
What beauties does Flora diſcloſe 84
What danger lurks in thoſe bright eyes 77
When firſt a dry, droll little creature 26
When firſt a babe upon the knee 100
When firſt I came from Kilkenny, as freſh as a daiſy 71
When I to London firſt came in 130
When I was a youngſter, I firſt was apprentic'd 45
When freedom was baniſh'd from Greece and from Rome 42
When the very firſt day to the field I had got 46
When my money was gone that I gain'd in the wars 72
When hoary froſt hung on each thorn 81
When in war on the ocean we meet the proud foe 121
When republican doctrines are ev'ry where found, Sir 61
When the world firſt began, and ſome folks ſay before 165
When ſcarce a handſpike high 147
When party feuds, and hateful broils 142
When wild war's deadly blaſt was blown 177
When Britain firſt, at heaven's command 182
When Britain on the foaming main 194
When Edward left his native plain 183
When Galia ſtrove to ſpread thro' all this land 158
When forc'd from dear Hebe to go 195
When fond emotion ſwells the heart 113
When lovely woman ſtoops to folly 78
Why, fair maid, in ev'ry feature 8
Why ſhun me thus, my charming Kate *ib.*
Why ſhould life in ſorrow be ſpent 156
While I hang on your boſom, diſtracted to loſe you 28
While happy in my native land 100
Willie Waſtle dwelt on Tweed 48
Will you go to the ewe-bright Marion 77
Will you leave your village cot 161
With tuneful pipe and merry glee 203
Would you know, pretty Nan, how we paſs our time 155

Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at eaſe 16
Ye true ſons of Britain, whoſe valour and zeal 87
Ye ſportſmen draw near, and ye ſportſwomen too 192
Young William was a ſeaman true 40



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GOD save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On George be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

From ev'ry latent foe,
From the assassin's blow,
God save the King;
O'er him thine arm extend,
For Britain's sake defend
Our Father, Prince, and Friend—
God save the King.

◆

BRITANNIA.

Old Air, New Accompaniment.

TO Neptune enthron'd as he govern'd the sea,
From my cliff-skirted isle I dispatch'd a petition,
That he its protector and patron would be,
When this charter arriv'd without let or condition:
Navigation and trade, no more be afraid,
The ocean is yours, and I'll lend you my aid;

CHORUS

Besides, I'll instruct you like me to entwine
The fruits of fair commerce round liberty's shrine.

The news over Gallia immediately flew,
French and Spaniards pretended to give themselves airs,
If Britons are suffer'd their schemes to pursue,
There's an end of our projects, our hopes, and our cares,

So they sent out a fleet, which the Englishmen beat,
And a second, sunk, taken, and forc'd to retreat,
Was oblig'd to confess that 'tis we who entwine
The fair fruits of commerce round liberty's shrine.
Was oblig'd, &c.

Then Mynheer from his mouth in great wrath took his pipe,
And swore our pretensions we sorely should rue,
That the time had arriv'd, and the project was ripe,
Shou'd teach poor John Bull a fresh course to pursue.
With this threat he set sail, 'twas of little avail,
They'd the worst on't at sea, and in port they turn'd tail.
But now with true blue they the orange entwine,
And the fruits of fair commerce round liberty's shrine.
But now with true blue, &c.

Then join, sons of Britain, the world to convince,
You have hearts tun'd to harmony, friendship and joy,
That your love to each other, your country and prince,
Can never be lessen'd, or suffer alloy.
May Britannia still be the Queen of the Sea,
May our King, laws, and people for ever be free.
And soon with the blessings of peace may we twine,
The fruits of fair commerce round liberty's shrine.
And soon with, &c.

* * *

THE GROUND-IVY GIRL.

(ORIGINAL.)

Written by Mr. Upton.

The Music by Mr. Reeve.—Sung by Miss Gray.

NOR father nor mother has poor little Nell,
And yet with the wide world before her,
As blythe as a lark, her *ground-ivy* to sell,
She rises each morn with Aurora.

Thro' courts and thro' alleys, thro' lanes and thro' streets,
And up and down London's great city,
Whoever the poor little wanderer meets
Is sure to know Nell by her ditty.
Ground-ivy, ground-ivy,
Come buy my ground-ivy.

Tho' often bare-footed, yet poor little Nell,
Endow'd with sweet health, cheerly trudges,
And if the small store of her *ivy* can sell,
The grandeur of others ne'er grudges.
Content and humility tends on the maid,
And thus up and down London's city,
Tho' friendless and often in tatters array'd
Poor Nelly thus carols her ditty:
Ground-ivy, ground-ivy,
Come buy my ground-ivy.

Nor friend, nor relation, poor Nelly can boast
To guard or protect her from danger;
Yet still like a tar wreck'd on some foreign coast,
She oft finds *relief* from a stranger;
Thus fortune, tho' fickle, poor Nelly befriends,
As daily she roves London city;
And tho' for subsistence on chance she depends,
Thus merrily carols her ditty:
Ground-ivy, ground-ivy,
Come buy my ground-ivy.

◆

THE SOLDIER.

(ORIGINAL.)

By Mr. T. Collins.

HARK! hark! the trumpet sounds to arms,
The drum proclaims dread war's alarms—
The thund'ring cannon's roar.
But duty still forbids me grieve,
Tho' ev'ry dear delight I leave,
My home! my native shore!

'Thro' foreign climes tho' doom'd to range,
'Think not my love shall ever change—
Ah! no, this heart's too true:
And if in battle's fiercest strife
Of Providence I ask for life—
Dear Mary 'tis for you!

But should you hear some friend relate,
Your constant soldier met his fate—
Oh! heave one pitying sigh!
Yet know that when that sigh you give,
The same kind power bids you live
That bade your William die.

◆

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, in the Turnpike-gate.

CALM the winds; the distant ocean,
Where our ships in triumph ride,
Seems to own no other motion
Than the ebb and flow of tide.

High perch'd upon his fav'rite spray,
The thrush attention hath bespoke;
The ploughman, plodding on his way,
To listen, stops the sturdy yoke.

But see, the loud-tongu'd pack in view,
The peopled hills the cry resound;
The sportsmen joining chorus too,
And rapt'rous peals of joy go round.
Soon, soon again, the scene, so gay,
In distant murmurs dies away,

Again from lazy echo's cell,
No sound is heard of mirth or woe,
Save but the crazy tinkling bell
The shepherd hangs upon the ewe.

THE WATERMAN.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

IF the man goes but right who follows his nose,
The waterman always goes wrong;
For one way he looks, while another he rows,
And always keeps stroke with a song;
He'll give you a joke at every stroke,
While his wherry glides smoothly along.

How happy a man might a waterman be
Were his cares to his boat all consign'd!
He never would launch on a troublesome sea,
To disturb the content of his mind;
For when with his bride each stroke's against tide,
It's tugging 'gainst water and wind.

But why shou'd I grieve when I look on my badge?
When I won it, than Dick, why so merry?
How it drew the black peepers of Wandsworth Madge,
When I stepp'd from my boat at the ferry!
And, bless her black eyes, that stoke won the prize,
She was the first fair in my wherry.

MOVING TO THE MELODY OF MUSIC'S NOTE.

Sung by Miss De Camp in Blue Beard.

MOVING to the melody of music's note,
Observe the Turkish fair advance;
Lightly as the gossamer, she seems to float,
Thro' mazes of the dance:

Sportive is the measure,
Thrilling is the pleasure,
While in merry glee the senses join;
Deeper blushing roses,
Ev'ry cheek discloses,
Eyes with lustre shine.
Chorus—Moving to the, &c.

When the lover takes her glowing hand,
With manly grace and ease;
Can the dancing female then withstand
His gentle squeeze.
No, she gives him then so languishing a glance,
Grown tender, soft, and melting with the dance;
Cupid, Cupid, god of hearts,
Dancing sharpens all your darts.
Chorus—Moving to the, &c.

* * *

THE BRITISH ADMIRALS.

Tune—*Hearts of Oak.*

COME honour, come courage, come glory from far,
Bind the laurel, well won, round the brow of each tar;
Where actions so bold wond'ring nations admire,
Brave Britons are aw'd, not by fear, foes, nor fire.
Hearts of oak, &c.

That vet'ran. brave gallant Howe is his name,
Whose atchievements are wrote in the temple of fame,
The French fleet attack'd, June the first, ninety-four,
Some he sunk, some he burnt, and some made their
own shore.
Hearts of oak, &c.

St. Vincent the bold gave Cordova defeat,
His numbers just half of the Spaniard's proud fleet;
Four ships became prizes, fame spread it afar,
As an act 'yond compare in the annals of war.
Hearts of oak, &c.

Firm Duncan stands next on the heroic page,
Whom De Winter, the Dutchman, thought fit to engage;
Equal numbers in ships, aye, in guns and in men,
When the battle was o'er Duncan brought away ten.
Hearts of oak, &c.

The last, tho' not least, fill up bumpers the while,
Fill them high, 'tis a toast to the Man of the Nile,
Brave Nelson by name, who attack'd the French line,
Out of thirteen burnt two, and he captur'd just nine.
Hearts of oak, &c.

With three times three cheers, we our seamen will toast,
The nation's best pride, the best guards of our coast;
May success crown their efforts wherever they serve,
'Tis our ships and our tars form our national nerve.

Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,
They always are ready, steady, boys, steady,
To fight and to conquer again and again.

◆

LITTLE TAFFLINE.

SHOULD e'er the fortune be my lot,
To be made a wealthy bride,
I'll glad my parent's lowly cot,
All their pleasure and their pride:
And when I'm drest,
All in my best,
I'll trip away, like lady gay,
I'll trip, I'll trip away;
And the lads will say, dear heart what a flash,
Look at Little Taffline with a silken sash.

And oh, what pleasure to be seen,
When the lads at evening meet,
With silken sash, or pink, or green,
Silken roses on my feet;
Now folks will stare as I goes by;
See, see, they'll cry, her flaunting air,
See, see her flaunting air;
And the lads will say, dear heart what a flash,
Look at little Taffline, with a silken sash.

JONNY'S GRAVE.

By E. S. J. Author of William and Ellen.

A TARTAN plad was a' she had,
The gloomy lift did lour;
The sun was doon, scarce look'd aboon,
And o'er the hills did glour.
Wi' dulefu' step the verdant turf she prest,
To Jonny's grave, where a' her sorrows rest.

The driving show'r did fast down pour,
Wi' grief she cou'd na speak;
Thro' ilka bough, the wind did sugh,
Her heart was like to break.
Wi' dulefu' step, &c.

Upon his tomb, in waesom gloom,
Her lovely form she threw;
She clasp'd the sod, the sully clod,
And lood the west wind blew.
Wi' throbbing breast the verdant turf she prest,
On Jonny's grave, where a' her sorrows rest.

What is the scoul, the tempests howl,
The storm it hurts not me;
The driving rains give me no pains,
My soul feel a' for thee:
As on the grave she lay with throbbing breast,
On Jonny's grave, where a' her sorrows rest.

Shall I bemoan when thou art gone,
And wipe the tears that start;
Upon thy turf I've wept enough,
For sorrow breaks my heart.
In death! in death! the verdant turf she prest,
On Jonny's grave, where a' her sorrows rest.

THE WOOERS.

Translated from Voss, the German Theocritus.

By Mr. Beresford.

WITH auburn locks and killing eyes,
A lass tripp'd o'er the mead;
The day declin'd, soft blush'd the skies,
And warblings fill'd the glade.
I nought but her could hear and see,
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
For ever and for aye by me!

A russet garb with graceful ease
Intwin'd her slender waist;
Her coat and tresses caught the breeze,
And flutter'd as it pass'd:
Her snow-white hose I plain could see,
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
For ever and for aye by me!

The dappled cow now jogg'd along,
And fill'd her cleanly pail;
And while the maiden milk'd and sung,
I urg'd my tender tale.
Her eyes bespoke soft courtesy.
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
For ever and for aye by me!

My tale I told, she deign'd to smile!
In sweet suspense I stood;
Yet durst to steal a kiss the while;
Her cheek with blushes glow'd.
As glow'd the west, so redden'd she.
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
For ever and for aye by me!

O'er stile, o'er hedge, I help'd the maid
  Her brimming pail to bear;
And chas'd the goblin from the glade,
  And sung to banish fear:
For dark it grew, we scarce could see.
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
For ever and for aye by me!

Her mother rav'd: "So late!" she cry'd:
  The damsel hung her head.
"Good mother, hear, nor rashly chide;
  I'd fain thy daughter wed:
Consent our mutual bliss to see.
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
For ever and for aye by me!"

THE JUNCTION OF BACCHUS AND VENUS.

By T. C. Rickman.

I'M a vot'ry of Bacchus, his godship adore,
And love at his shrine gay libations to pour;
And Venus, blest Venus, my bosom inspires,
For she lights in our souls the most sacred of fires:
Yet to neither I swear sole allegiance to hold;
My bottle and lass I by turns must enfold;
For the sweetest of junctions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

When fill'd to the fair, the brisk bumper I hold;
Can the miser survey with such pleasure his gold!
The ambrosia of gods no such relish can boast,
If good port fill your glass, and fair Kitty's your toast,
And the charms of your girl more angelic will be,
If her sofa's encircl'd with wreaths from his tree;
For the sweetest of junctions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

All partial distinctions I hate from my soul;
O give me my fair one! and give me my bowl;
Bliss reflected from either, will send to my heart,
Ten thousand sweet joys which they can't have apart!
Go try it, ye smiling and gay-looking throng,
And your hearts will in unison beat to my song,
That the sweetest of junctions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

I SING THE SEAMAN'S PRAISE.

Sung at the Anacreontic Society.

I SING the British seaman's praise,
  A theme renown'd in story:
It well deserves more polish'd lays,
  O 'tis your boast and glory;
When mad brain war spreads death around,
  By them you are protected,
But when in peace the nation's found,
  These bulwarks are neglected.

CHORUS.

Then O protect the hardy tar,
  Be mindful of his merit,
And when again you're plung'd in war,
  He'll shew his daring spirit.

When thickest darkness covers all,
  Far on the trackless ocean;
When lightnings dart, when thunders roll,
  And all is wild commotion.
When o'er the bark the white topt waves,
  With boist'rous sweep, and rolling,
Yet coolly still the whole he braves,
  Untam'd amidst the howling.
    Then O protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in sulph'rous smoak,
He seeks a glowing pleasure,
He loads his guns, he cracks his joke,
Elated beyond measure;
Tho' fore and aft the blood-stain'd deck,
Should lifeless trunks appear,
Or should the vessel float a wreck,
The sailor knows no fear.
Then O protect, &c.

When long becalm'd on southern brine,
Where scorching beams assail him,
When all the canvass hangs supine,
And food and water fail him;
Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
Where plenty still is reigning,
They call the watch, his rapture's o'er,
He sighs, but scorns complaining.
Then O protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coast,
Where death so oft befriends him,
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland frost,
True courage still attends him.
No time can this eradicate,
He glories in annoyance;
He fearless braves the storm of fate,
And bids grim death defiance.
Then O protect, &c.

Why should the man who knows no fear,
In peace be e'er neglected;
Behold him move along the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected.
Behold him begging for employ,
Behold him disregarded;
Then view the anguish of his eye,
And say, are tars rewarded.
Then O protect, &c.

To them your dearest rights you owe,
In peace then would you starve them?
What say ye Britain's sons? Oh, no,
Protect them, and preserve them.
Shield them from poverty and pain,
'Tis policy to do it;
Or when war shall come again,
O Britons ye may rue it.
Then O protect, &c.

◆

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

A POOR helpless wand'rer, the wide world before me,
When the harsh din of war forc'd a parent to roam,
With no friend save kind heaven to protect and watch o'er me,
I, a child of affliction, was robb'd of a home!

And thus with a sigh I accosted each stranger—
" O, look with compassion on poor orphan Bess!
Your mite may relieve her from each threat'ning danger—
And the soft tear of pity can soothe her distress."

To the rich by whom virtue's too often neglected,
I tell my sad story—and crave for relief:
But wealth seldom feels for a wretch unprotected—
'Tis poverty only partakes of her grief!

Ah, little they think that the thousands they squander
On the play-things of folly and fripp'ries of dress,
Would relieve the keen wants of the wretched who wander,
While the soft tear of pity would soothe their distress!

Tho' bereft of each comfort, poor Bess will not languish:
Since short is life's journey, 'tis vain to lament;
And he who still marks the deep sigh of keen anguish
Hath plac'd in his bosom the jewel Content.

Then, ye wealthy to-day, think—ah, think ere to-morrow
The frowns of misfortune upon you may press;
Then, turn not away from a poor orphan's sorrow,
When the soft tear of pity can soothe her distress!

* * *

THE CHRISTIAN SAILOR.

COME, never seem to mind it,
Nor count your fate a curse,
However sad you find it,
Yet, somebody is worse:
In danger some may come off short,
Yet, why should we despair,
For, though bold tars are fortune's sport,
They still are fortune's care.

Why, when our vessel blew up,
A fighting that there Don,
Like squibs and crackers flew up
The crew, each mother's son;
They sunk:—some rigging stopp'd me short,
While twirling in the air,
And thus, if tars, &c.

Young Peg of Portsmouth-Common
Had like t' have been my wife;
Longside of such a woman
I'd led a pretty life:
A landsman, one Sam Davenport,
She convoy'd to Horn-fair,
And thus, if tars, &c.

A splinter knock'd my nose off;
My bowsprit's gone! I cries:
Yet well it kept their blows off,
Thank God, 'twas not my eyes;

Chance if again it sends that sort,
Let's hope I've had my share,
Though thus bold tars, &c.

Scarce with these words I'd outed,
Glad for my eyes and limbs,
When a cartridge burst, and douted
Both my two precious glims;
Well, then they're gone! I cry'd, in short,
Yet, fate my life did spare,
And thus, though tars, &c.

I'm blind, and I'm a cripple,
Yet cheerfully would sing,
Were my disasters triple,
'Cause why?—'Twas for my king:
Besides each Christian I exhort,
Pleas'd, will some pity spare;
And thus though tars are fortune's sport,
They still are fortune's care.

◆

JACK BLOCK.

WHEN I came back to bonny Shadwell Dock,
In my feathers and jacket so airy,
How the girls did stare at their friend Jack Block.
With his chip chow, cherry chow,
Rolty, ulty, ilty, row,
Rowdy, olty, oh!

When with buxom Poll, at the anchor so blue,
I call'd for a bowl of rumbo,
Says she, Jack your health! says I, here's to you!
With my chip chow, &c.

The purser he look'd at me very big,
And to Poll threw his loving palaver,
But the rumbo I threw o'er his white chissel'd wig.
With my chip chow, &c.

His pipe being broke, oh! damn it how he stares;
Says he, you must ask my pardon;
Says I, with all my heart, so I kick'd him down stairs.
With my chip chow, &c.

Then says Poll, O Jack! treat me to the play,
We're so fine let us go to the boxes.
I like a box, says I; so I tripp'd it away.
With my chip chow, &c.

Oh! then the jack-a-dandies clapp'd and encor'd,
Wip'd the boots on the ladies aprons;
Silence! says I; and very loudly I roar'd.
With my chip chow, &c.

The link-boy he lighted us clean in the mud,
There he finger'd our pockets so neatly;
With, your honour take care,—Oh! damn his young blood:
And his chip chow, &c.

Let us drink a health to little England;
To great George, and good Queen Charlotte,
May our seamen always the ocean command.
And the chip chow, &c.

◆

A HUNTING SONG.

WHEN Phœbus begins just to peep o'er the hills,
With horns we awaken the day,
And rouze brother sportsmen who sluggishly sleep,
With hark! to the woods, hark away!
See the hounds are uncoupled in musical cry,
How sweetly it echoes around;
And high-mettled steeds with their neighing all seem
With pleasure to echo the sound.

Behold where sly Reynard, with panic and dread,
At distance o'er hillocks doth bound;
The pack on the scent fly with rapid career,
Hark! the horns! O how sweetly they sound!

Now on the chace, o'er hills and o'er dales,
All dangers we nobly defy;
Our nags are all stout, and our sports we'll pursue,
With shouts that resound to the sky.

But see how he lags, all his arts are in vain,
No longer with swiftness he flies;
Each hound in his fury determines his fate,
The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.
With shouting and joy we return from the field,
With drink crown the sports of the day;
Then to rest we recline, till the horn calls again,
Then away to the woodlands, away.

* * *

A FREE-MASON'S SONG.

COME, let us prepare,
We brothers that are
Assembled on merry occasion;
Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
Our wine has a spring;
Here's a health to an accepted mason.

The world is in pain
Our secret to gain,
But let them still wonder and gaze on;
Till they're shewn the light,
They'll ne'er know the right
Word or sign of an accepted mason.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why so many great men in the nation
Should aprons put on,
To make themselves one
With a free and an accepted mason.

Great king, dukes, and lords
Have laid by their swords,
Our myst'ry to put a good grace on;
And ne'er been asham'd,
To hear themselves nam'd
With a free and an accepted mason.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our side,
It makes each man just in his station;
There's nought but what's good,
To be understood
By a free and an accepted mason.

We're true and sincere,
We're just to the fair,
They'll trust us on ev'ry occasion;
No mortals can more,
The ladies adore,
Than a free and an accepted mason.

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm stand,
Let's be merry, and put a bright face on;
No mortal can boast
So noble a toast,
As a free and an accepted mason.

◆

TO-MORROW; OR, THE PROSPECT.

Tune—*With my Jug in one Hand.*

IN the downhill of life when I find I'm declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be!
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;

With an ambling pad poney to trace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow;
And blythe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail,
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail;
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when my friend wants to borrow;
I'd envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Or the honours that wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secur'd by a neighbouring hill;
And at night may repose steal on me more sweetly,
By the sound of a murmuring rill;
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends will I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
Which I've worn for years threescore and ten;
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
As this worn-out old stuff which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

CROSS PURPOSES.

TOM loves Mary passing well,
And Mary she loves Harry;
But Harry sighs for bonny Bell,
And finds his love miscarry;
For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
Whilst Mary slights his passion:
So strangely freakish are the turns
Of human inclination.

Moll gave Hal a wreath of flow'rs,
Which he, in am'rous folly
Consign'd to Bell, and in few hours
It came again to Molly:
Thus all by turns are woo'd, and woo;
No turtles can be truer;
Each loves the object they pursue,
But hates the kind pursuer.

As much as Mary, Thomas grieves,
Proud Hal despises Mary;
And all the flouts which Bell receives
From Tom, she vents on Harry.
If one of all the four has frown'd,
You ne'er saw people grummer;
If one has smil'd, it catches round,
And all are in good humour.

Then, lovers, hence this lesson learn,
Throughout the British nation;
How much 'tis ev'ry one's concern
To smile at reformation.
And still, thro' life, this rule pursue,
Whatever objects strike you,
Be kind to them that fancy you,
That those you love may like you.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY:

AN IRISH AIR.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd, one ev'ning in May,
The little birds, in blythest notes, made vocal ev'ry spray:
They sung their little tales of love, they sung them o'er and o'er.
Ah! gramachree, ma cholleenouge, ma Molly ashtore!

The daisy dy'd, and all the sweets the dawn of nature yields,
The primrose pale, and vi'let blue, lay scatter'd o'er the fields;
Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I adore.
Ah! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad fate,
That doom'd me thus the slave of love, and cruel Molly's hate;
How can she break the honest heart that wears her in its core?
Ah! gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear: ah, why did I believe?
Yet who could think such tender words were meant but to deceive?
That love was all I ask'd on earth, nay, heav'n could give no more.
Ah! gramachree, &c.

O! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds that yon green pasture fill;
With her I love, I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy store.
Ah! gramacree, &c.

Two turtle-doves, above my head, sat courting on a bough,
I envy'd them their happiness, to see them bill and coo;
Such fondness once for me she shew'd, but now, alas! 'tis o'er.
Ah! gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear, thy loss I e'er shall mourn;
While life remains in Strephon's heart, 'twill beat for thee alone;
Tho' thou art false, may heaven on thee its choicest blessings pour, &c.
Ah! gramachree, &c.

* * *

ALBION—THE PRIDE OF THE SEA.

Written by Dr. Houlton.

MY boys, would you know how our ship got her name,
You speedy shall know that from me,
When ready to launch, she was christen'd by Fame—
The ALBION—the Pride of the Sea.

CHORUS.

All her crew lads of mettle,
'Midst the cannon's loud rattle
A dread lion in battle,
Is ALBION—the Pride of the Sea.

As she dash'd from the dock to embrace her own wave,
She sprang with a heart full of glee,
And cry'd, let none man but the true British brave—
The ALBION—the Pride of the sea.
All her crew, &c.

When glorious to view as she swam on the main,
This, this is my throne, exclaim'd she;
And the sceptre, my boys, we e'er will sustain
Of ALBION—the Pride of the Sea.
All her crew, &c.

What honour to her, fame and vict'ry have paid,
To history go, and you'll see,
That the world has been sway'd, and shall ever be sway'd
By ALBION—the Pride of the Sea.
All her crew, &c.

◆

SONG.

From the Italian.

BESIDE a fountain's border,
Where wanton zephyrs rove;
A nymph, in sweet disorder,
Now sleeps in yonder grove.
If thus her beauties charm me,
All sleeping as she lies,
What ills, alas! shall harm me,
When once she opes her eyes!

On her white arm reposing,
Reclines her lovely cheek,
Far sweeter tints disclosing
Then May's sweet morning deck.
What tender fears alarm me,
What tender hopes arise—
Alas! what ills shall harm me,
When once she opes her eyes?

And fain would I discover
What pains my breast invade;
But, ah! too timid lover,
My lips refuse their aid.

May love with boldness arm me,
And cheek desponding sighs,
Or, oh ! what ills shall harm me,
When once she opes her eyes !

* * *

WHEN BOUNDING O'ER THE LOFTY YARD.

WHEN bounding o'er the lofty yard,
The jolly seaman reefs the sail,
Though whirlwinds roar, he grapples hard
The swimming beam, nor dreads the gale :
When hidden rocks and sable clouds
Impede the shatter'd vessel's way,
The boatswain, clinging to the shrouds,
Undaunted pipes his midnight lay.

And, ere the wreck begins to sink,
Ere through her sides the billows pour,
The sailor bravely stops to drink,
Then grasps the mast, and gains the shore :
Thus, Harriet, were I moor'd with you,
No threatning danger would I see,
But laugh at terror's pale-fac'd crew,
And baffle life's tempestuous sea.

Or haply should soft zephyr blow,
We'd leave the port and share the gale ;
While Bacchus call'd all hands below,
And fortune laughing set our sail :
From quicksands of domestic care,
Where jealousy's loud breakers roar,
From sorrow's coast we'd steer afar,
'Till death should tow our boat ashore.

D. S.

SMILING GROG.

A SAILOR's life's a life, d'ye see,
That drudges late and early:
What matter's that when he's at sea,
'Tis grog that makes him cheerly:
For, blest with that, no care he knows,
His heart's with courage stor'd;
'Tis all the same what wind then blows,
When smiling grog's on board.

Tho' many a stormy night he braves,
Yet fear cannot his courage check;
Undaunted views the dashing waves,
And boldly still he stands on deck:
What fear can e'er a sailor feel,
Who ploughs the foaming hoard;
He fears not rocks that rub the keel,
When smiling grog's on board.

The sails are set, the cann goes round,
The helm at watch is shifted;
The lead is heav'd, the bank is found,
The ship by seas is drifted:
What dangers now await the crew,
She's turning out the freight she's stor'd,
Yet, highly pleas'd the merry few,
When smiling grog's on board.

The ship, she works, the helm's a-lee,
The sea beats o'er the weather bow,
The pump's at task, the leak is free,
She rights, my boys, just now:
With eager stretch the sails are clear,
She's near the port well stor'd;
Drink now, my hearts, the shore is near
For smiling grog's on board.

HENRY's COTTAGE MAID.

AH! where can fly my soul's true love,
Sad I wander this lone grove;
Sighs and tears for him I shed,
Henry is from Laura fled:
Thy love to me thou didst impart,
Thy love soon won my virgin heart;
But, dearest Henry, thou'st betray'd
Thy love with thy poor cottage maid.

Through the vale my grief appears,
Sighing sad with pearly tears;
Oft thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green:
See from my cheek the colour flies,
And love's sweet hope within me dies;
For, oh! dear Henry, thou'st betray'd
Thy love, with thy poor cottage maid.

◆

BE QUICK, FOR I'M IN HASTE.

AS 'cross the fields the other morn,
  I tripp'd so blithe and gay,
The 'squire with his dog and gun,
  By chance came by that way:
Whither so fast, sweet maid, he cry'd,
  And caught me round the waist,
Pray stop awhile—" Dear Sir," said I,
  " I can't, for I'm in haste."

You must not go as yet, cry'd he,
  For I have much to say;
Come, sit you down, and let us chat,
  Upon the new-mown hay:
I've lov'd you long, and oft have wish'd
  Those ruby lips to taste,
I'll have a kiss—" Well, then," said I,
  " Be quick, for I'm in haste."

Just as I spoke I saw young Hodge
Come thro' a neighbouring gate;
He caught my hand, and cry'd, "Dear girl,
I fear I've made you wait:
But here's the ring, come, let's to church,
The joys of love to taste—"
I left the squire, and laughing cry'd,
"You see, Sir, I'm in haste."

* * *

THE HAPPY FARMER.

Sung by Mr. Denman.

WHEN the bonny grey morning just peeps thro' the skies,
The lark, mounting, tunes his sweet lay;
With a mind unincumber'd with care I arise,
My spirits, light, airy, and gay.
I take up my gun, honest Tray, my old friend;
Wags his tail, and jumps joyfully round;
To the woods then, together, we joyfully bend,
'Tis there health and pleasure are found.

Chorus.

I snuff the fresh air, bid defiance to care,
And happy as mortal can be,
From the toils of the great, from ambition and state,
'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

At noon I delighted range o'er the rich soil,
And Labour's rough children regale,
With a cup of good home-brew'd I sweeten their toil,
And laugh at their joke and their tale.
And whether the ripe waving corn I behold,
Or the innocent flocks meet my sight,
Or the orchard, whose fruits are just turning to gold,
Still, still, health and pleasure unite.
I snuff the fresh air, &c.

At eve to my humble roof cot I return,
When oh! what new sources of bliss,
My children rush out, while their little hearts burn,
Each striving to gain the first kiss.
My Dolly appears with a smile on her face,
Good humour presides at our board ;
What more than health, plenty, good humour and peace,
Can the wealth of the Indies afford ?

Chorus.

I retire to sweet rest, content fills my breast,
As happy as mortal can be,
From the toils of the great, from ambition and state,
'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

◆

COME, LISTEN AWHILE.

COME, listen awhile, I will make you to smile,
With a story that's certainly true,
At a place of renown, a few miles from town,
This comical theme we'll pursue.
Tol de rol.

The 'squire's fine lady had brought him a babe,
A jolly plump boy I declare,
His eyes and his nose, daddy's own we suppose,
For so all the gossips did swear.
Tol de rol.

To christen the child, the folks were all wild,
So they hastily sent for the vicar ;
The vicar soon came, or he'd been much to blame,
As he guess'd there was plenty of liquor.
Tol de rol.

The room it was full, not a soul that was dull,
There was plenty of punch and of claret,
The gossips' tongues clack'd, as the glasses they smack'd,
'Twas enough for to stun you to hear it.
Tol de rol.

The lady and 'squire were flaming with ire,
What name they should give the young Don;
The lady said Matt, the 'squire said Patt,
But the uncle would have him call'd John.
Tol de rol.

But the lady said, "Fie! I ne'er will comply,
My child shall be christen'd like that,
They will joke on his name, and it would be a shame,
To have him call'd little Jack Sprat.
Tol de rol.

While their bellies they fill, the parson sat still,
To see the punch flowing amain;
Such a fine noble bowl, 'tis true by my soul,
'Twas like a pond on a plain.
Tol de rol.

But as the tide sunk, they grew most of them drunk,
And the vicar just open'd his book;
The nurse let him fall in, Lord, how he did grin,
For he swam like a fish in a brook.
Tol de rol.

Madam cry'd, "O my child, will be certainly spoil'd,
Such a thing before was ne'er heard on,"
But the parson said, "No, it ought to be so,
For this is the river of Jordan.
Tol de rol.

"His sins from this day, shall be all wash'd away,
And his name shall be Punch, if you please;
So I give him my blessing, now nurse take and caress him,
While we finish the bowl at our ease."
Tol de rol.

Thus Punch was his name, as the people proclaim,
A fox-hunting toper he prov'd,
He would drink and would sing, and was true to his king,
And by the country round was belov'd.
Tol de rol.

So here my song ends, which I hope among friends,
For a little amusement may pass;
Let the punch circle round, and good liquor abound,
While each joins his hand to his glass

* * *

SANDY O'ER THE LEE;

A SCOTCH SONG.

I WINNA marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the lee,
But I will ha my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lee:
For he's aye a kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me.

I will not have the minister, for all his godly looks;
Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his willy crooks;
I will not have the plowman lad, nor yet will I the miller,
But I will have my Sandy lad, without one penny siller:
For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I will not have the soldier lad, for he gangs to the war;
I will not have the sailor lad, because he smells of tar;
I will not have the lord nor laird, for all their mickle gear;
But I will have my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the meir:
For he's aye a kissing, &c.

SONG.

Written by G. A. Stevens.

WHEN Jove was resolv'd to create the round earth,
He subpœned the virtues divine;
Young Bacchus he sat præcedentum of mirth,
And the toast was, wit, women, and wine.

The sentiment tickled the ear of each god;
Apollo he wink'd to the nine;
And Venus gave Mars, too, a sly wanton nod,
When she drank to wit, women, and wine.

Old Jove shook his sides, and the cup put around,
While Juno, for once, look'd divine:
These blessings, says he, shall on earth now abound,
And the toast is, wit, women, and wine.

These are joys, worthy gods, which to mortals are giv'n,
Says Momus: " Who will not repine?
For what's worth our notice, pray tell me, in heav'n,
If men have wit, women, and wine?

" This joke you'll repent, I'll lay fifty to seven;
Such attractions no pow'r can decline;
Old Jove, by yourself you'll soon keep house in heav'n,
For we follow wit, women, and wine."

" Thou'rt right," says old Jove, " let us hence to the earth,
Men and gods think variety fine;
Who'd stay in the clouds, when good-nature and mirth
Are below, with wit, women, and wine?"

THE WORLD.

By Mrs. Robinson.

IN this vain busy world, where the good and the gay
By affliction and folly wing moments away:
Where the false are respected, the virtuous betray'd,
Where vice lives in sunshine, and genius in shade:
With a soul-sicken'd sadness all changes I see,
For the world has no corner of comfort for me!

In cities, where wealth loads the coffers of pride,
Where talents and sorrow are ever allied;
Where dullness is worshipp'd, and wisdom despis'd,
Where none but the empty and venal are priz'd;
All scenes, with disgust and abhorrence I see,
For the world has no corner of comfort for me.

While pale Asiatics, encircled with gold,
The sons of misfortune indignant behold;
While the tythe-pamper'd churchman reviles at the poor,
And the lorn-sinking traveller faints at his door:
While religion dares sanction oppression's decree,
O! keep such hard bosoms, such monsters from me!

While the flame of a patriot expires in tbe breast,
With ribband and tinsel, and frippery drest;
While the proud mock the children of want and of care,
Give a sneer for each sigh, and a smile for each pray'r;
Though they triumph a day—a short day it must be:
Heav'n keep such cold tyrants! O! keep them from me!

While the lawyer still lives by the anguish of hearts,
While he wings the wrong'd bosom, and thrives as it smarts;

While he grasps the last guinea from poverty's heir,
While he revels in splendour which rose from despair;
While the tricks of his office our scourges must be,
Ah! keep the shrewd knave and his quibbles from me!

O! Earth! thou vile Earth! how I trouble to trace
The anguish that hourly augments from thy race!
How I turn from the world, while I honour the best,
Th' enlighten'd adore, and the venal detest;
And alas! with what joy to the grave would I flee,
Since the world, the base world! has no pleasure for me!

◆

THE FORSAKEN NYMPH.

GUARDIAN angels, now protect me,
  Send, ah! send the youth I love;
Deign, O Cupid, to direct me,
  Lead me thro' the myrtle grove.
Bear my sighs, soft floating air,
Say I love him to despair;
Tell him 'tis for him I grieve,
For him alone I wish to live.

'Mid secluded dells I'll wander,
  Silent as the shades of night,
Near some bubbling rill's meander,
  Whilst he erst has blest my sight;
There to weep the night away,
There to waste in sighs the day.
Think, fond youth, what vows you swore,
And must I never see thee more?

Then recluse shall be my dwelling,
  Deep in some sequester'd vale;
There with mournful cadence swelling
  Oft repeat my love-sick tale:

And the lark and Philomel,
Oft shall hear the virgin tell
What the pain to bid adieu
To joy, to happiness, and you.

◆

SONG.

By Dr. Goldsmith.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that man betray;
What charms can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art, her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die!

◆

CORN RIGGS ARE BONNY.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.
His shape is handsome, middle size;
He's stately in his wawking;
The shining of his een surprise:
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing;
There mony a kindly word he spake
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony:
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
" O corn riggs are bonny."

Let maidens of a silly mind
  Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd,
  We chastely should be granting;
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
  And syne my cockerony
He's free to touzle air or late,
  Where corn riggs are bonny."

◆

FAITHFUL MARY.

Tune—*Dibdin's Sailor's Journal.*

THE decks were clear'd, the gallant band
  Of British tars, each other cheering,
Each kindly shook his messmate's hand,
  With hearts resolv'd, nor danger fearing;
Ben Block turn'd pale, yet 'twas not fear,
  Ben thought he had beheld some fairy,
When on the deck he saw appear
  In seaman's dress, his faithful Mary.

Her cheeks assum'd a crimson glow,
  Yet such for love her noble daring,
No prayers could keep her down below,
  With Ben she'd stay, all perils sharing;
When cruel fate ordain'd it so
  E'er Ben had time to say how fare ye,
An envious ball convey'd the blow
  That clos'd in death the eyes of Mary.

Ben's arms receiv'd the falling fair,
  Grief, rage, and love his bosom tearing,
His eyes reflected wild despair,
  No more for life or safety caring:
Close came the foe—Ben madly cry'd,
  " Ye adverse powers come on, I dare ye;"
Then springing from the vessel's side
  Rush'd on the foe, and dy'd for Mary.

O THE DAYS WHEN I WAS YOUNG!

By R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

O THE days when I was young!
When I laugh'd in fortune's spight,
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night.

Then it was old father care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.
O the days, &c.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
Why, I vow, I ne'er could see;
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me:
O the days, &c.

For when sparkling wine went round,
Never saw I falshood's mask;
But still honest truth I found,
In the bottom of each flask!
O the days, &c.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey!
O the days, &c.

Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
While thy spirits do not tire,
Still, beneath thy age's frost,
Glows a spark of youthful fire.
O the days, &c.

THE TOPSAILS SHIVER IN THE WIND.

THE topsails shiver in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee:
For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be my leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we're sail'd,
O! doubt their artful tales;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales:
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Syrens in ev'ry port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves;
But such as grace the British fleet,
Are lovers, and not slaves:
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares; but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The pow'r of France and Spain:
Now England's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu!

* * *

WHEN SANDY TOLD HIS TALE OF LOVE.

Sung by Miss Howells.

WHEN Sandy told his tale of love,
I knew na what to do,
For mither did not him approve,
But I did much him loo.

I told her, but it ga'e me pain,
I wad hae him or none,
And soon at kirk, across the plain,
The parson made us one.
Ever jocund a' the day,
Now a bonny bride sae gay,
Sandy pipes, I dance and sing,
While the merry bells do ring,
Ting ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding.

My mither did wi' anger burn,
To hear that I was wed,
She vow'd (and did me from her spurn)
She ne'er wou'd give me bread;
For much she doubted Sandy's truth,
But when his worth she knew,
She cry'd, I will embrace the youth,
For now I ken he's true.
Ever jocund, &c.

Wi' Sandy, in a pleasant cot,
Sae happy now I live,
I wou'd na change my rura' spot,
For a' that man cou'd give;
The empty shew of pride and wealth,
We dinna' wish to have,
For we are blest with peace and health,
And nothing more we crave.
Ever jocund, &c.

* * *

HOW BLEST THE BRITISH SAILOR.

Sung by Mr. Denman.

THO' cloudy skies and storms appear,
The sailor's heart is blythe and gay;
No pain he feels, no dangers fear,
But merry sings this roundelay;

When safe on shore,
All cares are o'er,
Where beauty's smile
Rewards his toil,
How blest the British sailor.

From love alone my cares arose,
When late I went more wealth to seek;
Like dew-drops on the damask rose,
The tears look'd bright on Nelly's cheek;
Now safe on shore,
Her cares are o'er,
Her chearful smile
Rewards my toil,
How blest her constant sailor.

The sailor's duty he performs,
Rewarded by the fair one's love,
Her smiles are sunshine after storms,
That cloud of anxious doubt remove;
When safe on shore,
All cares are o'er;
When beauty's smile
How blest the British sailor.

* * *

COLIN'S RETURN TO SEA.

(ORIGINAL.)

Tune—*Good Neighbours I've good News to tell.*

FEAR not my Peggy stormy winds, nor fear the exulting foe,
'Tis glory calls, my king commands, and Colin now must go;
He goes, but soon will come again, enrich'd with gold and fame,
Nay, dry those tears, my bonny lass, to weep it were a shame.

CHORUS.

The crew's on board, the sails are spread, our conq'ring flag unfurl'd,
And England's navy still shall be—the wonder of the world.

Where'er from coast to coast we sail, our praises fly before,
And British valour is renown'd, from Ind. to Lapland's shore:
We shun no toil, no danger dread, no vain alarms we feel,
Nor prize our lives but as they may, promote our country's weal.
The crew's on board, &c.

Our king, God bless him, ev'ry tar shall strive with heart and hand,
To guard his throne, whose gentle sway protects this happy land.
With filial love and duty join'd, his person we'll defend,
For ev'ry Briton finds in him—a father and a friend.
The crew's on board, &c.

Then farewell Peggy, from the mast the signals wave in air,
Th' boatswain pipes all hands on deck, and Colin is not there.
My bonny lass I love thee dear, but love my honour more;
In haste he kiss'd her blushing cheek—the boat forsook the shore.
The crew's on board, &c.

And Peggy wip'd the pearly drops from eyes as black as sloes,
" May heav'n preserve my Colin's life," she cry'd, " where'er he goes;

For heav'n can turn the balls aside, when danger hovers near,
And trusting in its guardian care, I'll banish ev'ry fear;
Yet gladly shall I see again, our conq'ring flag unfurl'd,
And hail our glorious fleet return'd—the wonder of the world.

◆

WILLY O' THE TAY.

(ORIGINAL.)

Written by Mr. T. Inskip.

THE other day across the yard,
Quite trig in costly geer;
I spy'd a brae and bonny laird,
He had some words to speer.
He ask'd a kiss and round me caught,
And would nae be said nay;
I blush'd, and a' the while I thought
Of Willy o' the Tay.

"If thou wilt gang wi' me," he cry'd,
"If thou wilt gang awa;
O thou shalt be my bonny bride,
My winsome bonny brae:"
"I canna gang wi' ye," I said,
"Wi' you I munna stray;
For vows of truest loo I've made,
To Willy o' the Tay."

"I've got good store of land," cry'd he,
"And mickle welth beside;
A' these I'll freely gi' to thee,
Sae thou wilt be my bride."
"O! what's to me your gouden store,
Sic loo must sure betray;
An hanest heart I prize far more,
Like Willy's o' the Tay."

My laird turn'd round and aif he went,
He cud nae say nae mair;
Gin to the glen I quickly bent,
And found my laddie there:
I tou'd him a' the laird had said,
And how I still said nay;
That wi' nae other I would wed,
But Willy o' the Tay.

"That's right my bonny lass," he said,
"Syne I've nae loo'd in vain;
And e'er to-morrow's light is fled,
I'll tak thee for mine ain."
He kiss'd my lips, my hand he press'd,
To kirk I gang'd next day;
And now a bonny wife I'm bless'd,
Wi' Willy o' the Tay.

◆

POOR ORPHAN DICK.

(ORIGINAL.)

PITY a poor and wand'ring beggar boy,
That craves your charity from door to door,
Whom wretchedness his weeping tears destroy,
Oh, pity he that craves, and who is poor!

I had a father once, generous and brave,
An hero valiant, noble, brave, and bold;
He now, alas! sleeps in a wat'ry grave,
And him poor parent shall I ne'er behold.

O'er Nile's proud flood his conq'ring arm it fell,
While for Old England's rights he boldly fought,
And left, ah, me! to roam, but where I cannot tell,
For charity puts my infancy at nought.

Oh that I was but half at man's estate,
I'd run the burning hazard of the die;
Against my country's foes I'd soon be great,
Tho' orphan Dick, sooner than flinch I'd die.

My father's name high handed was in fame,
And for his country's wrongs he boldly fell;
And left poor orphan me without a hand,
Else I might ne'er with sorrow had to dwell.

Those that have hearts more softer sure than stone,
Will pity take on me with no small joy;
And time will come perhaps when not unknown,
But ne'er will forget I was an orphan boy.

◆

HEARTS FREE FROM GUILE ARE EVER GAY.

Sung in Paul and Virginia.

LOWLY, humble was our lot
Fortune's frowns seem'd endless,
Yet, by kind heaven, are never forgot
Orphans poor and friendless.
Hope, from the skies descending,
Still her blest influence lending,
Labour o'er, we dance and play;
Hearts free from guile are ever gay!
Hearts free, &c.

Lowly, humble tho' your lot,
Goodness in you was endless;
Ne'er shall that goodness be forgot,
I too was poor and friendless.
Oh! may, from heaven descending,
Hope, her blest influence lending,
Crown with joy each happy day;
Hearts free from guile are ever gay!
Hearts free, &c.

THE WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.

WHEN Britain on her sea-girt shore,
Her white-rob'd Druids first address'd:
What aid, she cry'd, shall I implore,
What bless'd defence—by numbers press'd?
Hostile nations round thee rise,
The mystic oracle reply'd,
And view'd thy isle with envious eyes!
Their threats defy, their rage deride:
Nor fear invasion from your adverse Gauls,
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Thine oaks descending to the main,
With floating forts shall stem the tides,
Asserting Britain's liquid reign,
Where'er her thund'ring navy rides;
Nor less to peaceful arts inclin'd,
Where Commerce opens all her stores,
In social bands shall lead mankind,
And join the sea-divided shores.
Spread then thy sails, where naval glory calls,
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Hail, happy isle! what, though thy vales
No vine-impurpled tribute yield,
Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,
Nor crops spontaneous glad the field;
Yet Liberty rewards the toil
Of Industry, to labour prone,
Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,
And reaps the harvest he hath sown:
While other realms tyrannic sway enthrals,
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Thus spake the bearded sire of old,
In vision wrapp'd of Britain's fame,
Ere yet Iberia felt her pow'r,
Or Gallia trembled at her name;

Ere yet Columbus dar'd t' explore
New regions rising from the main,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Hear then, ye winds, in solemn strain,
This sacred truth an awe-struck world appals,
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

◆

SONG.

Translated from the Greek.

WITH dire misfortunes, pains and woes,
O'erwhelm'd, ingulph'd, I struggling fight;
O'er my frail bark proud billows close,
To plunge her deep in lasting night.

Rough seas of ills incessant roar,
Fierce winds adverse, with howling blast;
Heave surge on surge—ah! far from shore
My found'ring skiff shall sink at last.

Involv'd in low'ring darksome clouds,
'Mid sultry fogs I pant for breath;
Huge foaming billows rend my shrouds,
While yawning gulphs extend beneath.

From bursting clouds, loud thunders roll,
And deaf'ning peals terrific spread;
Red light'nings dart from pole to pole,
And burst o'er my devoted head.

When shall the friendly dawning rays,
Guide me to pleasures once possest;
And breezy gales, o'er peaceful seas,
Waft to some port of endles rest.

In dark despair, with tempests tost,
I veer my sail from side to side;
Conduct me, heav'n! to yon fair coast,
Or plunge me in the whelming tide.

ARISTIPPUS, THE FRIEND TO MANKIND.

LET care be a stranger to each jovial soul.
Who Aristippus like can his passions controul;
Of wisest philosophers wisest was he,
Who attentive to ease let their passions be free—
The prince, peer, or peasant to him were the same,
If pleas'd, he was pleasing to all where he came.

CHORUS.

But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind all mankind was his friend,
And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end;
He found fault with none if none found fault with him,
If his friend had a humour he humour'd his whim;
If wine was the word, well he bumper'd his glass,
If love was the topic he toasted his lass.
But still turn'd his back, &c,

If councils disputed, if councils agreed,
He found fault with none, for this was his creed:
That let them be guided by folly or sense,
It would be *semper eadem* a hundred years hence.
He thought 'twas unsocial to be mal-content,
If the tide went with him with the tide too he went.
But still turn'd his back, &c.

Was the nation at war he wish'd well to the sword,
If peace was concluded a peace was his word;
Disquiet to him of his body or mind,
Was the longitude only he never could find:
The philosopher's stone was but gravel and pain,
And they that have sought it had sought it in vain.
But still turn'd his back, &c.

Then let us all follow Aristippus's rules,
And deem his opponents both asses and mules;

Let those not contented to lead or to drive,
By the bees of their sect be drove out of their hive;
Expell'd from the mansion of quiet and ease,
May they never find out the blest art how to please.
While our friends and ourselves, not forgetting our
wives,
May live and be lov'd all the days of our lives.

PARODY ON THE RACE HORSE.

By T. C. Rickman.

SEE the ball-room thick crowded—the dance is begun,
Hear, thro' the bright circle, what soft murmurs run;
A thousand gay characters float in the maze,
Lords, gamblers, fine ladies, all keep up the gaze;
While with neck like a swan, and with high beating breast,
With waist nicely taper'd, and form'd to be press'd,
Scarcely touching the floor, full of frolick and game,
The elegant fair one first challenges fame.

Now the park's thickly throng'd, the high phæton see,
The delicate hunter, gilt coach, vis-a-vis;
Each grace and each charm ev'ry party displays,
And fashion peeps forth in a thousand sweet ways;
While alike fitly bred for the ball-room or course,
The carriage to drive, or to curb the fleet horse;
By this time fair virtue's an obsolete word,
And the elegant fair one's—a whore to a lord.

Grown stale, somewhat aged, unfit for my lord,
Devoid of all passion, her appetites cloy'd;
See beaus and box loungers her pedigree trace,
Tell whose she has been from the groom to his grace;
And what style she has liv'd in, with pleasure count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some bagnio door;

While with poverty sunk, and diseases weigh'd down,
The elegant fair one's—a girl on the town.

At length from St. James's to Wapping she strays,
Her blood all polluted, her system decays;
On straw, at some bunter's, she gives up her breath,
Or in some filthy kennel's arrested by death.
Who so lately each pomp and each gaiety knew,
Is now left a horrible sight to the view;
Her relicks, a pitying crowd now behold,
And the elegant fair one—to the surgeons is sold.

◆

LOCHABER.

(A FAVOURITE SCOTCH SONG.)

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I have many days been!
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
Weel may be return to Lochaber no more.

These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And not for the dangers attendant on war;
Tho' borne on rough seas to a far distant shore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

The hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's nothing like leaving my love on the shore:

To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd,
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jenny, must plead my excuse,
Since honour commands, how can I refuse;

Without it I ne'er can have merit with thee,
And without thy favour I'd better ne'er be:

I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And should I but chance to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

* * *

THE JUBILEE-YEAR.

Tune—*Batchelors Hall.*

YE mortals who revel on life's busy stage,
And censure obliquely the wits of the age,
Attend to our summons, devoid of all care,
And with us the joys of great Bacchus come share;
For while the dull muckworm's existing on earth,
We bury despair in the regions of mirth.

CHORUS.

Drink away, drink away, to our precepts adhere,
To welcome with pleasure the jubilee-year.

To Anacreon we Bacchants the glass consecrate,
Disdaining, like Plato, to envy the great;
Truly noble in *tactics*, the world we defy,
The *bottle's our rudder*, while time passes by;
At the true feast of reason those moments we seize,
Rosy wine is the balm of contentment and ease.
Drink away, &c.

Then fill up with nectar the sweet rosy bowl,
The health-cheering liquor, delight of my soul,
True friendship so sacred our maxims shall own,
While bumpers we quaff to great George on the throne:
May the genius of Britain her conquests extend,
And the *tars on the ocean* their country defend.
Drink away, &c.

BLUE PETER.

BLUE Peter at the mast-head flew,
And to the girls we bid adieu,
Weigh'd anchor and made sail.
The boatswain blew hs whistle shrill,
The reefs, shook out, began to fill,
We caught a fav'ring gale.
And with a can of flip,
To cheer the honest heart,
Thus gaily may we trip.
Lara, lara la, lara lara la!

We cruiz'd along the coast of France,
But not a Mounsieur gave us chance,
We did, my lads, our best;
We drank, and laugh'd, and sung together,
We kept the sea, nor car'd for weather,
'Twas all the same to Jack.
And with a can of flip, &c.

Oft running large, short miles we trac'd,
And now, close-haul'd, the yards sharp-brac'd,
Thus, and no near! the cry;
Now tacking, swearing, lashing, steering,
While away the chace is bearing,
To have a brush damn'd shy.
[*Speaks.*]—And now and then a shot we try, to bring them too, whether it hits or not:
And with a can of flip, &c.

Sometimes, while squalls have o'er us swept,
High at the mast-head watch I've kept;
We did, my lads. our best:
Still on the look-out for a rumpus,
At ev'ry corner of the compass,
The north, south, east, and west.
[*Speaks.*]—S. and by W.—N. N. E.—S. S. W.—N. E. by N.—S. W. by S.—N. E.—S. W.—N. E. by N.

—S. W. by S.—E. N. E.—W. S. W.—E. by. N.—W. by S.—Aye, dam'me, North, South, East, West, and every corner of the compass:

And with a can of flip, &c.

* * *

SEA-SONG.

Tune—*The Dusky Night.*

TO all those lovely girls on shore
We sailors bid adieu,
Our loss they feelingly deplore,
Our loss they feelingly deplore,
Farewell to Sal and Sue,
For the boatswain pipes all hands, &c.

To veer ship now we lads prepare,
The windward course to steer,
True British hearts devoid of care,
The craggy shore to clear,
For the boatswain pipes all hands, &c.

To meet the proud and daring foe,
So boldly we advance,
Thro' calms and storms we cheerful go,
To humble drooping France.
But the boatswain pipes all hands, &c.

And when the thundering cannon roar,
Each tight lad plays his part,
Can hearts of oak, when try'd, do more,
French lubbers feel the smart.
But the boatswain pipes all hands, &c.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'TWAS summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree:
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river;
Thy banks, purest streams, shall be dear to me ever;
For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he;
And, ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, helpless youth! o'er the rude roaring billows;
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows;
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore him;
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me:
And when he returns with such care I'll watch o'er him,
He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying;
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing;
While I with my Jamie are carelessly playing
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

◆

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Munden, at Covent Garden Theatre.

WHEN the moon shines o'er the deep,
Ackee-O—Ackee-O—
And whisker'd Dons are fast asleep,
Snoring, fast asleep,

From their huts the negroes run,
Full of frolic, full of fun,
Holiday to keep.
'Till morn they dance the merry round,
To the fife and cymbal.
See, so brisk,
How they frisk,
Airy, gay, and nimble!
With gestures antic,
Joyous, frantic,
They dance the merry round,
Ackee-O—Ackee-O
To the cymbal's sound.

Black lad whispers to black lass,
Ackee-O—Ackee-O—
Glances sly between them pass,
Of beating hearts to tell.
Tho' no blush can paint her cheek,
Still her eyes the language speak
Of passion, quite as well.
Till morn, &c.

* * *

SONG.

Written by the Earl of Chesterfield.

MISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by,
His doctrine is deceiving;
For whilst he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
Too soon, without a master;
Then let us only study, now,
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love; to bless, be blest
With mutual inclination;
Share, then, my ardour in your breast,
And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus bless'd I may not live,
And pity you deny;
To me, at least, your Sherlock give,
'Tis I must learn to die.

* * *

EMMA.

SINCE Emma caught my roving eye,
Since Emma fix'd my wav'ring heart,
I long to smile, I scorn to sigh,
But nature triumphs over art.

CHORUS.

If such the hapless moments prove,
Ah! who would give his heart to love?

If frowns and sighs, and cold disdain,
Be meet return for love like mine;
If cruel Emma scoffs my pain,
And archly wonders why I pine:
If such, &c.

But should the lovely girl relent;
Oh!—when I wish, and sigh, and vow,
Should she with blushes smile consent,
And heart for heart, well pleas'd, bestow;

CHORUS.

Should such the blissful moment prove,
Who would not give his heart to love?

ADVICE TO THE FAIR.

YE fair possess'd of ev'ry charm,
To captivate the will,
Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
Whose frowns at once can kill,
Say, will ye deign the verse to hear,
Where flatt'ry bears no part,
An honest verse, that flows sincere,
And candid from the heart.

Great is your power, much greater yet,
Mankind ye might engage,
If, as ye all can make a net,
Ye all could make a cage:
Each nymph a thousand hearts might take,
For who's to beauty blind,
Or who'd a tender pris'ner make,
Unless he'd strength to bind.

Attend the counsel often told,
Too often told in vain,
Learn that best art, the heart to hold,
And lock a lover's chain;
Gamesters to little purpose win,
Who lose again as fast,
Tho' beauty may the charm begin,
'Tis sweetness makes it last.

SONG.

Sung in the Maid of the Oaks.

COME sing round my favourite tree,
Ye songsters that visit the grove;
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,
And the bark is a record of love.

Reclin'd on the turf, by my side,
He tenderly pleaded his cause;
I only with blushes reply'd,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

FAIR ANNA THAT DWELLS BY THE TYNE.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

HOW sweet are the meadows in spring!
When flow'rets shed round their perfume;
The linnets how sweetly they sing!
And the hedge-roses sweetly they bloom.
To deck the sweet maiden I love,
Both roses and lilies combine;
And no linnet's sweet in the grove,
As Anna, who dwells on the Twine.

What cheers the dull wanderer's way,
When forc'd from his country to roam?
'Tis Hope lends a glimmering ray,
That Fancy directs to his home:
So I, when my labour is o'er,
In sadness at eve oft recline;
Hope points to the maid I adore,
Fair Anna that dwells by the Tyne.

Gay lordlings I'd envy them not,
If from tyrant love I was free,
Contentment would smile on my cot,
If Anna would smile upon me;
With her I'd be free from dull care,
Without her I languish and pine;
'Tis hers to give joy or despair,
Fair Anna that dwells by the Tyne.

* * *

THE TIGHT MERRY SOLDIER.

Sung by Miss De Camp.

A TIGHT merry soldier, I'll swagger away,
And threaten the foes of Old England to drub,
I'll rise for parade by the break of the day,
When rous'd by the sound of the rub a dub, dub.

In camp I'll be merry; and each afternoon,
When duty is over, and nothing to do,
I'll cry, "Little fifer, come strike up a tune,"
And jig it away to his too ta too too.

To be clean on the march will be always my pride,
My spatterdash neat, and my hair in a club;
And if my dear lover should march by my side,
My heart will beat quick to the rub a dub dub.

BOUND 'PRENTICE TO A WATERMAN.

Sung by Mr. Wallack.

BOUND 'prentice to a waterman, I learn'd a bit to row;
But bless your heart, I always was so gay,
That to treat a little water-nymph, who took my heart in tow,
I run'd myself a bit in debt, and then I run'd away.
Singing ri tol fal de ral yeo ho, &c.

'Board a man of war I enter'd next, and learn'd to quaff good flip,
And far from home we scudded on so gay;
I ran my rigs; but lik'd so well my captain, crew, and ship,
That run what will, why damme if ever I run away.
Singing ri tol, &c.

With Drake I've sail'd the world around, and learn'd a
But somehow I a prisoner was ta'en;
So, when the Spanish jailor to my dungeon shew'd a
I blinded just his peepers, and then ran away again.
Sing ri tol, &c.

I've ran a many risks in life, on ocean and on shore,
But always. like a Briton, got the day;
And, fighting in Old England's cause, will run as many more,
But let me face ten thousand foes, will never run away. Singing ri tol, &c.

* * *

Song, by Peter Pindar.

WHEN William first woo'd, I said yes to the swain,
And made him as blest as a lord :
For, ye virgins around, in my speech to be plain,
That *no* is a dangerous word !
The girl that will always say *no*, I'm afraid,
Is doom'd by her planet to die an old maid.

The gentlemen seem one and all to agree,
That we're made of materials for kissing ;
And if so, for I really believe it, good me !
What joys through one *no* might be missing.
Since the girl who will always say *no*, I'm afraid,
Is doom'd by her planet to die an old maid:

Say *yes*, and of courtship ye finish the toil,
While mountains at once ye remove ;
Ye brighten the eyes of the swain with a smile,
For smiles are the sunshine of love!
Say *yes*, and the world will acquit you of art,
Since the tongue will not then give the lie to the heart.

* * *

RONDEAU.

MY native land I bade adieu,
And calmly friendship's joys resign'd,
But ah ! how keen my sorrows grew,
When my true love I left behind :
But should her truth feel no decay,
And absence prove my fair one kind,
Then shall not I lament the day
When my true love I left behind.

THE SPIRIT.

By Mrs. Radcliffe, Author of the Mysteries of Udolpho.

IN the sightless air I dwell,
On the sloping sun-beams play;
Delve the cavern's inmost cell,
Where never yet did day-light stray.

Dive beneath the green sea waves,
And gambol in the briny deeps;
Skim ev'ry shore that Neptune leaves,
From Lapland's plains to India's steeps.

Oft I mount with rapid force
Above the wide earth's shadowy zone;
Follow the day-star's flaming course
Thro' realms of space to thought unknown:

And listen to celestial sounds
That swell the air, unheard by men,
As I watch my nightly rounds
O'er woody steep and silent glen.

Under the shade of waving trees,
On the green bank of fountain clear,
At pensive eve I sit at ease,
While dying music murmurs near.

And oft, on point of airy clift
That hangs upon the western main,
I watch the gay tints passing swift,
And twilight veil the liquid plain.

Then, when the breeze has sunk away,
And Ocean scarce is heard to lave,
For me the sea-nymphs softly play
Their dulcet shells beneath the wave.

Their dulcet shells!—I hear them now;
Slow swells the strain upon mine ear;
Now faintly falls—now warbles low,
'Till rapture melts into a tear.

The ray that silvers o'er the dew,
And trembles thro' the leafy shade,
And tints the scene with softer hue,
Calls me to rove the lonely glade.

Or hie me to some ruin'd tow'r,
Faintly shewn by moonlight gleam,
Where the lone wand'rer owns my pow'r
In shadow dire, that substance seem:

In thrilling sounds that murmur woe,
And pausing silence makes more dread;
In music breathing from below
Sad solemn strains, that wake the dead.

Unseen I move—unknown am fear'd;
Fancy's wildest dreams I weave;
And oft by bards my voice is heard
To die along the gales of eve.

* * *

SONG.

Tune—*The Roast Beef of Old England.*

WHILST from Egypt's rich coast smiling vict'ry flies,
And notes, the most loyal, ascend to the skies,
Let us join in the praise of this bold enterprise,
And sing—the brave tars of Old England!
And 'tis, O the Old English brave tars!

Our far-fam'd Britannia so justly admir'd,
By th' ocean protected, by commerce attir'd,
Loves the blessings of peace;—but, when she is fir'd,
O then the brave tars!

Tho' from Britain the source of prosperity flows,
We've been fought by all countries from where the
wind blows,
Yet still dame Britannia exultingly shows
The conquering tars!

Invention I need not, their deeds are enough,
Like their own native oak, they are hardy and tough,
No foreign materials, but true British stuff;
O the brave tars!

Hood, Howe, Bridport, Vincent, and Duncan so stout,
With France, Spain, and Holland, have each had a bout;
'Tis the same thing to them, wo's in, or who's out;
O the brave tars!

Encircled with laurels, see Nelson advance,
Determin'd to humble the banners of France;
His vict'ry to Heav'n he ascribes, not to chance;
O the brave tars!

Buonaparte in Egypt thought Arabs to greet,
As an agent from Mahomet offer'd to treat,
But pray, my good friends,—what's become of their
fleet?
O the brave tars!

Learn from hence, French Directors, your boastings
are vain;
All Europe exults in our sons of the main!
Nelson's well known in France, nor forgotten in Spain!
O the brave tars!

Then fill up the glasses, and cheerfully smile,
Here's a health to the heroes of brave Britain's isle;
Here's a bumper to Nelson! the Lord of the Nile!
And to all the brave tars of Old England,
And to all our true British tars!

THE STORM.

CEASE rude Boreas, blust'ring railer!
List, ye landsmen, all to me!
Messmates hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea;
From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies!

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By topsail-sheets and haulyards stand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
Quick the topsail-sheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms:
Round us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fear our minds enthrals;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls!

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Tho' the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear;
Hands up! each preventure brace set!
Man the fore yard, cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us:
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well—the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er The Ship wild waves are beating,
We our wives and children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them there's no return!
Still the leak is gaining on us!
Both chain-pumps are choked below:
Heaven have mercy here upon us!
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pumps come ev'ry hand, boys,
See! our mizen mast is gone.
The leak we've found it cannot pour fast;
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury fore-mast,
She rights! she rights, boys! wear off shore.

SONG.

(ORIGINAL.)

Tune—*Go to the Devil and shake yourself.*

WHAT matters all bother 'bout this and the other,
Let the world jog as 'twill why I'm always at rest;
I ne'er pops in blarney, nor kicks up a bother,
With my friend, jug, and pipe, I think myself blest:
My life is a round of the sweetest of pleasure,
Each hour as it passes enjoyments do bring,
And gaily at eve I tript to the measure
Of pipe and of tabor, and joyously sing—

CHORUS

Our country, our rights, and our laws we'll maintain,
No party or faction our int'rests shall sever;
My toast then be this: "The brave lads on the main,
King George and his Queen, may they both live for ever."

Come, push round the bottle, confusion to sadness,
To be thinking on any thing now would be folly;
While we journey on earth 'tis surely a madness
To sacrifice time to a dull melancholy:
With care, from your hearts, drive all malice and rancour,
They are poisonous weeds, and no blessing can bring,
But spreading around them a dread venom'd canker,
Will render you hateful, then no more will you sing—

CHORUS.

Our country, our rights, and our laws we'll maintain,
No party or faction our int'rests shall sever;
My toast then be this: "The brave lads on the main,
King George and his Queen, may they both live for ever."

THE POOR SHIPWRECK'D BOY.

(ORIGINAL.)

By Mr. T. Inskip.

THE night darkly lour'd, the fierce tempest rav'd,
A rude gust of wind dash'd the ship to and fro,
When she struck on a rock, scarce a soul was there sav'd,
And she sunk overwhelm'd in the abyss below.

Sam Truelove and I, with two or three more,
By a miracle 'scap'd,—tho' I can't tell for why;
On a piece of the mainmast I floated ashore,
Where I mourn the sad fate of a poor Shipwreck'd Boy.

How hard is my fate, from my messmates I'm torn,
My messmates, the kindest and faithfulest friends;
A poor houseless stranger I wander forlorn,
Subsisting on nought, save what charity lends.

Tho' the tempest was cruel no pray'rs could subdue,
All relentless so many poor souls to destroy;
Far more cruel the heart, that unpitying can view,
And deny a relief to the poor Shipwreck'd Boy.

Four actions I've seen under Nelson and Howe,
Some glory from either I justly might claim;
My country I love, ne'er so happy I vow
As when guarding its shores, or advancing its fame.

Now fortune's revers'd, and I'm plung'd in distress,
Not an object I view can afford any joy;
Then pity my fate, and that hour you'll bless,
When kindly relieving a poor Shipwreck'd Boy.

SONG.

By E. S. J. Author of William and Ellen.

THE gude man turn'd the barn door key,
The nowte were in the byre;
The gude wife span wi' muckle glee,
The weans play'd rown the fire.

I sat me in the ingle nook,
And joked wi' my luver,
But a' the jokes that I cou'd crack,
The deel a ane could muve her.

I saw the draps rin happing doon,
And o'er her cheeks sae fairly;
And ev'ry tear that wat the grun,
It touch'd my heart fou fairly.

I scarcely dou to spear the cause,
That set my luve a greeting;
I little kend she thought me fause,
And sair my heart was beeting.

Wae me! she told me a' her fears,
She said I wink'd at Jenny,
Which was the cause o' a' her tears;
She thought I loo'd na Annie.

O! gie me sic a lass as this,
And fortune I despise her,
Wi' Annie's luve I'll live in bliss,
And fashion ne'er disguise her.

Let fortune now, do what she dow,
Wi' Annie always smiling,
I hae no cares, I hae no fears,
Bat saft doon life a sailing.

SKIPPING ROPES.

A favourite Song, by Mr. C. Dibdin, Jun.

YOUR ladies of fashion who freely subscribe
To ev'ry whim folly may chance to imbibe,
With Skipping Ropes pleasantly pass time away,
And skip up and down just like kittens at play.
With a fal de riddle, lal de riddle, lal de riddle.

'Tis a strange thing for ladies to carry a rope,
It isn't for an emblem of marriage I hope;
They hang in a string all their love-making elves,
And when they get married their beaux hang themselves.
With my fal, &c.

We call ladies belles, and as puns please the crowd,
To call their ropes, Bell-Ropes we may be allow'd;
And our ladies are made of right bell-metal stuff,
For we all know their clappers go merry enough.
With my fal, &c.

But Skipping on Ropes i'n't confin'd to our belles,
There's the mighty Rope Dancer at Sadler's Wells;
But to some folks compar'd to the ground he must fall,
For I've seen people dance upon nothing at all.
With my fal, &c.

But the best sight of all is our sailors to see
Who skip up a rope like a cat up a tree;
Like a good cable rope they our nation defend,
And treat all our enemies with a *Rope's End.*
With my fal, &c.

May the law in a Rope catch your *forestalling elves!*
But give them Rope enough and they'll soon hang themselves;
And then quartern loaves will be plenty I hope,
And be sold just like onions a "*Penny a Rope!*"
With my fal, &c.

THE VILLAGE LOVERS.

Written by Mr. Cross.

WILLIAM and Anne were lovers true,
In the same village infants rear'd,
In childhoods pranks affection grew,
Which youthful passion more endear'd.
To serve his king o'er ocean bound,
The battle's rage had Will defy'd,
And with success and glory crown'd,
Return'd to make his Anne a bride.

The morn was fix'd, so smart array'd,
Will to the steeple led the way,
When springing from a neighbouring glade,
A press-gang darted on their prey:
He check'd a tear that wrung his heart,
Exclaim'd to Anne, who pallid grew—
" 'Tis for my country's good we part,"
Then heav'd a sigh, and bade adieu.

Borne from his Anne wide o'er the main,
Alas! she never look'd up more;
A burning fever wreck'd her brain,
A beating heart her bosom tore.
The ship some leagues had sail'd from land,
Vain 'gainst the feelings William strove;
Fancy pourtray'd her on the strand,
O'er board he leap'd to meet his love.

The cruel waves he beat amain,
Within a cable's length of shore,
Made one sad effort to regain,
But sunk, alas! to rise no more.
His pallid corse when Anne espy'd,
Who dar'd the tempest's terror brave,
She shriek'd, breath'd out his name, and died,
Both now repos'd in one cold grave.

THE PLAINS OF BASRA.

Written by J. Dell.

COMPOSED BY MR. BARTHELEMON.

NOT a passion to weaken the frame,
A thought that might trouble the mind,
Not action that might kindle a flame,
O'er Basra in vain can I find.

What tho' the world rectitude shun,
Yet in the green groves I retire,
And I catch the bright rays of the sun
To give force, or to soften my lyre,

Let birth, tho' with grandeur surrounded,
Nor the portion of state it may gain,
Tho' the eye with the lustre confounded
Repeat with the flattering pain.

How sweet the aspiring lark warbles
To music when echo's resound,
With grace far above human baubles,
While the hare lightly skips o'er the ground.

Not the perfume round Taurus that flows
More reviving or simple the swains,
Or more sweet the ethereal rose
Than Basra which crown her gay plains.

When blessings crown virtue and truth,
Bless others, and greet the return,
'Tis the nobler possession of youth,
Tho' under the tropic they burn.

CYNTHIA THINKS OF ME NO MORE.

GAY prospects drest in all the charms
  Which art with happy nature blends;
Why fill my heart with false alarms?
  While deep regret my bosom rends.
While faithless Cynthia in my heart,
Retains a warm, a tender part,
And there she triumphs as before,
Tho' Cynthia thinks of me no more.

Ye barren rocks that proudly rise
  High o'er the chrystal waves of Dee,
Have ye not echo'd Cynthia's sighs,
  And often heard her vow to me?
Those hills should from the scene remove,
Or sink ere she would cease to love:
They stand majestic as of yore,
Tho' Cynthia thinks of me no more.

When pleasure wing'd the rosy hours,
  Ah! swore she not—perfidious maid!
Beneath your shades, ye conscious bowers,
  The forest like the leaf should fade,
And ruthless destiny subdue
Its pride ere she would prove untrue:
Yet still it prospers as before,
Tho' Cynthia thinks of me no more.

And thou, chaste regent of the night,
  Whose lucid-rays, that softly beam,
Fling o'er the trees their silvery light,
  And quiver on the mantling stream!
Say, did they not as brightly shine
When Cynthia vow'd she would be mine?
When endless constancy she swore,
Tho' Cynthia thinks of me no more.

Gay haunts of youth! delightful groves!
Where first my heart was captive made—
Calm scenes, where sad remembrance loves
To dwell on joys for ever fled!
Let not the perjur'd Cynthia know
Ye saw my proud heart swell with woe;
Or that my sighs your echoes bore!
But—Cynthia thinks of me no more!

◆

THE VIRGIN I LOVE.

SWEET, sweet, at the close of the day,
Is the nightingale's song from the grove;
But sweeter than Philomel's lay
Is the voice of the virgin I love.

For 'tis there o'er the green velvet lawn,
That I hie to the hallow'd alcove;
And drink fresher dews than the dawn,
From the lip of the virgin I love.

Soft, soft in the pillow of down,
Where mortals seek permanent rest;
But to me (tho' it mads me) to own,
Softer far's that soft sofa, her breast.

For 'tis there that alone I enjoy,
Ye Gods! your full love without heav'n;
The transports that never can cloy,
And the only true foretaste of heav'n.

◆

A HUNTING SONG.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad;
To horse, my brave boys, and away:
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox!
O'er hill, and o'er valley, he flies:
Then follow; we'll soon overtake him—huzza!
The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bachanals, shouting and gay,
How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day!
With sport, love and wine, fickle fortune defy
Dull wisdom all happiness sours:
Since life is no more than a passage, at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

◆

JOCKEY OF THE GREEN.

NO mair ye bonny lasses gay,
Your blithsome sonnets now display,
For Jem of Aberdeen,
But join your voices now with me,
And as we gang along the Lee,
Sing Jockey of the Green.

His locks like ony sun-beams play,
When Phœbus gilds the first of May,
His ruddy face is seen,
And then he trips with sic a grace,
All other lads to him give place,
Sweet Jockey of the Green.

At kirk he says he'll take my hand.
Who can his bonny suit withstand,
He smiles sa sweet I ween:
I vow my heart cannot deny,
Wi' his kind wish I shall comply,
My Jockey of the Green.

SUMMER'S TREASURES.

Written by John Dell;

Composed and Dedicated to Mrs. E. Henslow.

BEAUTEOUS image smile with pleasure,
  Covering nature's placid face;
Open all your glittering treasure,
  And with this shew ev'ry grace.

Hills on hills with verdure flowing,
  Prospects which allure the sight;
Clouds no more obscure their glowing,
  But the whole returns to light.

Asia's fragrance here unfolded,
  Riches endless brings to view,
On the face of nature molded,
  Peace and every object new.

Mantling o'er the warbling current,
  Flowers of beauty bend their bow,
While the trav'ler still on errant
  Embrace the stream, and prostrate low.

Bending in travail the treasure
  Of the summer's bounteous care,
Chears the captive beyond measure,
  And music wakes the silent air.

If we look around the mountains
  Treasures there we now behold;
Silvers issues from the fountains,
  And the scattering rains are gold.

THE JOYS OF MARRIAGE.

(ORIGINAL.)

Written by Mr. Upton, and Sung by Mr. Dignum.

THE MUSIC BY MR. SANDERSON.

I ONCE lov'd a maid, and she lov'd me again,
And truly our bliss knew no measure;
So *marry'd* we were, then *bliss* turn'd to *pain*,
Tho' *marriage* they say is a *pleasure.*
Yes, but the *comforts* to *me* were deny'd,
For *Fanny*, *before* so kind hearted,
Ran *off* with a *Captain*, to humble my pride,
So *Fanny* and *I* are now *parted.*

Six weeks and a day we were wedded 'tis true,
And scarcely the *honey-moon* over;
When *Fanny* the *fond*, from her *benedict* flew,
And transferr'd her *love* to another.
Yet, this I confess was the least of the strife,
(So *tender* was she, and kind hearted,)
Ten thousand in *debt*, I was left by my *wife*,
Ere *Fanny* and *I* was once *parted.*

Doctors Commons at last put an end to my *grief*,
Where things for a time rather tarry'd,
Till fortune good-naturedly granted *relief*,
And *Fanny* and *I* were—*unmarry'd.*
And if *I* e'er venture on *wedlock* again,
Or trust to a woman *false-hearted*,
May she prove a *jilt*, and to heighten my pain,
May *she* and *I never* be *parted.*

◆

CALEB QUOTEM.

I'M parish clerk and sexton here:
My name is Caleb Quotem:
I'm painter, glazier, auctioneer;
In short, I am *factotem*.

I make a watch—I mend the pumps:
For plumber's work my knack is:
I physic sell—I cure the mumps;
I tombstones cut—I cut the rumps
Of little school-boy Jackies.
Geography is my delight;
Ballads—Epitaphs I write;
Almanacks I can indite;
Graves I dig, compact and tight:
At dusk by the fire, like a good jolly cook,
When my day's work is done, and all over,
I tipple, I smoke, and I wind up the clock,
With my sweet Mrs. Quotem, in clover.
With my amen, gaymen,
Rum Quotem,
Factotum;
Putty and lead;
Stumps, mumps;
Bumps, rumps,
Mortar he thumps;
Signy-post daubery,
Split-crow, or strawberry,
Chimery, rhimery,
Liquorish, stickorish,
Chizzle tomb,
Frizzle tomb,
Going, a-going!
Squills, pills,
Song inditing, epitaph writing,
Steeple sound, corpse to ground:
Windsor soap, physick the pope;
Home hop, shut up shop;
Punch-bowl crockery, wind up clockery.
Many small articles make up a sum;
I dabble in all—I'm merry and rum;
And 'tis heigho! for Caleb Quotem, O!

LORD NELSON'S RETURN FROM THE NILE.

Sung by Mr. Munden.

AT my ditty, I'm certain, each Briton will smile,
For it tells of a hero return'd from the Nile;
Where, like MARLBRO' so cruel ('tis sung by Old Wives)
" He beat those who had never been beat in their lives."
Derry down, &c.

In Toulon long time did Monsieur chuse to be,
Tho' he ne'er stays in port but when we are at sea;
Then swears we shan't beat him, and swears very right,
For his way to prevent it is—never to fight.
Derry down, &c.

At Malta they touch'd, and they took it, good lack!
Just to give us the trouble of taking it back:
Little thinking the prelude it prov'd to their LOSSES,
And that Malta to them wou'd produce only CROSSES.
Derry down, &c.

At Aboukir, they haul'd up so close on the strand,
They swore NELSON shou'd ne'er get 'twixt them and the land;
Says the Tar, " 'Tisn't manners to give folks the lie,
It may be I can't, but by jingo I'll try."
Derry down, &c.

After toil, danger, conquest, and glory you view,
The Hero return'd who succeeded for you;
What lustre your smiles on the Tar must reflect,
Who a Country like this could defend and protect.
Derry down, &c.

May peace be the end of the strife we maintain,
For our FREEDOM, our KING, and our right to the main;
We're content to shake hands—if they wont, why what then?
We must send our brave NELSON to thrash 'em again.
Derry down, &c.

LOVE'S A MIGHTY PRETTY THEME.

Sung in the Comic Opera of Wilmore Castle.

LOVE'S a mighty pretty theme,
For a waking thought or dream,
Feel you master Cupid's dart?
'Tis a theme to make one jolly,
Serious, gay, or melancholy—
Have you got it in your heart?
But to get a *shot* of *lead*—
What is *love* when I am *dead!*—

When awake, love merry plays
With your heart a thousand ways,
Won't you Cupid's pranks allow?
And when winking, leering, sighing,
And to sweetheart say you're dying,
Don't you feel you can't tell how?
But to feel a *shot* of *lead*—
What's a *sweetheart* when I'm *dead!*

In a dream with humour droll,
Love makes wise men play the fool,
Shade for substance how they take!
Fancy sets them briskly wooing—
Toying, clasping, billing, cooing—
Disappointed how they wake!
But to *clasp* a *shot* of *lead*—
Pretty *cooing* when I'm *dead!*

WE BE SOLDIERS THREE.

A GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

WE be soldiers three;
Pardonez moi, je vous en prie;
Lately come forth of the low country,
With never a penny of money.

Here good fellow I drink to thee;
Pardonez, &c.
To all good fellows wherever they be;
With never a penny of money.

And he that will not pledge me in this,
Pardonez, &c.
Pays for the shot wherever it is,
With never a penny of money.

Charge it again, boys, charge it again,
Pardonnez, &c.
As long as there is any ink in my pen,
With never a penny of money.

◆

A SUP OF GOOD WHISKEY.

A SUP of good whiskey will make you glad;
Too much of the creature will make you mad;
If you take it in reason 'twill make you wise;
If you drink to excess it will close up your eyes;
Yet father and mother,
And sister and brother,
They all love a sup in their turn.

Some preachers will tell you to drink is bad,
I think so too—if there's none to be had:
The swaddler will bid you drink none at all,
But while I can get it, a fig for them all,
Both laymen and brother,
In spite of this pother,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

Some doctors will tell ye 'twill hurt your health,
And justice will say, 'twill reduce your wealth,
Physicians and lawyers will all agree,
When your money's all gone, they can get no fee;
Yet surgeon and doctor,
And lawyer and proctor,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Turks, who arriv'd from the Port sublime,
They told us that drinking was held a great crime;
Yet after their dinner, away they slunk,
And tippled their wine, 'till they got quite drunk.
The Sultan and Crommet,
And even Mahomet,
And all take a sup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,
By yea, and by nay, 'tis a fault in the Vain;
Yet some of the Broadbrims will get to the stuff,
And tipple away 'till they've tippled enough.
For stiff rump and steady,
And Solomon's lady,
Would all take a sup in their turn.

The Germans will say they can drink the most,
The French and Italians will also boast,
Hibernia's the country, for all their noise,
For generous drinking and hearty boys;
There each jovial fellow,
Will drink 'till he's mellow,
And take off his glass in his turn.

SONG.

WHEN first I saw young CAROL's face
I mark'd his mein and matchless grace:
Yet heeded not his wheedling tongue,
Tho' oft he spoke, and oft he sung
Of love, love, love!
Tho' oft he spoke, and oft he sung
Of love, love, love!

I join'd him in each tender air,
As far as modest maiden dare;
Then silent heard his tuneful tongue,
For still the burthen of his song
Was love, love, love!
And still the burthen of his song
Was love, love, love!

At length the varied strains ran through,
I somehow learnt the chorus too;
For sweet was sure his wheedling tongue,
And sweet the burden of his song
Of love, love, love!
Yes, sweet the burden of his song
Of love, love, love!

Nor evermore could I repeat
The strains I thought so passing sweet;
For such his heav'nly wheedling tongue,
I only join'd him when he sung
Of love, love, love!
No never——but when Carol sung
Of love, love, love!

◆

MONOPOLY.

Sung by Mr. Davis.

MONOPOLY'S now the grand rub,
And from it less harm would ensue,
If those who monopolize grub,
Would monopolize appetites too.
And monopoly's like to increase,
For our *very* good friends we know where,
Have among 'em monopoliz'd peace,
And left us to fight for our share.
Tol lol de rol, &c.

The Turks they monopolize wives;
  And by some wicked folks 'tis said,
That's the reason why Turks all their lives
  Wears each a half moon on his head;
And we know, tho' each marry'd man here
  Finds *one* wife enough for his share,
And beef's so confoundedly dear,
  There's cattle enough at Horn-fair.

Yet candour might surely excuse
  Of monopolists some sorry elves;
For doctors would be of great use,
  If they'd take all their physic themselves.
Of lawyers, why much one can't say;
  Their practice I would not condemn;
But some people think, by the way,
  Old Nick will monopolize them.

Monopoly thrives every way,
  The assertion will stand by the test,
For *truth* always carries the day,
  And we all know the *naked truth's* best.
That's the reason our ladies forsooth,
  Captivate both the bashful and bluff:
For they're surely the 'semblance of *truth*;
  And, ecod, they go naked enough.

May the rich ease the poor of their cares,
  'Twould the sweetest monopoly bring;
They'd gain all their hearts and their pray'rs,
  Like his honour, our father, the King!
May Britons each other befriend;
  For unity's England's best hope;
And may every monopolist's end
  Be join'd to the end of a rope!

ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

ERE around the huge oak that o'ershadows yon mill,
The fond-ivy had dar'd to entwine;
Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
Or a rook built its nest on the pine:

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,
Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which, unsully'd, descended to me;
For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd with shame,
And it still from a spot shall be free.

◆

HONEST JOHN BULL AND HIS MOTHER.

Sung by Mr. Munden.

HERE'S a health to old honest John Bull,
When he's gone we shan't find such another;
With hearts and with glasses brimful,
Here's a health to Britannia, his mother;
For she gave him a good education;
Bid him keep to his church and his king;
Be loyal and true to his nation;
And then to be merry and sing
Fol de rol lol de rol lol, &c.

For John is a good-natur'd fellow,
Industrious, honest, and brave;
Not afraid of his betters when mellow,
For betters he knows he must have.

There must be fine lords, and fine ladies,
There must be some little, some great;
Their wealth the support of our trade is,
Our trade the support of the state.
Fol de rol, &c.

Some were born for the court and the city,
And some for the village and cot;
For 'twould be a dolorous ditty,
Were we all born equal in lot.
If our ships had no pilots to steer,
What wou'd come of poor Jack on the shrouds?
And our troops, no commanders to fear,
Wou'd soon be arm'd robbers in crowds.
Fol de rol, &c.

The plough and the loom wou'd stand still,
Were we made gentlemen all;
All clodhoppers, who then would fill
The parliament, pulpit, and hall?
Rights of man made a very fine sound,
Equal riches, a plausible tale;
Whose labours wou'd then till the ground?
All wou'd drink, but who'd brew the best ale?
Fol de rol, &c.

Half naked and starv'd in the street,
Where we wander about, Sans Culottes,
Wou'd liberty find us in meat,
Or eqality lengthen our coats?
That knaves are for lev'ling no wonder,
You may easily guess at their views;
Pray who'd get the most by the plunder?
Why they that have nothing to lose.
Fol de rol, &c.

Then away with such nonsense and stuff,
Full of treason, confusion, and blood;
Ev'ry Briton has freedom enough
To be happy, as long as he's good;

To be rul'd by a merciful king;
To be govern'd by jury and laws;
Then let us be merry and sing,
This, this is true liberty's cause.
Fol de rol, &c.

* * *

SINCE OUR FOES TO INVADE US.

Sung by Mr. Townsend.

SINCE our foes to invade us have long been preparing,
'Tis clear they consider we've something worth sharing,
And for that mean to visit our shore;
It behoves us, however, with spirit to meet 'em,
And tho' 'twill be nothing uncommon to beat 'em,
We must try how they'll take it once more.

Chorus.

So fill, fill your glasses, and be this the toast giv'n,
Here's England for ever! the land, boys, we live in.

Here's a health to our tars on the wide ocean ranging,
Perhaps even now some broadsides are exchanging,
We'll on ship-board and join in the fight:
And, when with the foe we are firmly engaging,
'Till the fire of our guns lulls the sea in its raging,
On our country we'll think with delight.
So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

On that throne where once Alfred with glory was seated,
Long, long, may our king by his people be greeted!
Oh, to guard him we'll be of one mind:
May religion, law, order, be strictly defended,
And continue the blessings they first were intended,
In union the nation to bind.
So fill, fill the glasses, &c.

A POT OF PORTER, HO

Sung by Mr. Townsend.

WHEN to Old England I come home,
Fal lal, &c.
What joy to see the tankard foam.
Fal lal, &c.
When treading London's well-known ground,
If e'er I feel my spirits tire,
I haul my sail, look up around,
In search of *Whitbread's best entire.*
I spy the name of *Calvert,*
Of *Curtis, Cox,* and *Co.*
I give a cheer and bawl for't,
A pot of porter, ho!
When to Old England I come home,
What joy to see the tankard foam;
With heart so light, and frolick high,
I drink it off to Liberty.

Where wine or water can be found,
Fal lal, &c.
I've travell'd far the world around,
Fal lal, &c.
Again I hope before I die,
Of England's cann the taste to try;
For, many a league I'd go about,
To take a draught of *Gifford's* stout:
I spy the name of *Trueman,*
Of *Maddox, Meux,* and *Co.*
The sight makes a new man,
A pot of porter, ho!

MEDLEY.

By Mr. Briton.

ASK me for a song? Egad, you'll soon wish you hadn't!
My taste, as well as voice, having nought but what's
bad in't.
But, since upon me 'twas your will to call,
I'll do my best endeavour to sing—
How sweet in the woodlands—
Four-and-twenty drummers all on a row:
There was tantararara, I rub a dub, adub, adub,—
And a long-tail pig, a short-tail pig,
And a pig with a curly tail;
A sow-pig, a boar-pig,—
And Dorothy Dump, who'd mutter and mump,
and cry,—
Oh, dear o' me, what shall I do?
You love not me, yet I love you!
Whene'er my torments I disclose
You cry—
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear! what can the matter be? with—
Tabitha Twist, who'd a mind to be kiss'd,
And cry'd, "For you, Walter, I die!"—
"Die, and be d—n'd, then," says I.—
So I took my departure from *this damsel* so pretty,
And for England's *own* self o'er the seas—
We canter'd along untill it grew dark,
Gallopping dreary dun.—
The nightingale sung—
Peaceful slumb'ring on the ocean,
Sailors fear no dangers nigh.—
When up came a cobler, whose name it was Stout,
Fal, lal, lal, lal.
And he took up his lap-stone, and knock'd out—

The little farthing rushlight,
Fal, lal, lal, lal.
The little farthing rushlight.
Then Sir Solomon he out of bed popt his toes,
And vastly he swore and very much did curse light;
Then up to the chimney Sir Solomon he goes,—
And roll'd about—
An old woman clothed in grey,
Whose daughter was charming and young,
And she was deluded away—
At the dead of the nigh when with whisky inspir'd,—
I jump'd upon land to my neck up in wáter,
Or I'll never more sing about—
An old woman, God bless her?
Who threw her leg over the dresser,
A ten-penny nail hitch'd in her tail,
And tore out—
Four-and-twenty barbers all on a row:
There was frizze, frizpowder, and pomatum,
Two ruffles and never a shirt;
'Tis cursed hard times, your honours, but—
I'd no more mind the times than a puff of dumpling dust,
But my wife,—Oh! she's the plague of my life;
For, last night, I caught her lock'd up with—
A flaxen-headed plough-boy, as simple as may be,—
But no matter for that,
For my trade comes as pat,
They all come as pat as they can:
So for shaving or tooth-drawing,
Bleeding, cabbaging, or sawing,
Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip, is the man.

ENCORE! ENCORE! ENCORE

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

THRO' life's pursuit whate'er we start,
Whatever rank sustain,
We wish, if well we play our part,
To play it o'er again:
The grave, the gay, the young, the old,
Ere yet the scene be o'er,
Rejoice, when by their country told
To act that scene *encore!*
Greatly done—nobly won—
Honour's guide—nation's pride—
Bravely storm'd—well perform'd,
Encore, encore, encore!

Still, tho' with humbler talents grac'd,
Hope animates our cause,
For fancy'd wit, or shape, or taste,
We smirk, and ask applause:
The maid and mistress—clown and fop,
Your fav'ring smiles implore,
Who strum the harp, or twirl the mop,
All seek that word *encore!*
What a maid—who's afraid!
Finger, voice—take your choice!
Flounces, frills—shaves and trills;
Encore, encore, encore!

The brown, the fair, the squab, the lank,
Their sev'ral charms expose,
Whether a dumplin, or a plank,
All move as fashion goes;

Flat pan-cake Miss, in close tight bound,
  Her flatness mark the more;
And Miss, not quite so long as round,
  A breast-work adds—*encore!*
    What a taste—such a waist!
    Each in wig—how they jig
    O'er the ground—round and sound—
      Encore, encore, encore!

Bobby the crop, the buck and the beau,
  Scorns science, learning, pelf—
What does he love, then?—ladies?—no,
  He only loves himself;
Tho' free from gold, his manners prove
  He has some brass in store,
And when you praise what most he loves,
  He echoes your *encore!*
    'Tis in truth—such a youth—
    With his dock—stock and block—
    How he walks—how he talks—
      Encore, encore, encore!

Some good we can't enjoy too long
  Could that come o'er again;
I mean (and you'll approve my song)
  Our Sov'reign's virtuous reign:
Me!—whose glad life for you is spent,
  To rouse exertion more;
Perhaps with these poor strains content,
  You'll kindly say *encore!*
    That's the thing—bless the King—
    Whilst you live—would you thrive—
    Night and day—roar away—
      Encore, encore, encore!

'TWAS ON A DISMAL NIGHT.

Sung by Mr. Dowton.

'TWAS on a dismal night
When scarce a star gave light,
And that hail came ratling down
With a peppering on my crown,
That I resolv'd upon a matter:
This matter was of love,
And I as fierce as Jove;
But my charmer was lock'd up
At a caſtle's very top
Yet I had fix'd to be at her.

A whistle then was mine,
My fair one knew the sign,
And directly to my hopes
Threw a ladder down of ropes,
When I mount without delay, Sir:
And when I got on high,
And did my charmer spy,
I took her in my arm,
And deſcended without harm,
And carried off—ouray, Sir!

* * *

NATTY SAM.

A TINKER I am, my name's Natty Sam,
From morn to night I trudge it;
So low is my fate, my pers'nal estate,
Lies all within my budget.

Chorus.

Work for the tinker, ho! good wives,
They are lads of mettle;
'Twere well if you could mend your lives,
As I can mend a kettle.

The man of war, the man of the bar,
  Physicians, priests, freethinkers,
That rove up and down great London town,
  What are they all? but tinkers.
      Work for the tinker, &c.

Those among the great, who tinker the state,
  And badger the minority;
Pray what's the end of their work, my friend?
  But to rivet a good majority.
      Work for the tinker, &c.

This mends his name, that cobbles his fame,
  That tinkers his reputation;
And thus, had I time, I could prove in my rhyme
  Jolly tinkers are all the nation.
      Work for the tinker, &c.

◆

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

ON Richmond Hill there lives a lass,
  More bright than May-day morn:
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
  A rose without a thorn.

CHORUS.

  This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
    Has won my right good will;
  I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
    Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
  And wanton thro' the grove;
O whisper to my charming fair—
  I die for her in love.
      This lass so neat, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be,
Who calls this nymph his own:
O may her choice be fix'd on me,
Mine's fix'd on her alone.
This lass so neat, &c.

◆

JACK RATLIN.

JACK Ratlin was the ablest seaman,
None like him could hand, reef, or steer,
No dang'rous toil but he'd encounter,
With skill, and in contempt of fear.
In fight a lion,—the battle ended,
Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove;
Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,
Yet did he sigh, and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
For none of these had Jack regard;
He, while his messmates were carousing,
High sitting on his pending yard,
Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
Swear never from such charms to rove;
That truly he'd adore them living,
And, dying, sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded
Once more to view their native land,
Amongst the rest brought Jack some tidings;
Would it had been his love's fair hand!
Oh! Fate! her death defac'd the letter—
Instant his pulse forgot to move!
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
He heav'd a sigh!—and dy'd for love.

A LANDLORD IS A SUPPLE BLADE.

Sung by Mr. Suet.

A LANDLORD is a supple blade,
He bows to all that come, Sir;
And if he well has learnt his trade,
He'll drink wine, beer, or rum, Sir.
On his coming—coming—
When the bell rings.

A landlord's is a sweet employ,
When guests can smart away, Sir;
And over measure runs his joy,
If they have cash to pay, Sir.
On his coming—coming, &c.

But *bucks* will often lay a plot,
To take poor landlords in, Sir,
For they know they've not the *shot*,
They fire thro' thick and thin, Sir,
On his coming—coming, &c.

And when they've eat and drank their fill,
They'll damn, and sink, and scoff, Sir;
" Here, scoundrel, waiter ;—bring a bill;"
And when he's gone, they're off, Sir.
With a going—going—
When no bell rings.

With losses great—expences high—
We can't but smartly charge, Sir—
Sō, gentlefolks, accordingly,
Expect a bill that's large, Sir—
For a coming—coming, &c.

And now God bless our King,
And Lords, and Commons, all Sir;
We'll cheerful pay each cost, and sing,
If they'll but sometimes call, Sir.
To hear coming—coming, &c.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

WHEN mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good:
O the roast beef of Old England!
And O the Old English roast beef!

But since we have learnt, from all-conqu'ring France,
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
We're fed upon nothing——but vain complaisance.
O the roast beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout and strong,
And kept open house with good cheer all day long,
Which made the plump tenants rejoice in this song.
O the roast beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to——what shall I name?
A sneaking poor race, half begotten——and tame;
Who sully those honours that once shone in fame.
O the roast beef, &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip-slops were known,
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown.
O the roast beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back again;
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.
O the roast beef, &c.

O then they had courage to eat and to fight,
And when wrongs were a cooking to do themselves right;
But now we're a pack of—I could—but good night.
O the roast beef, &c.

THRO' THE WOODS LADDIE.

Sung at Vauxhall.

O SANDY, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn,
Thy presence could ease me,
When naithing can please me!
Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the bourn,
Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods they are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are singing,
And primroses springing,
Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken some spare not to tell,
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning,
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysel'.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, no longer away;
But, quick as an arrow,
Haste hence to thy marrow.
Who's living in langour till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and play.

◆

THE MILKMAN.

Written by Mr. T. Dibdin.

AT dawn of day when other folks
In slumber drown their senses,
We milkmen sing, and crack, and joke,
Scale stiles and such like fences;

But when from milking home we're bound,
A sight more pleasing than a show,
The rosy lasses greet the sound,
Of milk, my pretty maids, below.
Milk my pretty maids, &c.

'Tis milkman here, and milkman there,
Lord, how these wenches tease me!
I'm coming, love; how much, my fair?
Cries I, " There, now be easy;
So what with toying now and then,
And kissing, too, as on I go,
I scarce have time, like other men,
To cry, milk, my pretty maids, below.
Milk, my pretty maids, &c.

Tho' twice a day I pay my court
To those that come to meet me,
I please them all, and that's your sort,
There's none can ever beat me;
My walk I never will resign,
A better one I don't know;
Of all the trades let this be mine,
Of milk, my pretty maids, below.
Milk, my pretty maids, &c.

◆

I SAIL'D FROM THE DOWNS.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib, how she smack'd thro' the breeze,
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy,
As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
Then adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls, and our dear native shore,
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We ne'er should see them any more.

CHORUS.

But sailors are bound for all weathers,
Great guns, let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk ;
For the wind so began for to alter,
She yawn'd just as tho' she was drunk.
The squall tore the main-sail to shivers;
Helm a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries,
Brace the fore-sail athwart, see, she quivers,
As thro' the rough tempest she flies.
But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky:
When truly a doleful disaster,
Befel three poor sailors and I;
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the main-sail,
Were every soul swept from the yard.
But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cry'd peccavi,
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
Well, what would ye have, we were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew,
Of three hundred that sail'd never landed
But I, and I think, twenty-two.
But sailors, &c.

HUNTING SONG.

DO you hear, brother sportsmen, the sound of the horn,
And yet the sweet pleasure decline?
For shame, rouse your senses, and, ere it be morn,
With me the sweet melody join.
Thro' the wood and the valley,
How the traitor will rally,
Nor quit him till panting he lies:
While hounds in full cry,
Thro' hedges shall fly,
And chase the swift hare till she dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields
Both willing and joyous repair;
No pastime in life greater happiness yields,
Than chasing the fox or the hare.
Such comforts, my friend,
On the sportsman attend,
No pleasure like hunting is found;
For when it is o'er,
As brisk as before,
Next morning we spurn up the ground.

◆

TOM BOWLING.

HERE a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has brought him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft!

Tom never from his word departed,
  His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many, and true-hearted,
  His Poll was kind and fair;
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly;
  Ah! many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
  For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
  When he who all commands
Shall give, (to call life's crew together)
  The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
  In vain Tom's life has doff'd:
For tho' his body's under hatches,
  His soul is gone aloft.

◆

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
  And I'll look not for wine:
The thirst that from my soul doth rise,
  Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
  I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreathe,
  Not so much hon'ring thee.
As giving it a hope that there
  It would not wither'd be:
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
  And sent it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
  Not of itself, but thee.

WE SOLDIERS OF ERIN.

WE soldiers of Erin, so proud of the name,
We'll raise upon rebels and Frenchmen our fame;
We'll fight to the last in the honest old cause,
And guard our religion, our freedom, and laws;
We'll fight for our country, our King, and his crown,
And make all the traitors and croppies lie down.

The rebels so bold, when they've none to oppose,
To houses and hay-stacks are terrible foes;
They murder poor parsons, and likewise their wives,
At the sight of a soldier they run for their lives:
Whenever we march thro' country and town,
In ditches and cellars the croppies lie down.

United in blood to their country's disgrace,
They secretly shoot those they dare not to face;
But whenever we catch the sly rogues in the field,
A handful of soldiers make hundreds to yield;
The cowards collect but to raise our renown,
For as soon as we fire the croppies lie down.

While thus in the war so unmanly they wage,
On women, dear women, they turn their damn'd rage,
We'll fly to protect the dear creatures from harms,
They'll be sure to find safety when clasp'd in our arms:
On love in a soldier no maiden will frown,
But bless the brave troops that made croppies lie down.

Should France e'er attempt, by force or by guile,
Her forces to land on old ERIN's sweet isle,
We'll shew that they ne'er can make free soldiers slaves,
They shall only possess our green fields for their graves;
Our country's applauses our triumphs will crown,
Whilst with their French brothers the croppies
lie down.

When wars and when dangers again shall be o'er,
And peace with her blessings revisit our shore;
When arms we relinquish, no longer to roam,
With pride will our families welcome us home,
They'll drink in full bumpers, past troubles to drown,
A health to the lads that made croppies lie down.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF A COCKNEY?

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

NO doubt, good folk, and I pledge my word,
Of a *Cockney* you have often heard;
For he's a nice and tasty lad,
A spruce—a smart—a flashy blade—
Distinguish'd by his gait and air,
For cock of hat and dress of hair:
To all polite—
Morn, noon, and night
Bows like a lord,
And keeps his word
With any *he*—you e'er did see—
Now what do you think of a *Cockney?*

In love's sweet passion who will dare
With him to cope—with him compare!
With a *cockney* all the girls admire,
He's such an am'rous spark of fire—
That all he does, and all he says,
Gets many a fair one's envied praise;
He'll sigh and leer,
And cry, my dear,
A lover true
I'll prove to you—
As any *he*—you e'er did see—
Now, what do you think of a *Cockney?*

In all the freaks of mirth and fun
Pray, when was ever he outdone!
For a *cockney* is a merry grig,
Will lead a dance, or hop a jig
Will box, or fence, or play the wag,
Or drive a coach, or vault a nag;
Will sing and laugh—
His bottle quaff—
A lad of merit—
And of spirit—
As any *he*—you e'er did see—
Now, what do you think of a *Cockney*?

THE MERRY WAITER.

AT the very best of houses, where the best of people dine
And the very best of eatables they cater,
Give the very best of spirits, and decant the best of wine,
I attend as a very merry waiter.
Then a table cloth can spread, neat decant my white and red,
Manage matters with a charm, and with napkin under arm,
Can a skinflint, or jolly fellow tell whether they'll come down,
Fold, a tissey, or a crown, so treat 'em as I find 'em ill or well.
And when noisy, roaring, drumming, tingling, ringling,
I cries coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming; going in, madam, coming up, Sir; damn the bells they're all ringing at once.

In their very merry meetings, why I always likes to share,
Whole bottles, sometimes broke, why then I snack it;
In that I'm quite at home, so it travels you know where,
Sally Chambermaid and I slily cracks it.

She a little fortune's made, just by warming a bed,
So I think it not amiss, now and then to snatch a kiss,
For you know I love Sally very well.
So hob nobbing as we chat, looking loving, and all that,
In our ears they're ever ringing such a peal:
Misses, maids, all bawling, drumming,
Tingling, jingling, I cries coming, &c.
John, devil some biscuits, and take 'em up to the Angel.—Tom, you take care of No. 21, shall take care of No. 1 myself.

A snipe there once was order'd, such an article we'd not,
Yet to disappoint a customer unwilling;
A plover was serv'd up, the gemman swore no bill t'had got;
Says I swallow it, I'll soon bring the bill in,
Thus I jokes, and gaily talk, while poor master jokes with chalks,
And jingling glasses drink, while I jingle in the chink.
Cod! he breaks, and I buy in, who can tell;
Sally Misses then is made, up to every servant's trade,
We are certain sure your honour's to do well;
Brisk and busy, no hum drumming,
Jingling, jingling, I cries coming, &c.
James, take care of No. 4, and see that Sam Cellar-Man sends up prick'd bottles, they're a shabby set, and we may never see them again.——Mrs. Napkin, shew my lord the Star and Garter, and lawyer Lattitat to the Devil. He's going there himself, Sir, he knows the way very well.

KNOWING JOEY.

I WAS call'd knowing Joe by the boys of our town,
Old dad taught me wisely to know folk;
Cod! I was so sharp, when they laughing came down,
I ax't, how do't do? to the shew folk;

I could chaunt a good stave, that I know'd very well;
No boy of my age could talk louder!
Crack a joke, tip the wink, or a droll story tell;
Of my cleverness too, none were prouder;
So, thinks I its better nor following the plough;
To try with these youths to queer low folks;
Their measter I met, so I made my best bow,
[*Spoken.*] How do'st do, Sir, says I; I'se a mighty notion of turning actor man—I be main lissom—wrestles and boxes very pretty,—dances a good jig,—and can play the very devil!
Axt's a pleace, and so joined with the shew folk.

This pleace that I got I detarmin'd to keep,
But, odzookers! they all were so drollish!
Kings, coblers, and taylors! a prince, or a sweep!
And star'd so at I—I looked foolish!
Their daggers and swords, cod! they handled so cute
And their leadies were all so bewitching!
When I thought to be droll, I was almost struck mute,
As the bacon rack that hangs in our kitchen:
They ax'd me to say, how, the coach was at door,
When were seated above and below folk!
Feggs! I was so shamefac'd, I flopp'd on the floor!
[*Spoken.*] A kind of a sort of giddiness seiz'd me all over! the candles danc'd the hays! 'twere as dimmish as a Scotch mist! I dropped down as dead as a shot!
And swounded away 'mong the shew folk!

They laugh'd so, aud jeer'd me, as never were seen,
All manner of fancies were playing:
One night I was sent for to wait on a Queen,
[*Spoken.*] I believe it were Queen Hamlet of Dunkirk.
(Not thinking the plan they were laying,)
My leady she died on a chair, next her spouse,
While with pins me behind they were pricking!
All at once I scream'd out! lent her grace such a douse,
That alive she was soon, aye, and kicking!

The people all laugh'd at, and hooted poor I,
And the comical dogs did me so joke!
That I made but one step, without bidding good *bye*,
[*Spoken*] From their steage, Cod! I never so much as once look'd behind me,—tumbled over a barrel of thunder—knock'd down a hail storm—roll'd over the sea—and darted like lightning through the infernal region;
And so took my leave of the shew folk.

◆

THE FARMER'S SON.

Tune—*King James and the Tinker.*

GOOD people give attention, while I do sing in praise,
Of the happy situation we were in, in former days;
When my father kept a farm, and my mother milk'd her cow,
How happily we lived then to what we do now.

When my mother she was knitting, my sister she would spin,
And by their good industry they kept us neat and clean:
I rose up in the morning, with my father went to plough,
How happily we lived, &c.

My brother gave assistance in tending of the ship,
When tir'd with our labour how contented we cou'd sleep;
Then early in the morning we again set out to plough,
How happily we lived, &c.

Then to market with the fleece when the little herd were shorn,
And our neighbours we supplied with a quantity of corn,
For half-a-crown a bushel we would sell it then I vow,
How happily we lived, &c.

I never knew at that time, go search the country round,
That butter ever sold for more than four pence per
pound,
And a quart of new milk for a penny from the cow,
How happily we lived, &c.

How merry would the farmers then sing along the road,
When wheat was sold at market for five pounds a load,
They'd drop into an alehouse and drink " God speed
the plough,
How happily we lived, &c.

A blessing to the squire, for he gave us great content,
And well he entertain'd us when my father paid his rent,
With flaggons of good ale he'd drink, " Farmer, speed
the plough,"
How happily we lived, &c.

At length the squire died, Sir, O bless his antient pate,
Another fill'd with pride came as heir to the estate,
He took my father's farm away, and others too, I vow,
Which brought us to the wretched state that we are in
now.

May Providence befriend us, and raise some honest
heart,
The poor for to to disburden who long have felt the
smart;
To take the larger farms, and divide them into ten,
That we may live as happy now as we did then.

* * *

WE SOLDIERS DRINK.

WE soldiers drink, we soldiers sing,
We fight our foes, and love our king;
While all our wealth two words impart,
A knapsack, and a chearful heart.

Chorus.

While the merry fife and drum
Bid intruding cares be dumb;
Sprightly still we sing and play,
And make dull life a holiday.

Tho' we march, or tho' we halt,
Or tho' the enemy we assault,
Tho' we're cold, or tho' we're warm,
Or tho' the sleeping city storm;
Still the merry fife, &c.

Are lasses kind, or are they shy,
Or do they pout they know not why?
While full the knapsack, light the heart,
Content we meet, content we part;
For the merry fife, &c.

We sigh not for the toils of state;
We ask not of the rich or great:
For, be we rich or be we poor,
Are purses full or duns at door,
Still the merry fife, &c.

Thus we drink and thus we sing;
We beat our foes and love our King;
While all our wealth two words impart—
A knapsack and a cheerful heart:
For the merry fife, &c.

SONG.

THURSDAY in the morn, the nineteenth of May,
(Recorded be for ever the famous ninety-two,)
Brave Russel did discern, by break of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing to.
All hands aloft, they cry; let English glory shine;
Let fly a culverine, the signal for the line;
Let every man supply his gun,
Follow me, you shall see,
That the battle it will soon be won.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
To meet the gallant Russel in combat o'er the deep:
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English admiral and his fleet.
Now ev'ry gallant mind to victory does aspire;
The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire;
And mighty fate stood looking on,
Whilst a flood, all of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the rising sun.

Sulphur, smoke, and noise, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see their lofty streamers now no more.
At six o'clock the red the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow.
Now death and horror equal reign.
Now the cry, run or die!
British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See, they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and o'er sands!
One danger they grasp to shun a greater fate:
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.
For ever more adieu, ill-omen'd rising sun!
From thy untimely end thy master's fate's begun!
Enough, thou mighty god of war!
Now we sing—bless the King,
And doubly bless each brave English tar!

◆

A SCOTCH MEDLEY.

WE'RE gaily yet, and we're gaily yet,
And we're not very fow, but we're gaily yet;
Then sit ye awhile, and tipple a bit,
For we's not very fow, but we're gaily yet.

There was a lad, and they cau'd him Dick;
He ga' me a kiss, and I bit his lip;
Then under my apron he shew'd me a trick;
And we's not very fow, but we're gaily yet.
And we're gaily yet, &c.

There were three lads, and they were clad;
There were three lasses, and them they had.
Three trees in the orchard are newly sprung;
And we's a git geer enough, we's very young.
And we're gaily yet, &c.

Then up went Ailey, Ailey;
Up went Ailey now;
Then up with Ailey, quoth Crumma,
We's get a roaring fow.

And one was kiss'd in the barn;
Another was kiss'd on the green;
And t'other behind a pease-stack,
'Till the mow flew up to her eyen.
Then up went Ailey, &c.

Now fye, John Thompson, run,
Gin ever ye ran in your life;
De'el get ye, but hye, my dear Jack;
There's a mon got to bed with your wife.
Then up went Ailey, &c.

Then away John Thompson ran,
And egad he ran with speed;
But, before he had run his length,
The false loon had done the deed.
Then up went Ailey, &c.

End with the verse:
We're gaily yet, and we're gaily yet, &c.

THE PACKMAN.

Sung by Mrs. Harlowe.

ONE night while round the fire we sat,
And talk'd of ghosts, and such like chat;
A stranger, who had lost his road,
'Till day should break—implor'd abode:
Pack-horses, 'twas his lot to guide along—
Whose bells the trav'ller cheer with ding, ding, dong!

Against distress, tho' we were poor,
My father never shut his door.
I know not how—but from that day,
Tho' form'd by nature brisk and gay,
I felt within my beating breast a tingling,
Whene'er the lively Pack-horse bells went jingling!

When first he wander'd to our nook,
His course, it seems, he had mistook;
Now, twice a week he comes that way,
But never tells us—he's astray;
And, in his song, my name I hear him mingling,
Each time his passing Pack-horse bells go jingling!

* * *

BRITAIN'S BEST BULWARKS.

A TRIO.

Sung by Messrs. Dignum, Clark, and Leete.

WHEN Britain on her sea-girt shore,
Her ancient Druids erst address'd,
What aid, she cry'd, shall I implore?
What best defence, by numbers press'd?

The hostile nations round thee rise,
The mystic oracles replied,
And view thine isle with envious eyes,
Their threats defy, their rage deride;
Nor fear invasion from those adverse Gauls,
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Thine oaks descending to the main,
With floating forts shall stem the tides,
Asserting Britain's liquid reign,
Where her thund'ring navy rides:
Nor less to peaceful arts inclin'd,
Where commerce opens all her stores,
In social bands shall league mankind,
And join the sea's divided shores.
Spread then thy sails where naval glory calls,
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Hail! happy isle! what tho' thy vales
No vine impurpled tribute yield,
Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,
Nor crops spontaneous glad the field;
Yet liberty rewards the toil
Of industry, to labour prone,
Who jocund plough the grateful soil,
And reaps the harvest she has sown.
While other realms tyrannic sway enthralls,
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

◆

A DRINKING SONG.

COME, my never-flowing glass,
Always welcome to my lip,
Here's to Delia, lovely lass,
Oh, how grateful is the sip.
This is pleasure to the soul,
This will banish care away;
He who hates the smiling bowl,
What's he fit for, topers say?

BRITON'S DEFIANCE OF FRANCE.

Tune—*Cann of Grog.*

MAD with the plunder of the world,
France like a fury raves,
And shakes her blood-stain'd lance to fight
The masters of the waves:
Firm as the rock that skirt our coast,
At all her threats we smile,
And swear upon our unsheath'd swords,
That free shall be our isle.
And swear, &c.

A bastard Briton he must be,
His heart contains no oak,
Whose base-born mind could tamely bind
To bear the Gallic yoke:
No! let her pale-fac'd standard fly,
Where freedom ne'er was known;
And tho' all Europe bend the knee,
Let England stand alone.
And tho' all, &c.

And should these sons of plunder come
To Albion's rocky shore,
Their frantic troops shall see a sight
They never saw before;
A nation generous and great,
In one determin'd band,
Prepar'd to crush them at a blow
And save their native land.
Prepar'd to, &c.

Oh! call to mind the gallant deeds
Your noble sires have done,
And may the spirit of the sire,
Descend upon the son;
Then Britons of the good old breed,
Affrighted France shall see,
And find, when Englishmen unite,
Old England must be free.
And find, &c.

ENGLISH ALE.

D'YE mind me? I once was a sailor,
And in different countries I've been,
If I lie may I go for a taylor—
But a thousand fine sights I have seen:
I've been cram'd with good things like a wallet,
And I've guzzled more drink than a whale,
But the very best stuff to my palate,
Is a glass of your English good ale.

Your doctors may boast of their lotions,
And ladies may talk of their tea;
And I envy them none of their potions,
A glass of good stingo for me:
The doctor may sneer if he pleases,
But my recipe never will fail,
For the physic that cures all diseases,
Is a bumper of good English ale.

When my trade was upon the salt ocean,
Why there I bad plenty of grog,
And I lik'd it, because I'd a notion
It sets one's good spirits agog;
But since upon land I've been steering,
Experience has alter'd my tale,
For nothing on earth is so cheering
As a bumper of English good ale.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.

I AM a friar of orders grey,
And down the vallies I take my way,
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,
Good store of venison does fill my scrip,
My long bead roll I merrily chaunt,
Where'er I walk no money I want;
And why I'm so plump the reason I tell—
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
What baron or 'squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar.

After supper of heaven I dream,
But that is fat pullet and clouted cream.
Myself, by denial, I mortify—
With a dainty bit of a warden pie:
I'm cloth'd in sackcloth for my sin;
With old sack wine I'm lin'd within:
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper's bell is my bowl, ding dong,
What baron or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar.

WHEN WAR'S ALARMS.

WHEN war's alarms entic'd my Willy from me,
My poor heart with grief did sigh;
Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrow on me,
I 'woke ere yet the morn was nigh.
No other could delight him,
Ah! why did I e'er slight him:
Coldly answering his fond tale?
Which drove him far,
Amidst the rage of war,
And left silly me thus to bewail.

But no longer, tho' a maid forsaken,
Thus will mourn, like yonder dove;
For, ere the lark to-morrow shall awaken,
I'll go seek my absent love.
The hostile country over,
I'll fly, to seek my lover,
Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear:
Nor distant shore,
Nor cannon's roar,
Shall longer keep me from my dear.

◆

COME BUY MY SWEET POSIES.

THE father of Nancy a forester was,
And an honest old woodman was he,
And Nancy, a beautiful innocent lass,
As the sun in its circuit could see.
She gather'd wild flowers, and lilies, and roses,
And cry'd thro' the village—"Come buy my sweet posies."

The charms of this fair one a villager caught,
A noble and rich one was he,
Great offers he made, but by Nancy was taught
That a poor girl right honest might be.
She still gather'd wild flowers, and lilies, and roses,
And cry'd thro' the village—"Come buy my sweet posies."

The father of Nancy a forester was,
And a poor little stroller was she,
But her lover so noble soon marry'd the lass,
She's as happy as maiden could be:
No more gather'd wild flowers, and lillies, and roses,
Nor cry'd thro' the village—"Come buy my sweet posies."

THE TINKER.

MY daddy was a tinker's son,
And I'm his boy, 'tis ten to one;
Here's pots to mend! was still his cry,
Here's pots to mend! aloud bawl I.
Have ye tin pots, kettles, or cans,
Coppers to sòlder, or brass pans.
Of wives my dad had near a score,
And I have twice as many more:
And what's as wonderful as true,
My daddy was the lord (upon my soul he was) the
Lord knows who?
Tan ran tan, tan ran tan tan,
For pot or can, oh! I'm your man.

Once I in budget snug had got
A barn-door capon, and what not.
Here's pots to mend! I cry'd along,
Here's pots to mend! was still my song.
At village wake—oh! curse his throat,
The cock crow'd out so loud a note.
The folk in clusters flock'd around,
They seiz'd my budget, in it found
The cock, a gammon, pease and beans,
Besides a tinker (yes by the Lord) a tinker's ways
and means.
Tan ran tan, &c.

Like dad, when I to quarters come,
For want of cash; the folks I hum.
Here's kettles to mend: bring me some beer
The landlord cries—"You'll get none here!
You tink'ring dog pay what you owe."
In rage I squeeze him 'gainst the door,

And with his back rub off the score.
At his expence we drown all strife,
For which I praise the landlord (could not do less
than praise) the landlord's wife.
Tan ran tan, &c.

◆

THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

THERE are grinders enough, Sirs, of ev'ry degree,
From jewel-deck'd great to low poverty;
Whatever the station, it sharpens the sense,
And the wheel it goes round to wind in the pence.
Master-grinders enough at the helm you may find,
'Tho' I'm but a journeymen—Knives to grind.

Whatever the statesman may think of himself,
He turns fortune's wheel in pursuit of the pelf;
He grinds back and edge, Sirs, his ends to obtain,
And his country may starve, so he pockets the gain.
Master-grinders, &c.

The rich grind the poor, is a saying of old;
The merchant, the tradesman, we need not be told:
Whether Pagan, Mahometan, Christian you be,
There are grinders of all sorts, of ev'ry degree.
Master-grinders, &c.

The patriot, with zeal animated, declares
The curtain he'll draw, and display the state-play'rs;
He is a staunch grinder, to some 'tis well known,
And they're mightily gall'd by the grit of his stone.
Master-grinders, &c.

I too am a grinder; what, what, Sirs, of that?
I am but in taste, since I copy the great:
To be, Sirs, ingenuous, I'll tell you my mind;
'Tis for what I can get, makes me willing to grind.
Master-grinders enough at the helm you may find,
Tho' I'm but a journeyman—Knives to grind.

MY HENRY IS TRUE.

THO' prudence may press me,
And duty distress me,
Against inclination, ah! what can they do?
No longer a rover,
His follies are over,
My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry, is true.

The bee thus as changing,
From sweet to sweet ranging,
A rose should he light on ne'er wishes to stray;
With raptures possessing
In one ev'ry blessing,
Till torn from her bosom he flies far away.

◆

MAIDENS LISTEN, I'LL DISCOVER.

Sung by Mrs. Cooke, at Vauxhall.

MAIDENS listen, I'll discover,
When chaste Hymen you pursue,
Whether you deserve a lover,
And your passion's firm and true.
It is not by whining,
By sighing, or pining,
For that is too much in the fashion;
But for him who is dear,
To scorn danger and fear,
This, this is the proof of true passion.

Oft you see the fair coqueting,
By soft wiles the heart trepan;
Fond of many a lover getting,
And to teaze and vex poor man.

It is not by leering,
By ogling or jeering,
For that is too much in the fashion;
But with hearts form'd for bliss,
Cupid's flame to confess,
This, this is the proof of love's passion.

Others, while their swains are striving,
Far abroad, fame, wealth to gain,
To get new lovers are contriving,
And of absence loud complain.
It is not by changing,
From swain to swain ranging,
But that is too much in the fashion;
But with him who is true,
All the world to go thro',
This, this is the proof of love's passion.

* * *

WHEN THE MERRY BELLS.

Sung by Miss Howels.

AS tripping o'er the new mown hay,
One Whitsun' morning early,
Blithe Tom he met me by the way,
The lad who loves me dearly;
He squeez'd my hand, and look'd so kind,
Cry'd when will you be willing;
My charming girl, and in the mind,
To set the bells a ringing?
For the merry bells, ding dong they go,
Then come, my love, make no delay;
Let's wed, dear girl, and then, you know,
'Twill be our village holiday.

Lord Tom, quoth I, my blushes spare,
And yet but half consenting;
How the old folks will laugh and stare,
Say I shall be repenting.
Don't mind their jeers and looks, tho' sour;
Like birds we'll ere be singing;
I'll love thee better ev'ry hour,
Come set the bells a ringing.
For the merry merry bells, &c.

Dear me who could all this withstand,
From one so neat and clever;
He sigh'd and prest, I gave my hand,
My heart was gone for ever;
And Tom has well deserv'd it too,
Nor spends an idle shilling;
But loves his home, to me is true;
Then bless the bells for ringing.
For the merry merry bells, &c.

◆

'TIS PRETTY POLL.

WHEN whistling winds are heard to blow,
In tempests o'er the earth,
The seaman's oft dash'd to and fro,
Yet cheerly takes his birth:
And as he fearless mounts the shrouds,
Awhile the vessel swings,
'Tho' skies are mantled o'er with clouds,
The gallant sailor sings—

CHORUS.

'Tis pretty Poll, and honest Jack,
My girl and friend on shore,
Will hail me at returning back,
So let the billows roar.

When bending o'er the rocking yard,
While seas in mountains rise,
He takes a spell, however hard,
And danger e'er defies:
The storm once o'er, the gallant tar
Lets fancy freely roam,
And tho' from many a friend afar,
Thus sings of those at home,
'Tis pretty Poll, &c.

On burning coasts, or frozen seas,
Alike in each extreme,
The gallant sailor's e'er at ease,
And floats with fortune's stream·
To love and fortune ever true,
He steers life's course along,
And wheresoever sailing to,
Fond hope elates his song:
'Tis pretty Poll, &c.

SATAN'S VISIT TO THE JACOBIN CLUB.

Tune—*To Anacreon in Heaven.*

TO old Satan in hell, where he sat in full glee,
The jacobin club lately sent a petition,
That he their inspirer and patron would be,
When this answer arriv'd from the prince of sedition:
To blast branch and fruit
Of religion's firm root,
I'll lend you my aid, and to favour your suit,
I'll meet you at Paris, and there we'll combine,
To destroy all that's moral, that's just, and divine.

When the kiss and fraternal embraces were o'er,
And the president came their designs to unfold,
Nick shudder'd with horror, and sweat at each pore,
And his blood ran alternately hot and then cold;

Then lifting his eyes,
With strong marks of surprise,
He utter'd this truth, tho' the father of lies—
" Your worth so transcendent should reign in my stead,' '
And abash'd at such rivalship hung down his head.

When compos'd, " Sir," says he, " I would have you to know,
You must pack off your preachers, your teachers, and friars,
For religion subverted must be at a blow,
And liberty hymns must be chaunted for prayers:
Then lead the new patron
As far as the porch,
And I'll warrant I'll soon make my way into church:
There spurn at the altar, and kick down to boot,
The sanctify'd water, with hell's cloven foot."

" This nuisance remov'd, we may rapidly run,
Thro' the stages of anarchy, pillage, and blood,"
Says the president that much, and more shall be done,
And the crimson of Monarchs shall mix with the flood:
Then Satan reply'd,
" I thank you beside,
I've a plan to spread mischief extensively wide!
Assist but in this, you may firmly depend,
On the warmth of my gratitude, world without end.''

" Then mark that old mansion, just over the way,
Where Britons thrive better on ale than on wine;
Its foundation is good, built of freestone they say,
John Bull is the landlord, but no friend of mine:
The fellow has got,
Of ground a rich spot,
And those who're industrious may each have a lot;
And there corn and grain most abundantly grow,
For the maxim is labour, and God speed the plough.

" Still grateful for blessings, and virtuous, and just,
His example's the bane both of you and of me;
Sedition excite, and inspire dark mistrust,
Or hell a mere holiday bonfire will be:
Then skip o'er that kennel,
Usurp'd as his channel,
And decry hospitality, roast beef, and flannel,
Then Briton by Briton will soon be undone,
Ca ira, ca ira, and the day is our own."

Britannia with looks of ineffable scorn,
Despises their threats, and their malice defies;
And Religion, in purest simplicity born,
With confidence leaves to the care of the skies:
Still her commerce shall glide
Secure on the tide,
Protected by Howe, and by Hood, and Macbride,
Whilst their laurels wav'd over old ocean's expanse,
Make the sea irresistible poison to France.

Now Britain preserv'd, each refractory son
At his error with shame and confusion shall burn;
The flames of sedition must carefully shun,
And the child that has stray'd to his parent return:
Then Britons agree,
Be united and free,
Nor licentiousness graft on fair Liberty's tree;
Its excrescences prune lest too far they extend,
And its verdure shall flourish 'till time's at an end.

Conven'd at John's mansion, in spite of our foes,
With the gods we'll rejoice, and the heart shall aspire,
But the windows which look towards France we will close,
Lest the light of philosophy put out the fire:
At the frog in the fable,
We'll laugh since we're able,
Give thanks for our plenty, and dine at one table,
Then Britannia shall smile whilst we loyally sing,
The roast beef of Old England, and God save the King.

THE NEGLECTED FAIR.

Tune—*The Neglected Tar.*

OF Britain's boast the praise be mine;
What's that but british beauty?
With rapture I'd invoke the nine;
Ye men, learn hence your duty:
The sex were blessings all design'd,
With rapture then enjoy them;
Nor so debase a british mind,
To conquer—then destroy them.
Then, O! protect the british fair,
Be mindful of your duty;
May vengeance ne'er the villain spare,
A foe to love and beauty.

That tender form you first seduc'd,
Why is it now neglected?
Behold her sad, by grief reduc'd,
Pale, meagre, and dejected?
Behold her begging with a sigh,
Behold her disregarded;
Then view the anguish in her eye,
And say, is love rewarded?
Then, O! protect, &c.

Each female heart is free from guile
Till crafty men infect it;
With artful tale, or magic wile,
He wins, and then neglects it:
Her pining soul finds no relief,
Sad tears flow fast, and melt her;
Her o'er-fraught bosom bursts with grief,
And in the grave finds shelter.
Then, O! protect, &c.

When fortune frowns, and friends forsake,
  Still lovely woman cheers us;
Our grief or raptures they partake,
  Distresses but endear us:
While man's profession all will fly,
  Nor dying will abet you,
But meet your corpse as passing by,
  And with a sigh forget you.
          Then, O! protect, &c.

While round your bed the mourning fair
  Hangs like a drooping willow,
Each pang or sigh still anxious share,
  Nor leave your woe-worn pillow.—
Then charge your glasses to the fair;
  May beauty ne'er be slighted—
That source of bliss by whom we are
  Conceiv'd, brought forth, delighted!
          Then, O! protect, &c.

◆

DRINK TO THE GIRLS LEFT BEHIND US.

Sung by Mr. Denman.

YOU ask me the life of a tar,
  That's toss'd up and down on the ocean?
Why know, that in peace, or in war,
  Of danger we have not a notion:
Yes, yes, my dear, it is true,
With such we have nothing to do;
    For we sing as we go,
    With a yeo yea, yea yeo,
And drink to the girls left behind us.

When landsmen preach up, as they do,
And say this and that of the Navy;
Why, tell them, 'ere fear brings us too,
We'll grapple with death and old davy:
Yes, yes—and, dear Jack, this impart,
The worth of a tar is his heart—
For we sing as we go,
With a yeo yea, yea yeo,
And drink to the girls left behind us.

'Tis sweet, when the battle is o'er,
To say that a tar's done his duty;
Yet sweeter to think, when on shore,
He'll meet with a welcome from beauty:
Yes, yes—and, dear Jack, may a tar
E'er meet with a smile from the fair;
For we sing as we go,
With a yeo yea, yea yeo,
And drink to the girls left behind us.

◆

THE GIRLS WE LOVE SO DEARLY.

Tune—*The Girl I left behind.*

COME, messmates, fill the flowing can,
Tho' from our girls we've parted,
Push round the grog to ev'ry man,
Say, shall we be down-hearted;
Like jolly tars we'll dance and skip,
And foot and booze it chearly,
Then gaily drink full bowls of flip,
To the girls we love so dearly.

Fresh blows the pleasing veering gales,
While on the ocean sailing,
Reef topsails reef, set studding sails,
While we're on board regaling;
For tho' the winds incessant blow,
Our duty's done so cheerly,
On deck, up shrouds, above, below,
Here's the girls we love so dearly.

But now our topsails they are bent,
And the mainsheet's boldly flying,
Yeo yea, all hands on board the Kent,
A strange sail we're descrying;
Luff, luff, my lads, the winds abaft,
Our boatswain pipes so cheerly,
While every seaman, fore and aft,
Drinks, the girl he loves so dearly.

* * *

BETSEY BOBBIN.

IN love be I fifth button high,
On velvet runs my courting;
Shears, buckram, twist, best broad cloth list,
I leave for others sporting:
From needles, thread, my fancy's fled;
My heart is set a throbbing,
And, no one by, I throbbing sigh,
For charming Betsey Bobbin.

Her lips so sweet are velveret,
Her eyes do well their duty,
Her skin's to me like dimity,
The pattern she's of beauty:
Her hand squeez'd oft' is sattin soft,
And sets my heart a throbbing,
Her cheeks—O dear, red kerseymere,
Lord, what a Betsey Bobbin.

Her roguish smile can well beguile,
  Her ev'ry look bewitches;
Yet never stir when tack'd to her,
  But Trim will wear the breeches:
I've face and mien, am spruce and keen,
  And though my heart keeps throbbing,
There's not, in fine, one man in nine,
  So fit for Betsey Bobbin.

FOR A' THAT.

Written by A. Burns.

WHAT tho' on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that,
Cae fools their silk, and knaves their wine,
  A man's a man for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinsel show an' a' that:
An honest man, tho' ne'er so poor,
  Is chief o' man for a' that.

You see yon birkie, ca'd a Lord,
  Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that,
Tho' hundreds beckon at his nod,
  He's but a cuif for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
  His dignities, an' a' that;
A man of independant mind
  Can sing an' laugh at a' that.

The King can make a belted Knight,
  A Marquis, Duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
  Gude faith he manna fa' that!

An a' that, an a' that,
His garters, stars, an' a' that,
The pith of sense, and wale of worth,
Are better far than a' that.

Then let us pray the time may come,
An' come it will for a' that,
When sense and truth o'er a' the earth
Shall bear the gree for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
An' come it will for a' that;
An' man to man the wide world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

◆

THE ARMY AND NAVY OF BRITAIN FOR EVER.

LET sailors and soldiers unite in this cause,
Bound together by honor and loyalty's band;
Both fight for Old England, and cherish her cause,
And give to the King each his heart and his hand:
In this phalanx unite,
Like lions we'll fight,
While no private feuds our interests dissever;
But this be our boast,
And our ultimate toast,
Here's the Army and Navy of Britain for ever.

The sailor who ploughs on the watery main,
To war, and to danger, and shipwreck a brother:
And the soldier who firmly stands out the campaign,
Do they fight for two men who make war on each other?
O no—tis well known,
The same loyal throne
Fires their bosoms with ardour and noble endeavour;
And that each with his lass,
As he drinks a full glass,
Toasts the Army and Navy of Britain for ever.

That their cause is but one, and they both can unite,
Needs no other example than this to be seen;
Who is bolder in danger, experter in fight,
Than the maritime soldier, the honest marine:
He pulls and he hauls,
He fights 'till he falls,
And from fore-tack or musquet he never will waver;
But when the fray's o'er,
With his Dolly on shore,
Drinks the Army and Navy of Britain for ever.

What matters it who braves the glebe or the surge?
Yet if there's a contest about either station,
Let that stimulus glory and loyalty urge,
Who will stand the most firm to the King and the Nation:
While thus we agree,
Let's fight and be free,
Shall Britons 'gainst Britons draw daggers—O never!
Make the Sans Cullottes fly,
And let fame rend the sky,
With the Navy and Army of Britain for ever.

◆

CHICKA.

Sung by Miss Sims in Doll of Wapping.

Tune—*Sailor Boy capering.*

CHICKA lik' a sailor man,
Tom like'a Chicka too.;
He come home, he shakee hand,
And me say—How d'ye do?
Tom no to Ningland go,
Doll nibber come so far—den
Ickle Chicka happy squaw,
Wid a jolly tar!

Tom shoot a cockatoo,
Chicka put him in a pot—
Tom fill a wamessou,
And puxa till he hot:
Him call for grog, a ho!
Me drinka swipe galore;—hee—hee!
Ickle Chicka happy squaw,
Wid a jolly tar.

But, Doll o'Wapping if she dead,
Chicka den a Ningland goes—
Yellow fedder on a head,
And silber at ee nose;
Gold ring on ebery toe,
Blue cheek and shinee hair—O la!
Ickle Chicka pretty squaw,
For a jolly tar.

* * *

HOT SPICE GINGERBREAD.

Sung by Mr. Knight in Harlequin and Oberon.

COME boys and girls, men and maids, widows and wives;
The best penny lay out you e'er spent in your lives;
Here's my whirligig lottery, a-penny a-spell,
No blanks, but all prizes, and that's pretty well;
Don't stand humming and haking with *ifs* and with *buts*,
Try your luck for my round and sound gingerbread nuts;
And then there's my glorious spice gingerbread too,
Hot enough to thaw even the heart of a Jew,
Hot spice gingerbread! hot!
Come, buy my spice gingerbread, smoaking hot.

I'm a gingerbread merchant, but what of that there,
All the world, take my word, deal in gingerbread ware;
Your fine beaux and your belles, and your rattlepate
rakes,
One half are game-nuts, the rest gingerbread cakes;
Then in gingerbread coaches we've gingerbread lords,
And gingerbread soldiers with gingerbread swords;
And what are your patriots? tis easy to tell,
By their constantly crying they've—something to sell,
And what harm is there in selling?—hem!
Hot spice gingerbread, &c.

My gingerbread lottery is just like the world,
For its index of chances for ever is twirl'd;
But some difference between 'em exists without doubt,
The world's lottery has blanks, while mine's wholly
without,
There no matter how often you shuffle and cut,
It an't once in ten games you can get a game nut.
So I laugh at the world like an impudent elf,
And, just like my betters, take care of myself.
Hot spice gingerbread, &c.

◆

PASTORAL GLEE.

Sung by Mr. Dignum and Mrs. Franklin at Vauxhall.

FLOCKS are sporting, doves are courting,
Warbling linnets sweetly sing;
Joy and pleasure without measure,
Kindly hail the laughing spring.
Flocks are bleating, rocks repeating,
Valleys echo back the sound;
Dancing, ringing, piping, springing,
Nought but mirth and joy go round.

THE SPOIL'D CHILD.

SINCE then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove,
To quit each object of my infant care;
Torn from an honor'd tender parent's love,
And driv'n the keenest storms of fate to bear:
Ah! but forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart.

Where'er I go, whate'er my lowly state,
Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here;
And when, perhaps, you're musing o'er my fate,
You still may greet me with a tender tear:
Ah! then forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart.

◆

THE SWEET LITTLE ANGEL.

Sung by Miss Leary at Vauxhall.

WHEN Jack parted from me to plough the salt deep,
Alas! I mayn't see him again,
In spite of all talking I could not but weep,
To help it I'm sure was in vain;
Then he broke from my arms, and bid me farewel,
Saying—" Poll, come, my soul it won't do;
So, d'ye hear, avast whining and sobbing, my girl,
'Tis all foolish nonsense in you.
I could not help thinking that Jack was in right,
From a something that whisper'd, d'ye see,
There's a sweet little angel, that sits out of sight,
Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

Yet while he's at distance each thought is employ'd,
And nought can delight me on shore;
I fancy, at times, that the ship is destroy'd,
And Jack I shall never see more.

But then 'tis but fancy; that angel above,
Who can do such wonders of things,
I know will ne'er suffer a harm to my love,
And so to myself I thus sing:
What matters repining, my heart shall be light;
For, a something that whispers, d'ye see,
There's a sweet little angel, that sits out of sight,
Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

But should that sweet angel, wherever he be,
Forget to look out for poor Jack;
Why then he may never return unto me,
O never! no, never! come back.
But, oh! it can't be, he's too good and too kind
To make the salt water his grave:
And why should I then each tale-teller mind,
Or dread ev'ry turbulent wave?
Besides, I will never kind Providence slight;
For, a something that whispers, d'ye see,
There's a sweet little angel that sits out of sight,
Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

BONNY JEM THAT'S O'ER THE SEA.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin.

YOUNG Jemmy was a Highland lad,
That oft times cross'd the bourn to me;
He wore the bonnet, trews, and plaid,
Wi' garters green below the knee.
Of a' the shepherds west the Tweed,
By ilka one it is agreed,
There's nane could tune the oaten reed
Like bonny Jem that's o'er the sea.

May ill befa' the silly loons
  That sent young Jemmy far from me;
How dreary now are a' the towns,
  Where shepherds pip'd so merrily!
How waefu' now upon the plain,
Where younkers danc'd wi' hearts so fain!
But now ilk lassie mourns her swain,
  And sighs for him that's o'er the sea.

When last we met, ah! luckless morn!
  'Twas underneath the greenwood-tree;
But soon he frae my arms was torn,
  Just as he vow'd to marry me.
Yet, when the cruel wars are o'er,
And shepherds hail their native shore,
I hope to meet, and part no more
  Wi' bonny Jem that's o'er the sea.

* * *

FAL, LAL, LA.

A SHEPHERD once had lost his love,
    Fal, lal, &c.
And he sought her in the grove,
Where she slept as he did stray,
A little bird sung from a spray,
    Fal, lal, &c.

In vain this bird did strain her throat,
    Fal, lal, &c.
In vain she varied oft her note;
The foolish shepherd wander'd on,
The fair one rose, and soon was gone.
    Fal, lal, &c.

At last the bird to him did say,
    Fal, lal, &c.
If you will not, when you may,
When you will you shall have nay.
The little bird then flew away:
    Fal, lal, &c.

A COLLEGE SONG.

COME ye good college lads, and attend to my lays,
I'll shew you the folly of poring o'er books;
For all ye get by it is mere empty praise,
Or a poor meagre fellowship and sallow looks!

CHORUS.

Then lay by your books, lads, and never repine,
And cram not your attics
With dry Mathematics—
But moisten your clay with a bumper of wine!

The first of Mechanics was old Archimedes,
Who play'd with Rome's ships as he'd play cup and ball:
To play the same game I can't see where the need is—
Or why we should fag Mathematics at all.
Then lay by your books, &c.

Great Newton found out the Binomial Law,
To raise $x—y$ to the power of b;
Found the distance of planets that he never saw,
And which we most probably never shall see.
Then lay by your books, &c.

Let Whiston and Ditton star-gazing enjoy,
And taste all the sweets Mathematics can give;
Let us for our time find a better employ;
And, knowing Life's sweets, let us learn how to live!
Then lay by your books, &c.

These men *ex absurdo* conclusions may draw;
Perpetual motion they never could find:
Not one of the set, lads, could balance a straw -
And Longitude seeking is hunting the wind!
The lay by your books, &c.

If we study at all, let us study the means
To make ourselves friends, and to keep them when made;
Learn to value the blessings kind Heaven ordains—
To make other men happy, let that be our trade.

CHORUS.
Let each day be better than each day before;
Without pain or sorrow
To day or to-morrow,
May we live, my good lads, to see many days more!

* * *

"BRITANNIA THE QUEEN OF THE SEAS."

(ORIGINAL)

By Mr. T. Inskip.

OLD Neptune one day in a comical strain,
(With his spouse he had just been at strife;)
After puzzling awhile, and perplexing his brain,
Resolv'd upon changing his wife.

Britannia he saw was a tight little dame,
She only his godship could please:
The Nymph soon comply'd when he told her his flame,
So he crown'd her "the Queen of the Seas."

The nations around quickly heard of the news,
Britannia was bandy'd by Fame;
Yet she felt some concern lest her sons should refuse
To defend her just right to the claim.

But they prov'd the first time they fell in with the foe,
They scorn'd all such notions as these:
And taught the whole world the respect they still owe
To Britannia the Queen of the Seas.

From that happy time to the year ninety-eight,
What laurels of triumph they've won:
Yet who has atchiev'd a wonder so great
As glorious Nelson has done?

Let the forces unite, of France, Holland, and Spain;
We fear no such boasters as these;
For Nelson, brave Nelson, is "Lord of the main,"
And Britannia "the Queen of the Seas."

* * *

COME CHEER UP MY LADS.

Tune.—*Hearts of Oak.*

COME cheer up my lads, let's together unite,
For our country, our king, and our altars to fight,
While our tars sweep the ocean, our troops line the shore,
Let the Frenchmen but face us, we'll ask for no more.
Heart of Oak, &c.

If we to ourselves and each other prove true,
These vot'ries of reason we soon shall pursue;
And the five-headed monster may threaten in vain,
For Britannia will ever rule over the main.
Heart of Oak, &c.

With religion to guide us, with laws we revere,
With a monarch we love, and a God whom we fear,
Shall the slaves of wild despots with freemen contend,
Who've such blessings to fight for, such rights to defend?
Heart of Oak, &c.

Let them boast if they will of some victories gain'd,
Of their murders committed, and plunder obtain'd,
'Twas by gold or by art, they these triumphs atchiev'd,
Help'd by traitors they paid, or by fools they deceiv'd.
Heart of Oak, &c.

Then give for Old England a loud hearty cheer,
Here's a halter for those who would welcome them here;
Let us join hearts and hands, boys, and merrily sing,
Rule Britannia for ever, and *God save the King*.
Heart of Oak, &c.

* * *

POOR ANNA'S DEAD AND GONE.

(ORIGINAL)

BENEATH yon drooping willows shade,
Lies my lov'd Anna, beauteous maid!
Alas she's dead and gone!
No pleasure now my heart can know,
'Twill cherish yet the keenest woe,
For Anna dead and gone.

Bright was her e'en, the roses red
Bloom'd on her cheeks, but now 'tis fled,
And Anna's dead and gone:
Sweeter than violets was her breath;
Warm beat her heart, but now in death
She sleeps, poor Anna's gone.

Her fleecy charge upon the plain,
She kept, and sung in heavenly strains
Each eve at set of sun:
Weep ye shepherds, weep with me,
Your Ann, you never more will see,
For she is dead and gone.

* * *

SONG.

From the German of Klopstock.

THY image, dearest maid
My ravish'd eyes still see;
And many a tear they shed,
Alas! that 'tis not thee.

When ev'ning's shades prevail,
And Cynthia decks the sky,
I fondly sigh and wail:
In vain I wail and sigh!

By yonder myrtle bow'r,
Where blooms her destin'd wreath;
By ev'ry beauteous flow'r,
That adds its fragrant breath;
Dear form, no more deceive,
The guileful task forbear;
O change, and bid me live;—
Ah! let herself be there!

◆

CONTENTMENT IN RETIREMENT.

TUNE.—*Roast Beef of Old England.*

WHEN peace and contentment prevail'd o'er the land,
And each man commanded the work of his hand;
Then labour was easy, and friendship the band,
Which gave us content in retirement,
Which gave us retirement's content.

The Lord then enjoy'd his forefather's estate,
And gave his protection to each at his gate;
The poor man was happy, nor envied the great;
And each had content in retirement,
And each had retirement's content.

The court was attended by men of renown,
Who best understood the support of the crown;
And fix'd what was good for the King and the clown;
Which gave us content in retirement,
Which gave us retirement's content.

How happy was Britain! how glorious those days!
Each man in his station pursu'd his own ways:
The statesman and peasant had comfort and ease;
For they had content in retirement,
For they had retirement's content.

But envy, that tyrant, pervaded the land;
Said each was a Lord—or had equal command—
But wise men of Britain will soon break the band,
That invades her content in retirement,
That invades her retirement's content.

Then Britons be wise, never mind who is great;
Protect your own good by protecting the state:
By uniting you'll drive all your foes from your gate,
And secure your content in retirement,
And secure your retirement's content.

* * *

THE DREAM.

Translated from the French,

By Mr. Beresford.

Lull'd in slumber's downy arms,
'Neath the moon-tide grove I lay:
Fancy imaged Laura's charms,
Beaming sweeter brighter day.

Gaily dress'd in yielding smiles,
Fancy imag'd Laura's face:—
Hope each love-born pang beguiles!
Thrilling joys my bosom seize!

Cupid, near in ambush laid,
Chas'd the vision—wild I start—
Seek, in vain, the matchless maid:
Find her only in my heart!

Each fond fairy image flies,
  Flies as fades the rapt'rous dream;
All, but conscious mem'ry, dies—
  Laura's beauty, and my flame!

◆

WILLY WAS A WANTON WAG.

A favourite Scotch Song.

WILLY was a wanton wag,
  The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
At bridals still he bore the brag,
  And carried ay the glee away.
His doublet was of Zetland shag,
  And vow! but Willy he was bra',
And at his shoulder hung a tag,
  That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
  His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever Willy said,
  It was still hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
  When he went to the weapon shaw;
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
  The fiend a ane among them a'.

And was not Willy well worth goud?
  He wan the luve of great and sma';
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
  He kiss'd the lasses halesale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
  When by the hand he led them a';
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
  By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willy a great lown,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen,
When he danc'd with the lasses round,
The bridegroom speer'd where he had been?
Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing, faith, my shanks are sair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in
For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy, I'll go out,
And for a wee fill up the ring;
But shame light on his souple snout,
He wanted Willy's wanton fling.
Then straight he to the bride did sair,
Say's weal's me on your bonny face;
With bobbing, Willy's shanks are sair,
And I'm com'd out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, he says, you'll spoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unless like Willy ye advance;
(O! Willy is a wanton wag:)
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
And foremost ay bears up the ring:
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want Willy's wanton fling.

◆

THE GIPSIES.

Sung By Mrs. Mills and Gipsies.

Tune—*Sir Roger de Coverly.*

WE Gipsies who live in the wood,
Are merry from morning till night,
And if we don't do any good,
It's because we don't know it by sight;

But we do what we can,
Each woman and each man,
To be merry from morning till night.
To be merry from morning till night.

We know nothing of carding or spinning,
Of sewing we can't do a stitch,
But when on a hedge there is linen,
We know how to give it a twitch;
To keep out of the dirt,
Our caps, our aprons, and shirt,
By handing them over the ditch.
By handing them over the ditch.

While housewives are fuming and fretting,
That the hen has her hatching delay'd,
We save her the trouble of sitting,
And so make the most of our trade·
That good eggs should be addle,
Is merely fiddle faddle;
If you eat'em as soon as they're laid.
If you eat'em as soon as they're laid.

Peter stroll'd by the pigstye and dairy;
For a dinner he felt at a loss;
He jabber'd to Hodge and to Mary,
Of gold that lay hid in the moss.
Oh, then away he jigs,
Faith with two little pigs,
And a pound of fresh butter for sauce.
And a pound of fresh butter for sauce.

We promise you houses and lands,
And plenty of husbands and wives;
So you cross but with silver our hands,
Ready money most commonly thrives.

So thus without any toil,
Why we make the pot boil,
And that's the delight of our lives.
And that's the delight of our lives.

You give us one bird in the hand,
While we give you two in the bush;
The present we can't understand,
For the future we care not a rush:
Then each merry gipsey,
May laugh and get tipsey.
For the future we care not a rush.
For the future we care not a rush.

* * *

PRETTY GOOD PRACTICE.

Sung by Mr. Fawcet in Il Bondocani.

When at school not a fool e'er was I,
For the finger of scorn to be wagg'd at;
So the law, soon I saw best to try,
In hopes to be Cadi of Bagdat.
Soliman Shah was a lawyer good,
And he made me a very fine master,
He cheated his clients as fast as he could,
And he taught me to cheat 'em faster.
When at school, &c.

Justice, we know, should be blind as wise,
And in each of the causes I've fagg'd at,
I ne'er cou'd see till a fee opened the eyes
Of the worshipful Cadi of Bagdat.
Yet to be partial I ever was loth,
So my conscience to clear it a fact is,
That when two sides wou'd bribe, I took money of both,
And thought it was pretty good practice.
For when at school, &c.

O LOVE THOU SOURCE OF JOY AND PAIN.

Sung by Mr. Girton in the Disagreeable Surprise.

O love! thou source of joy and pain,
Beguiling ever, ever vain,
Ever pleasing,
Ever teazing,
The unwary passenger decoys,
First 'cites his hopes, then damps his joys,
Thy transient pleasure but annoys
The mind, and calm content destroys.

OUR COUNTRY IS OUR SHIP, D'YE SEE.

OUR country is our ship, d'ye see!
A gallant vessel, too!
And of his fortune proud is he,
Who's of the Albion's crew.
Each man, what'er his station be,
When duty's call commands,
Should take his stand,
And lend a hand,
As the common cause demands.

Among ourselves, in peace, 'tis true,
We quarrel—make a rout!
And, having nothing else to do,
We fairly scold it out:
But, once the enemy in view,
Shake hands—we soon are friends;
On the deck,
'Till a wreck,
Each the common cause defends.

YEO, YEO, SIR.

I AM a brisk and sprightly lad,
But just come home from sea, Sir,
Of all the lives I ever led,
A sailor's life's for me, Sir:
Yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,
Whilst the boatswain pipes all hands,
With yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, Sir.

What girl but loves the merry tar,
We o'er the ocean roam, Sir;
In ev'ry clime we find a port,
In ev'ry port a home, Sir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

But when our country's foes are nigh,
Each hastens to his gun, Sir;
We make the boasting Frenchmen fly,
And bang the haughty Don, Sir.
Yeo, yeo, Sir.

Our foes subdu'd, once more on shore
We spend our cash with glee, Sir;
And when all's gone we drown all care,
And out again to sea, Sir.

◆

WHENE'ER SHE BADE ME CEASE TO PLEAD.

Sung in the Prisoner.

WHENE'ER she bade me cease to plead,
Her breast would gently heave,
And prov'd, her lips beguil'd a heart
Ill practis'd to deceive.

Whene'er she bade me cease to plead,
Her breast would gently heave;
As swelling waves that seem inclin'd,
To greet the shores they left behind.

FROM NIGHT TO MORN.

FROM night to morn I take my glass,
In hopes to forget my Chloe;
But when I drink the cheerful wine
She's ne'er the less before me.
CHORUS.
Ah! no, no, no wine can cure
The pain I endure for my Chloe.
Ah! no, no, no, &c.

To wine I flew, to ease the pain
Her beauteous charms created;
But wine more firmly bound the chain,
For love would not be cheated.
Ah! no, no, no, &c.

But, since 'tis so, I'll be content,
To think on my dear Chloe,
Though wine should still my love cement,
I'll die by wine for Chloe.
Ah! no, no, no, &c.

◆

THE MEN ARE ALL ROVERS ALIKE.

Sung by Miss Howells.

TO me, yet in teens, mamma would oft say,
That men were deceivers, and sure to betray;
This lesson so strongly she painted to me,
That lovers I thought all deceivers must be;
And that men are all rovers alike.

Young Colin is handsome, good-humour'd beside,
With artless kind offer wou'd make me his bride.
Mamma was mistaken, I plainly can see,
And I doubt if all lovers deceivers must be;
Or that men are all rovers, &c.

Thus sung the fair damsel, when Colin appear'd;
Her doubts now all vanish'd, no danger she fear'd;
To join in sweet wedlock the lovers agree.
Was Miss in the wrong? That hereafter you'll see.
For the men are all rovers, &c.

◆

HAL THE WOODMAN.

Written by Mr. Lindley.

STAY traveller, tarry here to-night,
The rain still beats, the wind is loud,
The moon too has withdrawn her light,
And gone to sleep behind a cloud.
'Tis sev'n long miles across the moor;
And should you from our cottage stray,
You'll meet, I fear, no friendly door,
No soul to tell the ready way.

Come, dearest Kate, the meal prepare,
This stranger shall partake our best;
A cake and rasher be his fare.
With ale, that makes the weary blest.
Approach the hearth, there take a place;
And, till the hour of rest draws nigh,
Of Robin Hood, and Chevy Chace,
We'll sing; then to our pallets hie.
Had I the means, I'd use you well:
'Tis little I have got to boast;
But should you of our cottage tell,
Say, Hal the Woodman was your host.

◆

SOLDIER DICK.

WHY don't you know me by my scars,
I'm soldier Dick come from the wars,
Where many a pate without a hat,
Croud honour's bed, but what of that.

Beat drums, play fifes, 'tis glory calls,
What argufies who stands or falls,
Lord, what should one be sorry for,
Life's but the fortune of the war:
Then rich or poor or well or sick,
Still laugh and sing shall Soldier Dick.

I us'd to look two ways at once,
A bullet hit me on the sconce;
And dowsh'd my eye, d'ye think I'd wince,
Why, Lord, I've never squinted since.
Beat drums, &c.

Some distant keep from war's alarms,
For fear of wooden legs and arms;
While others die safe in their beds,
Who all their lives had wooden heads.
Beat drums, &c.

Thus gout, or fever, sword or shot,
Or something sends us all to pot,
That we're to die, then do not grieve,
But let's be merry while we life.
Beat drums, &c.

* * *

BEN MAINSAIL'S INVITATION.

LUFF, luff, my lads! the gale increases,
While we scud before the wind:
Reef the main-sail till it ceases;
While she floats, boys, never mind!
On the starboard tack we venture,
And behold the craggy shore,
As the destin'd port we enter,
While the raging billows roar.

True to honour, and to duty—
All such maxims sailors boast;
Yet we drink to love and beauty,
And can give the seaman's toast,
" Wives and sweethearts!" on the ocean,
We all swig it, to a man.
Fearing danger's all a notion:
Let us booze the flowing can!

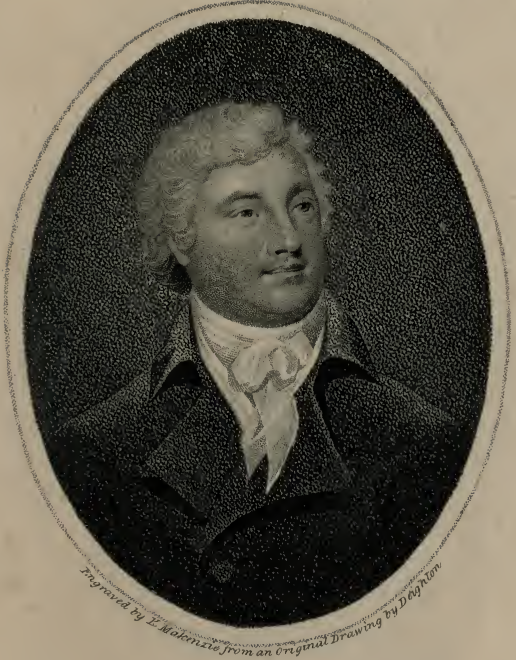
The boatswain, piping, loudly thunders
" To your quarters, fore and aft!"
The great guns sponge—prepare for wonders,
While, my lads, the wind's abaft!
With grape we can nine-pounders rattle:
Naval heroes drink and sing:
He that bravely falls in battle,
Nobly serves his Prince and King.

◆

I'LL BE MARRIED TO THEE.

A favourite Song sung by Mrs. Franklin.

I AM teaz'd to death from morn 'till night,
And its all along with who?
Why its all for thee, my heart's delight,
Dear Sandy, I tell thee true.
My father raves, and my mother will scold,
Aye, and lead me such a life!
And all for being too young, I'm told,
To be my Sandy's wife.
Then gang o'er the hills with me, my love,
Gang o'er the hills with me;
Gang o'er the hills with me, my love,
And I'll be married to thee.



Engraved by K. Makenzie from an Original Drawing by Deighton

Mr. Dignum

Pubd. by Weſt & Hughes Paternoſter Row Dec 1. 1800.

There is ne'er a laird in all Dumfries,
Tho' many a laird there be,
Can ever say such things to please,
As my dear shepherd to me;
And tho' but little the youth can boast,
Of acres, houses, or gear,
Of all the shepherds I love him most,
And he is my only dear.
Then gang o'er the hills, &c.

Twelve months are gone, and something more,
Since we fix'd on it to wed;
And should we tarry even threescore,
Why something will e'er be said.
Then let us now, while yet 'tis spring,
And sympathy warms each breast,
Twine hands together in Hymen's string,
And love will make up the rest.
Then gang o'er the hills, &c.

◆

NAN OF GLOSTER GREEN.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

SAY, will you leave your village cot,
And range the fields with me?
My mind to sooth on yon fair spot,
Intent on nought but thee.
The op'ning spring, that hails the year,
So like thy graceful mien,
My charming girl, to me so dear,
Is Nan of Gloster Green.

Could I but gain your heart, my fair,
How gay the time would pass!
Each day to tend my fleecy care
With you, my lovely lass!

Come then, dear girl, to church with me;
Now smile consent, my queen;
My ev'ry wish is form'd for thee,
Sweet Nan of Gloster Green.

Her lily hand, and willing heart,
A blush o'erspread her face:
Here take me, shepherd, let's depart,
And seek the hallow'd place,
Where love and friendship shall combine,
And union e'er be serene;
Now all assist our hands to join,
The joy of Gloster Green.

* * *

HE'S STOLE MY HEART FROM ME.

Sung by Miss Sims.

YOUNG Jemmy is a bonny boy,
And lives not far away;
And sweetly does the bonny boy
Upon his bag-pipes play.
Oh! he plays so sweetly all day long,
And then so fond is he,
That he so charm'd me with his song,
He stole my heart from me.
And 'tis oh! ah! my little heart!
He's stole away from me.

The other day this bonny boy,
Thus whisper'd in my ear,
And wilt thou wed a Highland lad,
That loves thee truly, dear?
Shall we to kirk, without delay,
And tie the knot? says he.
Ah! yes, I cry'd: what could I say?
He'd stole my heart from me.
And its oh! ah! &c.

Well, wed I did the bonny boy,
And now I am his wife,
Our time is pass'd in love and joy,
Devoid of care and strife.
And tho' in humble garment clad,
For richer swains there be,
Give me the bonny Highland lad,
That stole my heart from me.
And its oh! ah! &c.

* * *

MY HENRY HAS LEFT ME TO MOURN.

An Irish Air.

LOST, lost, lost, is my quiet for ever,
Since Hen'ry has left me to mourn.
To forget him how vain my endeavour,
Alas! will he never return.
Ah! well a day, well a day, well a day:
Ah! well a day, lost, lost is my quiet for ever,
Since Henry has left me to mourn.

Still memory pictures him near me,
Still loves on his image to dwell,
And kindly attentive to cheer me,
She tells of his tender farewell.
Yet, ah! well a day, &c.

Yet, ah! surely he did not deceive me,
Ah! sure he was loth to depart;
And fondly unwilling to leave me,
His tenderness flow'd from his heart.
Yet, ah! well a day, &c.

But if feign'd were his tears and his anguish,
And he for another can sigh,
Not long I unpitied shall languish,
But pray for his welfare—and die.
For ah! well a day, &c.

◆

I AM A LAD WELL KNOWN IN TOWN.

TUNE—*Jolly Dick the Lamplighter.*

I AM a lad well known in town,
For friendship, mirth, and fun,
Among the fair, the black, the brown,
My daily course I run;
I chat with Bet, I toy with Sall,
I dance with Kate and Sue;
My part I play with ev'ry girl,
So fond of something new.

To kiss and keep it up's my aim,
For I'm a roving blade;
Tom Bowling is my saucy name,
A rover I by trade;
Shall drowsy watchmen me perplex,
That ramble thro' the town;
I love my bottle and the sex,
They all my sorrows drown.

Then bring me bowls of gen'rous wine,
And pledge me with the same;
Since life's a jest I'll ne'er repine,
Despair's an empty name;
The fav'rite catch, the sprightly glee,
That pleasing scenes impart;
In flowing numbers welcome me,
And cheer the merry heart.

THE LOYAL TAR.

By G. S. Cary, Esq.

'SDEATH what fuss land-lubbers make
About their rights and laws,
As if in doubt what part to take,
And jar, as 'twere, for straws ;—
If they wou'd do the thing that's right,
Or cease prevarication,
Like loyal tars they wou'd unite,
To save this envy'd nation.

Much talking argues little good,
For many do remark,
That cur has not the truest blood,
Which is too apt to bark.
True courage ne'er delights in noise ;
But when there is occasion,
The loyal tar each nerve employs
To save his envy'd nation.

Let Frenchmen say whate'er they will,
And pass such mad decrees,
That each a brother's blood shall spill,
Or father's if they please ;
We are not quite so savage grown,
To ape so strange a fashion,
Each loyal tar will guard the crown,
His king, his friend, and nation !

◆

THE MAID OF THE ROCK.

I SAT out one eve with intention to roam,
To the rock, where the surges wantonly play,
When the owl had stol'n out from his secret home,
And bright-vested Hesperus clos'd in the day.

The moon was at full, and with dignity rose,
And tissu'd with silver the green-mantl'd seas,
The god of the ocean was gone to repose,
And Æolus fann'd with a whispering breeze.

On reaching the cave where old legends report,
And many a sorrowful tale has been sung,
Where blood-hunting robbers have oft held their court,
On each side was some vestige of chivalry hung;
My eyes were alarm'd on beholding a maid,
Who, near to the cavern, sat silent in grief,
Her head on her hand all in sorrow was laid,
A hard rocky pillow was all her relief.

She started with fear, and she fain would have fled,
I begg'd her to stay and her sorrows relate,
Then told her, from me, she had nothing to dread,
That I was sent there by the order of fate,—
You came by the order of one, she reply'd,
Who has done all she can to distract my poor mind,
O'erwhelm'd in the deep, my dear William, my pride,
Then sunk, and she gave her last breath to the wind!

◆

THE TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

DIOGENES surly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
Because in good wine there was truth;
But growing as poor as a Job,
Unable to purchase a flask,
He chose for his mansion a tub,
And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er wou'd deny
A bumper, to cherish his heart;
And when he was maudlin wou'd cry,
Because he had empty'd his quart:

Tho' some are so foolish to think,
He wept at men's follies and vice,
'Twas only his custom to drink,
Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple and cherish his soul;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a good flowing bowl;
As long as his cellar was stor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff:
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wise Solon, who carefully gave
Good laws unto Athens of old,
And thought the rich Crœsus a slave
(Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold;
He delighted in plentiful bowls;
But drinking much talk would decline,
Because 'twas the custom of fools
To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content.
Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted so wise:
Late hour's he most certainly lov'd,
Made wine the delight of his life,
Or 'Xantippe would never have prov'd
Such a damnable scold of a wife.

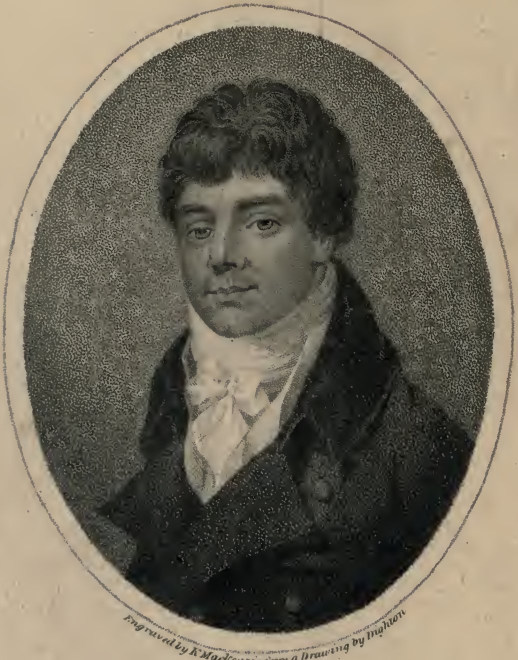
Grave Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
Which he drank like a miser at home;
And, to shew he lov'd wine that was good,
To the last, (we may truly aver it,)
He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
So fancy'd he dy'd in his claret.

Pythagoras did silence enjoin
 On his pupils who wisdom would seek;
Because he tippled good wine,
 Till himself was unable to speak;
And when he was whimsical grown,
 With sipping his plentiful bowls,
By the strength of the juice in his crown,
 He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
And thought that a cup of the best
 Made reason the brighter to shine;
With wine he replenish'd his veins,
 And made his philosophy reel;
Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
 Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
 Had been but a dunce without wine;
And what we ascribe to his parts,
 Is due to the juice of the vine:
His belly, most writers agree,
 Was big as a watering-trough;
He therefore leap'd into the sea,
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine.
 He fondly to wisdom was prone;
But had it not been for good wine,
 His merits had never been known.
By wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes fancy with wings,
Without it we ne'er shou'd have had
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.



Engraved by K Mackenzie from a Drawing by Dighton

Mr. Fawcett

JESS MACPHARLANE.

A favourite Duet.

WHEN first she came to town,
They call'd her Jess Macfarlane,
But now she's come and gone,
They call her the wand'ring darling:
Oh! this love, this love!
Of this love I'm weary,
Sleep I can get none
For thinking of my deary, oh!

Her father loves her well,
Her mither loves her better;
And I like the Girl mysel,
But alas! I canna get her.
Oh! this love, &c.

I took it in my head,
To write my love a letter;
But alas! she cannā read,
And I like her aw the better.
Oh! this love, &c.

Then since I canna rest,
For thinking of my darling;
I'll wander too in quest,
Of lovely Jess Macpharlane.
Oh! this love, &c.

* * *

DRINKING SONG.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

At each inn on the road I welcome cou'd find,
At the Fleece I'd my skin full of ale;
The two Jolly Brewers were quite to my mind,
At the Dolphin I drank like a whale;

Tom Tun at the hogshead sold pretty good stuff,
They'd capital flip at the boar,
And when at the Angel I'd tippled enough,
I went to the Devil for more.

Then I'd always a sweetheart so snug at the bar,
At the Rose I'd a lilly so bright;
Few planets cou'd equal sweet Nan at the Star,
No eyes ever twinkled so bright;
I've had many a hug at the sign of the Bear,
In the Sun courted morning and noon,
And when night put an end to my happiness there,
I'd a sweet little girl in the Moon.

To sweethearts and ale I at length bid adieu,
Of wedlock to set up the sign;
Hand in hand the good woman I look for in you,
And the Horns I hope ne'er will be mine.
Once guard to the mail I'm now guard to the fair,
But tho' my commission's laid down,
Yet while the King's Arms I'm permitted to bear,
Like a lion I'll fight for the Crown.

* * *

THE HUMANE NEGRO.

A Ballad.

The winds in the deserts blew high,
The rains made the rivers o'erflow,
The thunder was heard from the sky,
The wild beasts were roaring below.
The white man who came o'er the sea,
Stood aghast at the terrible sound,
Then laid his limbs under a tree,
And rested his head on the ground.

Despairing he wept and he sigh'd,
We found him all weak and forlorn;
No mother his milk to provide,
No wife to make bread of his corn.
Then let us in pity unite,
To soften his woes if we can,
What tho' he be ugly and white,
My comrades he still is a man.

◆

MY DEARY, O.

A favourite Scotch Song, written by R. Burns.

JUST where yon burn trots thro' the broom,
Amang the birks sae mony, O,
Where gowans glint and blue bells bloom,
And lintwhites sing fae bonny, O,
A lass there lives right sair to see
Wi' gracefu' air enchanting, O,
Whase rose-bud cheek and sparkling e'e
Ha'e set this heart a panting, O.
Her presence mak s me cheery, O,
Her absence makes me weary, O,
'Tis my delight, baith day and night,
To gaze upo' my deary, O.

I'd leave the town and a'its pride,
The seat o'vice and slander, O,
At eve yon burnies flow'ry side
Wi' my sweet lass to wander, O.
Let fortune shun my lowly cot,
And wealthy sauls frown on me, O,
The fickle jade I'd mind her not,
Wou'd Annie smile upon me, O:
Her presence mak's me cherry, O, &c.

Ye painted prudes: wi' a'your art,
  In silk and siller flaunting, O,
Whase costly claise aft hides a heart
  Where modesty is wanting, O.
My Annie scorns your borrow'd grace,
  And, sweet as May-day morning, O,
Bright health blooms on her cheerfu' face,
  In spite of a' your scorning, O.
    Her presence mak's me cheery, O, &c.

* * *

EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

THE wind blew hard, the sea ran high,
The dingy scud drove 'cross the sky;
All was safe lash'd, the bowl was slung,
When, careless, thus Ned Haulyard sung:
A sailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily;
If winds can whistle, he can sing;
Still faithful to his friend and king.
He gets belov'd by all the ship,
And toasts his girl, and drinks his flip.

" Down topsails! boys, the gale comes on."
To strike top-gallant yards they run;
And now, to hand the sail prepar'd,
Ned cheerful sings upon the yard:
    A sailor's life, &c.

" A leak! a leak! come, lads, be bold,
" There's five feet water in the hold."
Eager on deck see Haulyard jump!
And hark! while working at the pump,
    A sailor's life, &c.

And see! the vessel nought can save;
She strikes, and finds a wat'ry grave!
Yet Ned, preserv'd, with a few more,
Sings, as he treads a foreign shore,
A sailor's life, &c.

And now—unnumber'd perils past,
On land as well as sea—at last,
In tatters, to his Poll and home,
See honest Haulyard singing come:
A sailor's life, &c.

Yet, for poor Haulyard what disgrace!
Poll swears she never saw his face!
He damns her for a faithless she,
And, singing, goes again to see:
A sailor's life, &c.

◆

OLD ENGLAND's WOODEN WALLS.

THRO' winds and waves in days that are no more,
I held the helm, and ne'er ran foul of shore;
In pitch-dark nights, my reck'ning prov'd so true,
I rode out safe the hardest gale that blew:
And when, for fight, the signal high was shown,
Thro' fire and smoke old Boreas straight bore down.
But now my timbers are not fit for sea—
Old England's wooden walls the toast shall be.

From age to age, as ancient story shows,
We rul'd the deep in spite of envious foes;
And still aloft, through worlds combin'd, we rise,
Now all at home are splic'd in friendly ties.
In loud broadsides we'll tell both France and Spain,
We're own'd by Neptune sov'reigns of the main.
Oh, would my timbers now were fit for sea!
Yet England's wooden walls my toast shall be.

THE NAVAL HEROES.

Tune—*Hearts of Oak, &c.*

In June ninety-four the heroes of Britain arose,
And triumphantly conquered their Gallican foes.
Eight sail of their line to our arms made a bow,
And grac'd the atchievement of great Earl Howe.
Hearts of Oak, &c.

The same fortunate month in the ninety and five,
The Republican wolves swore they'd eat us alive;
But gallant Lord Bridport lent Monsieur a knock,
And silenc'd the crow of the Gallican cock.
Hearts of Oak, &c.

In the year ninety-seven, on St. Valentine's day,
The Dons thought their numbers our fleet would dismay;
But ere the day clos'd, in the temple of fame,
Emblazon'd with glory, was Jarvis's name.
Hearts of Oak, &c.

O! had I seven mouths, like the fam'd river Nile,
Of a Syren the song, of Apollo the stile,
On the triumph of Egypt for ever I'd dwell,
While Nelson and glory the chorus should swell.
Hearts of Oak, &c.

With the treasures, the ships, and the legions of France,
To cherish rebellion the wretches advance;
But Warren made Monsieur exclaim with an—ah!
By gar, we've enough of your Erin go Bragh!
Hearts of Oak, &c.

The broom the proud Dutchman had hoisted of yore,
Bold Duncan has strucki to insult us no more;
He sinks like the navies of France and of Spain,
And the broom of Britannia shall long sweep the main.
Hearts of Oak, &c.

JOVIAL COMPANION.

COME, come, my jolly lads! the wind's abaft,
Brisk gales our sails shall crowd :—
Come, bustle, bustle, bustle, boys!
Haul the boat ;—the boatswain pipes aloud :
The ship's unmoor'd,
All hands on board ;
The rising gale
Fills ev'ry sail ?
The ship's well mann'd and stor'd.
Then sling the flowing bowl—
Fond hopes arise—
The girls we prize
Shall bless each jovial soul ;
The can, boys, bring,
We'll drink and sing,
While foaming billows roll.

Though to the Spanish coast we're bound to steer,
We'll still our rights maintain ;
Then bear a hand, be steady, boys,
Soon we'll see Old England once again :
From shore to shore,
While cannons roar,
Our tars shall show
The haughty foe
Britannia rules the main,
Then sling the flowing bowl, &c.

◆

A FRIEND, A BOTTLE, AND BOWL.

By Mr. Titford.

THOUGH Venus and Bacchus may boast of their power
Our senses to charm, and rank care to devour ;
But as things *sans* a finish are not quite the ton,
So's a friend and a bottle without a good song.

Then Apollo invite, that fam'd musical blade,
Who dispels chequer'd scenes which in life may pervade,
And who bears on his arms this lov'd motto or scroll,
" A true friend, and a song, and a bottle or bowl."

The tube of content I'll whiff out with my friend,
While concord and harmony round us attend,
The enjoyment of life, and a zest to the whole,
Is a friend and a song, and a bottle or bowl.

As a sweet golden rule, let temp'rance abound,
Be reason the guide as the glass is put round;
And while freedom and merit replenish the whole,
Here's our friend and a song, and a bottle or bowl!

◆

THE BOTTLE AND BIRD.

A PLAGUE on those mortals whom demons bewitch,
To starve themselves living, in hopes to die rich!
Here goes the last guinea, I change it with glee,
For my bottle and bird have more raptures for me.
For my bottle, &c.
This takes away hunger; the other conspires,
To warm me for Philiis with matchless desires.
Then give me, ye gods, while existence I court,
My bird of true game, and my bottle of port.

When time calls to lead up the dog and the gun,
To the stubble, at day-break, with Dido I run;
There spring the brown covey, and round as they fly,
With an arm ever fatal bring down a supply.
With an arm, &c.
Returning, if chance throws a friend in the way,
We talk of the pleasures and toils of the day;
When I press him sincere, to partake of my sport,
My delicate bird, and my bottle of port.

'Tis wine, rosy wine, gives new comforts to men,
Anacreon look'd plump at an hundred and ten.
With the muse he could sport as the landscape he trod,
And compose his sweet lays with the soul of the god.
And compose, &c.
This theme, so delightful and pleasing to me,
As the sweets of the spring to the taste of the bee;
Like the rosy-brow'd bard, let me constantly sport,
O'er the bird of true game, and my bottle of port.

◆

A WINTER SONG.

Written by Bürger.

Author of Leonora.

Now winter strips with ruthless haste,
The poplar's leafy pride;
Deforms the vale with chilling blast,
And checks the crystal tide.
While each fair flow'r of brightest glow,
Lies deep entomb'd in ice and snow.

Yet, luckless blossoms, cease to claim
The sympathetic lay,
In Fanny's face your colours beam,
And sweeter hue's display;
Bright azure shines in either eye,
Her lips the rose's tints defy.

No more let Philomela wail,
And let the lark be still,
While Fanny's dearest notes prevail,
And softer warblings thrill;
Her lips exhale the breath of spring,
Fresh winnow'd by the zephyr's wing.

And when the melting kiss I snatch,
And hold her to my heart,
The cherry and the juicy peach
Not half such sweets impart.
What then ! for May have I to care,
While spring and summer bloom in her.

* * *

SONG.

Composed by Mr. Osario, in honour of the Vingts un Club.

TO give company zest, and enlighten the mind,
A few chosen mortals, of manners refin'd,
Joining mirth to instruction, and folly to shun,
Assisted in forming the club of Vingts un.

The muses and sciences call'd to their aid,
With reasons firm base for their corner-stone laid;
Light sophistry shrunk from the mirror of truth,
And the wisdom of age added pleasures to youth.

Calliopes' strains, warm'd by emulous glow,
Latent genius draws forth in notes timid and low;
Nor Palymnia, nor Clio, invok'd are in vain,
And improvements and knowledge advance in their train.

Graver subjects pass'd by, bright Thalia to thee
We breathe the gay song, and enlivening glee;
The purple libations to Bacchus we send,
Whilst prudence still points out the hour we end.

Since thus then we're met, may no party intrude,
No partiality guide us, nor passion be rude:
But thus hand in hand, join'd like brothers in love,
May the Vingt un a pattern of harmony prove.

POVERTY'S NO SIN.

A favourite Song sung by Mrs. Bland.

Poor Kate, with nosegay basket, trim
  Sent forth a plaintive cry;
Her varied flowers round the brim,
  She bid each trav'ler buy;
But heedless pass'd the giddy throng,
  In vain she hop'd to win;
She sigh'd and held her basket low,
  Sure poverty's a sin.

She silent grieves, but perseveres,
  By hunger pinch'd, and cold;
A brute who saw her falling tears
  Grew impudent and bold;
By force he press'd the modest maid,
  Who pity wish'd to win,
Who struggled, blush'd, and frowning said,
  So poverty's a sin.

Tom Truelove flush'd with golden ore,
  His constant girl he knew;
Just cried—'tis lucky I'm on shore,
  To her relief he flew;
His cudgel laid th'assailant low,
  While Tom did thus begin,
D'ye mind me lubber, don't ye know—
  Is poverty a sin?

Then bore his prize, with love and pride,
  Beneath his conquering arm,
And swore he'd keep her by his side,
  And shield her safe from harm;
Thy sails says Tom shake in the wind,
  Thy cheeks look pale and thin;
But, cheer my lass, the breeze is kind,
  For poverty's no sin.

Kate told him all her friends were dead,
And she distress'd and low;
Avast he cried, enough is said,
His heart felt all her woe:
Here take this gold, 'tis all your own,
'Twas you that made me win;
I've fought for you, and you alone—
Why poverty's no sin.

Rigg'd like a lady, Kate next day
Was made by Tom a wife,
And cheerly passes life away,
They know no care nor strife;
To her the needy tell their grief,
Who asks is sure to win,
She says, and always gives relief—
That poverty's no sin.

* * *

DICKY THE ROVER.

A BARBER I am, and I dress for the crown,
With my frizzle deedle dum, and my frizzle deedle dee;
Though you see by my dressing I'm just tumbled down,
Tweedle deedle dum, tweedle deedle dee;
Though my living I get, sirs, by frizzing the nob,
You see that at times, sirs, I get an odd job,
With my tweedle deedle dum, and tweedle deedle dee.
Oh, poor Dicky, poor Dicky, the rover!
Oh, poor Dicky, &c.
Was ever poor barber so neatly done over?
Oh! oh! oh! over, so neatly done over!

Ye barbers and clerks who are given to roam,
With my frizzle, &c.
Take care how you venture too far from your home,
Tweedle deedle dum, &c.
Or else you may meet with a new-fashion'd dressing,
And, instead of a job, get a damnable dressing,
With my tweedle dum, &c.

BETWEEN FEAR AND COURAGE.

Sung by Mr. Wallack.

BETWEEN fear and courage, lord! what can be done?
By magical monsters cross'd!
Between fear and courage, lord! what can be done;
I'm like a noun adjective—can't stand alone;
With quivering, quaking,
Shivering, shaking,
Dreadful disaster,
To give up my master;
I'd much rather give up the ghost!

From mere flesh and blood—Honey! nothing I dread;
To face a whole army dare post;
From mere flesh and blood—Honey! nothing I dread;
But sprites lift my hat half an inch from my head!
With their rumbling, jumbling,
Thunder-like grumbling,
Neck breaking, shin cracking,
Over straws stumbling,
Lard! I shall give up the ghost!

A beautiful head, in its place has a charm,
To kiss his sweet lips be my host!
A beautiful head in its place has a charm,
But, Lard! ta'en the thing, when worn under the arm;
With its glaring, flaring,
Grim-like appearing,
Nightful, spiteful, frightfully staring,
Yes, I shall give up the ghost!

When I raise my spirits, I quaff the full bowl,
A sweet little charmer the toast!
When I raise my spirits, I quaff the full bowl,
For good spirits ever attend a good soul!

So may-ful, playful,
Sprightly the day-ful,
Laugh away, quaff away, merry and gay-ful,
'Sdeath I shall give up the ghost!

(a groan heard)

A groan! I'll depart, grave-like orators cease,
Your dumb admonition's not lost!
A groan! I'll depart, Grave-like orator's cease,
For till I'm departed, I sha'nt rest in peace,
With quivering, quaking,
Shivering, shaking,
Dreadful disaster,
To give up on one's master;
Or mournfully give up the ghost!

◆

THE MIRROR OF PLENTY.

Written by Mr. J. Dell.

Nature pourtrays with endless care,
Lines of rich traits supremely fair,
The tribute of the spring:
And the rich odour it exhales,
Fill these recesses and those vales,
Of this my muse will sing.

Sweet the gay violet with the wind
Reclines, but when I look behind,
Scenes lovely to the view:
The vine in circles labyrinth's twine,
And flowers hang wanton round the vine,
Prove not her bounties few.

The orient sun, fair nature's guide,
Reflects his lustre far and wide,
And Paradise assumes:
And mark with joy the happy swain,
Cut the plenteous crops in twain,
Which ev'ry health prefumes.

Now all the lands serene and fair,
For plenty all our wants repair,
Then comes the happy time;
And thus a gay convivial mein,
O'er all the universe is seen,
And peace to every clime.

◆

BIRTH OF CONTENT.

ERE time waxed old, to divert the young hours,
Jove fled from his spouse, and empyreal bow'rs,
To an isle by all heav'n admir'd:
O'er the daisy-deck'd plains as the deity trod,
The rays of his brow so announced the god,
Ev'ry creature with wonder retir'd.

Undistinguish'd from mortals he wish'd to abide
To that end laid his rays and his fulmin aside,
Assuming the 'guise of a swain:
To the cot of Paxella like lightning he flew,
There begg'd of the maid a retreat from the dew,
And pleaded the length of the plain.

She welcom'd him in, and soon cover'd the board
With the best of ripe viands industry had stor'd,
Then, with modesty, bade him partake:
From the spring of Hygeia fresh water was brought,
As soft as her lips, and as pure as her thought,
Which, delighted, he drank for her sake.

The treat (tho' 'twas homely) was season'd with mirth,
Such as rarely obtrudes at the cupboards of worth;
Blue-ey'd meekness was there, clad in fleece:
'Mongst the guests rosy Temperance sat with delight,
Whilst true Friendship, a flame which for ever burns bright,
Sweetly warbled the carrol of peace.

So much kindness with rapture the deity fills—
Say, what power shall resist when a deity wills—
He clasp'd the dear maid to his breast;
(The while he bid Envy her adders decline;)
He gave, for her comfort, an offspring divine,
And the fairy Simplicity dress'd.—

Hence, (he cry'd) quickly hence let the sweet one be sent
'Mongst the children of earth, and be called Content;
Who caress her shall sorrow no more:
Without her in vain shall be physical aid;
The bloom on the face of the beauty shall fade,
And the wealthy be wretched and poor.

The princes of earth, where she deigns to abide,
Shall prefer beyond or ambition or pride;
The wisest shall court her to stay:
At her smiles swol'n-ey'd Sorrow shall certainly cease,
Whilst dimpled-cheek Pleasure with pleasures increase,
And the needy be jolly and gay.

* * *

BLACK EY'D SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
  Rock'd with the billows to and fro;
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
  He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.
The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
  Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If, chance, his mate's shrill note he hear)
  And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O, Susan! Susan! lovely dear!
  My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear:
  We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
  Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
  In ev'ry port a mistress find—
Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
For thou art present, wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,
  Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright:
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;
  Thy skin is ivory so white:
Thus, ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
  Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
  William shall to his dear return:

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
  The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
  They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head.
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! she cries; and wav'd her lily hand.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
  A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
  A willow supported his head.
The winds that blew over the plain,
  To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
  Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was!
  Thus sadly complaining he cry'd;
When first I beheld that fair face,
  'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
  When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great:
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
  Was nightingale ever so sweet!

How foolish was I to believe
  She could doat on so lowly a clown!
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
  To forsake the fine folk of the town!
To think that a beauty so gay,
  So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
  Or live in a cottage on love?

What tho' I have skill to complain!
Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd!
What tho', when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around!
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false-one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid;
Tho' through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas her's to be false and to change;
'Twas mine to be constant and die.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be finest at ev'ry fine show,
And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green!

THE WORLD.

Written by T. Clio Rickman.

IN this world see the wheel of transition go round,
For there's nothing on earth that can staple be found,
And tho' 'bout its possessions we make such a clamor,
They must sooner or later come under the hammer,
And *a-going. a-going*, who bids any more?
Requites all our pains, is the end of our store.

His Grace, who a Monarch's proud fortune can boast,
Who ransacks each land and plunders each coast,
Whose houses display all that's splendid and great,
Whose equipage moves in such glitering state,
To-day it is his, to-morrow you'll see,
Some hammer consign it to You, or to Me.

The sly antiquary, who, where he can't buy,
Will pilfer the medal that fixes his eye,
Whose antiques, books, paintings, and all that is rare,
The hoarding of fifty years trouble and care,
See CHRISTIE knock down no antiques respecting,
For their owner some Coins that are modern collecting.

Old Grub, who refuses each comfort to share,
To leave an estate to his favourite heir,
Could he peep from his shades, his estate would survey,
'Mongst fidlers, girls, gigs, bits of blood, fly away,
Till TATTERSAL soon the treasure spreads wide,
To make fools and knaves of hundreds beside.

Then how silly this boast of what has no stay,
But flies on the wings of *a-going*, away,
Who bids any more? is the end of it all,
And this World we may safely an auction room call,
But the mind's bright possessions all transfer disown,
So cherish their increase for they are your own.

SONG.

WHY, what's that to you if my eyes I'm a wiping,
A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in it's way,
'Tis nonsense, for trifles, I own, to be pining,
But they that han't pity, why I pities they;
Says the captain, says he, (I shall never forget it)
If of courage you'd know lads the true from the sham,
'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it,
But duty appeas'd, duty appeas'd,
But duty appeas'd, 'tis in mercy a lamb.

There was bustling Bob Bounce for the old one not caring,
Helter skelter to work, pelt away, cut and drive,
Swearing he, for his part, had no notion of sparing,
And as for a foe, why he'd eat them alive;
But when that he'd found an old prisoner he'd wounded
That once sav'd his life as near drowning he swam,
The lion was tam'd, and with pity confounded,
He cry'd over him just as one as a lamb.

That my friend Jack or Tom I would rescue from danger,
Or lay my life down for each friend in the mess,
Is nothing at all, 'tis the poor wounded stranger,
And the poorer the more I shall succour distress;
For however their duty bold tars may delight in,
And peril defy as a bugbear, a flam,
Tho' the lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,
He'll feel more by compassion when turn'd to a lamb.

The heart and the eyes, you see, feel the same motion,
And if both shed their drops 'tis all to the same end,
And thus 'tis that ev'ry tight lad on the ocean
Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend;

If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall die on,
You may snigger and titter, I don't care a damn!
In me let the foe seek the paw of a lion,
But the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.

MOGGY AND PEGGY.

A favourite Song.

YOUNG Moggy and Peggy had sweethearts to meet,
And they fix'd on an evening in May,
The nightingale's song was melodious and sweet,
And the grass was not mown for the hay.

Each swain was impatient his mistress to prove,
And each hop'd in his fair one to find,
That what did appear sweet complacence and love,
Was meant never to serve as a blind.

To show you how women can cheat when they please,
If it suit with their whims or their gains,
Young Moggy and Peggy accomplish'd with ease,
A quick marriage with each of their swains.

The very next morning betimes they begun,
Their poor husbands to tease and to vex;
The bridegrooms repented too late what they'd done,
And confess'd they'd been dup'd by the sex.

POOR BENOWEE.

Written by Mr. F. Plowden.

SAVE me, save me, white man save me,
Tawney maid do humbly crave ye,
Till she die she grateful be,
Save the life of Benowee,
Poor Benowee, Poor Benowee.

Hear me, hear me, good man hear me,
Never, never, need you fear me,
While I live, I faithful be,
Pity then poor Benowee.
Poor Benowee, Poor Benowee.

CHANGE FOR A GUINEA.

JACK Binnacle met with an old shipmate,
That sail'd with him board of the Thunder,
And they talk'd of their pranks at a pretty round rate,
A pretty round rate,
And made all the hearkeners wonder;
For tho' brave at sea, when you get him ashore,
A tar often turns out a ninny;
For now he must jog,
His leave's out with his grog,
Here house what's to pay, come sport us the score:
Hand us over the change for a guinea.

Chorus.

For a sailor's life is a roaring life,
He laughs while the winds and the waves are at strife,
So safe on shore,
He can pay his score.
And sport the splendid guinea.

The landlord's sweet daughter now comes in his view,
Up to tars when they get into harbour;
Her shoes are morocco, her petticoat's blue,
Her wig's just come from the barber;
Jack stares in her face with a whimsical phiz,
Reviews her and looks like a ninny;
For each chalk on his score,
She counts two or more,
He fix'd on her eyes while she penetrates his,
And cheats him while changing his guinea.

CHORUS.

For a sailor's life is a careless life,
He sings while the winds and the waves are at strife;
To be cheated on shore
While to pay his score,
He sports the splendid guinea.

Here's two eighteen penn'orths, that's five and a kick,
Three penn'orth of 'bacco a shilling;
For a sixpenny 'bacco-box, quite span and spick,
Half a crown, and a tizzy the filling.
Jack hears not a word, chucks her under the chin,
Lord, how can you be such a ninny?
Let me reckon your score,
For two sixpenn'orths more,
Two hogs, and three simons for what's to come in,
So there's three shillings out of a guinea.

CHORUS.

For a sailor's life is a roaring life,
He whistles while billows and winds are at strife;
From the landlord's long shore,
For a five shilling score,
To get three shillings out of a guinea.

Well, well, cries out Jack, you know figures and such;
I dare say you're right mistress Moggy;
All my wonderment is, we should tip off so much
In the time, and yet never get groggy,
But no sailor at tos-pot e'er yet play'd amiss
Then he's cunning and never a ninny;
Come put round the grog,
For away we must jog,
So now my dear girl, if you'll give me a kiss;
You may pocket your change for a guinea.

CHORUS.

For a sailor's life is a careless life,
He minds neither billows nor winds at strife;
He pays his score,
With spirit on shore,
And that's all the use of a guinea.

SINCE LOVE IS THE PLAN.

SINCE love is the plan,
I'll love if I can—
Attend and I'll tell you what sort of a man,
In address how complete,
And in dress spruce and neat,
No matter how tall so he's over five feet;
Not dull, nor too witty,
His eyes I'll think pretty,
If sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet.

In a song bear a bob,
In a glass a hob-nob,
Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob;
Tho' gentle he be,
His man he shall see,
Yet never be conquer'd by any but me.
This, this is my fancy;
If such a man can see,
I'm his if he's mine; until then I'll be free.

* * *

MAGGY LAUDER.

WHA wadna be in love
Wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to fife,
And speir'd what was't they ca'd her?
Right scornfully she answer'd him,
Begone ye hallanshaker;
Jog on your gate, ye Bladderskate,
My name is Maggy Lauder.

Maggie, quoth he, and by my bags,
I'm fidging fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
In troth I winna steer thee:

For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blow up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae ye your bags,
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live ye upo' the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Have heard of Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right good will
Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it:
Weel done, quoth he—play up, quoth she,
Weel bobb'd, quoth Rob the Ranter,
'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I get sic a dancer.

Weel ha'e you play'd your part, quoth Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson:
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habby Simson:
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Enster fair,
Speir ye for Maggy Lauder.

BEN BLOCK.

I WAS press'd while a rowing so happy—
No matter, 'twas childish to grieve;
So to drown care with grog I got nappy,
Yet sigh'd my sweet Kitty to leave;

But what hurt me most were those ninnies,
On whom I had thought to depend,
For I wish'd to raise Kate a few guineas,
But found I had got ne'er a friend.

When abroad, why I troubled a shipmate
A note-to my sweetheart to write,
Which in doing he somehow a slip made,
His own tale of love did indite!
So when I at Battersea landed,
(He'd patter'd her so to his end)
I learnt he my frigate commanded,
And found I had got ne'er a friend.

When again on the salt seas in motion,
The ill-humour'd winds loudly roar,
And friendship I found on the ocean,
As scant as I left on the shore:
We were wreck'd—but my tale little matters,
While messmates to Davy descend,
I escap'd, but was poor, all in tatters,
And found I had got ne'er a friend.

Yet still to all fear was I stranger,
In battle (where death tips the grin)
Was expos'd to the heat of each danger,
'Till a musket-ball splinter'd my fin:
Well, away to the cock-pit I hobble,
Where so many customers 'tend,
Then the surgeon, to save further trouble,
Lopp'd it off, dam'me me, not like a friend

But now ev'ry comfort's imparted,
I find, laid in Greenwich snug dock,
My messmates are true, honest hearted,
And each wishes well to Ben Block:

The rear of my life glides on cheerly,
In a calm here my moments I'll end,
I have fought for my King late and early,
And, bless him, the King is my friend.

* * *

OUR TOPSAIL'S A-TRIP.

By a Gentleman of the Navy.

OUR topsail's a trip, and our anchor's a-weigh,
To far distant climes from my Fanny I stray;
Tho' borne by false winds, still thy sailor is true,
Tho' wand'ring, he's constant to love and to you.

The rock-dashing billows that loudly do roar,
The surge that rebounds from yon lessening shore,
Seem to swell with tears, and the boisterous wind,
To increase with my sighs, for to leave thee behind.

When perils surround I'll think of my love,
The soothing idea all fears will remove:
With safety I plough thro' the dangerous main,
With grief now we part to meet happy again.

* * *

CHELSEA QUARTERS.

COME hear an old campaigner's song,
A British soldier's story,
Who oft has train'd the martial throng,
To noble deeds of glory:
But let not boasting swell my praise,
Who's fac'd hot balls and mortars,
In hopes to spend my latter days
With peace, in Chelsea quarters.

On swampy grounds and barren sands,
In march and counter-marches,
I've met in fight and hostile bands,
And sunk beneath my gashes;

Yet innate valour cheer'd my heart,
'Tis fear the coward slaughters;
And he that takes a soldier's part,
Secur'd me Chelsea quarters.

To say what foes my arm has slain,
Would dastard be to venture;
My duty ne'er regarded pain,
In van, in rear, in center:
Full oft I've drench'd my sword in blood,
And forded many waters,
In hopes when wars should cease to flood,
To fix in Chelsea quarters.

And heaven bless his Majesty,
Who leaves a veteran never,
Grown old and hack'd as you see,
He's pension'd me for ever:
My text is fixt at last for life,
And safe from mines and mortars;
Tho' kingdoms wage eternal strife.
I'll ne'er quit Chelsea quarters.

THE CARMAGNOLE.

A Parody, by T. Dutton.

THE thund'ring cannons rend the sky,
To arm ye valiant heroes fly,
And bold as ye advance,
To crush the hosts of France,

CHORUS.

Dance, dance the carmagnole;
Whilst cannons roar,
Whilst cannons roar,
Dance, dance the carmagnole.

Too long has treason arm'd the land,
Too long ye spare a ruffian band:
Let fury now succeed
'Till ev'ry rebel bleed:
Dance, &c.

The blood by vile usurpers shed,
Calls vengeance on each traitor's head;
Then bid your cannons roar,
And glut your rage in gore:
Dance, &c.

Tho' countless as the orbs that roll,
When sable night invests the pole;
In vain the rebels boast,
The numbers of their host.
Dance, &c.

Still let them swell their lawless train,
And sport their thousands on the plain;
With justice for our shield,
We'll boldly dare the field.
Dance, &c.

To you, in this decisive hour,
Avenging fate entrusts her pow'r;
Then haste to strike the blow,
Nor spare a single foe.
Dance, &c.

◆

THE PYEMAN.

O LORD! what a place is a camp,
What wonderful doings are there;
The people are all on the tramp,
To me it looks devilish queer:

Here's ladies a swigging of gin,
And crop macaronies likewise:
And I, with my "who'll up and win,
Come, here is your hot mutton pies."
Tol lol, &c.

Here's horses, and asses, and chaise,
And waggons and carts out of number;
Here's racketing nights and by days,
And inns full of dead and live lumber:
Now here is a beau in a gig,
And here is a lady in clover,
And here is an Alderman's wig,
With Billy, the taylor, done over.
Tol lol, &c.

Here's gallopping this way and that,
With, Madam, stand out of the way:
Here's, O fie, Sir. what would you be at?
Come, none of your impudence, pray:
Here's-halt—to the right about face,
Here's laughing and screaming and cries;
Here's milliner's men out of place,
And I, with my hot mutton pies.
Tol lol, &c.

Here's the heath all the world like a fair,
Here's butlers, and sutlers, and cooks;
Here's popping away in the air,
And Captains with terrible looks:
Here's how do you do?—Pretty well,
The dust has got into my eyes;
There's, fellow, what have you to sell?
Why, only some hot mutton pies.
Tol lol, &c.

SONG.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, oh! my sweet Shakespeare, was planted by thee;
As a relick I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine;
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.
All shall yield to the mulberry tree;
Bend to thee
Bless'd mulberry;
Matchless was he
That planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep the sky;
Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear:
All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our King, and will always our coast:
Of the fir we make ships: there are thousands that fight,
But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.
All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flow'rs;
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest of fruit.
All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church;
But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
He gives the best physic for body and mind.
All shall yield, &c,

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;
For him and his merits this takes it's degree:
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.
All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine, all in one.
All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relick of this hollow tree,
From folly and fashion a charm let it be;
Let's fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour your country, do honour to him.
All shall yield, &c.

◆

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

TUNE—*Go patter to lubbers.*

A TRAVELLER many long years I have been,
But never trip't over to France,
All cities and most market towns have been in.
'Twixt Berwick-on-Tweed and Penzance;
My own native country with pleasure I range,
All seasons and times of the year;
In fashion still find a continual change,
Something novel will always appear;
The world tho' 'tis round, as about it we go;
Strange ways, turns and crosses we see:
But the favourite road which I wish to pursue,
The road of all roads which I which to pursue,
Is through life to go easy and free.

The traveller braving a bleak wint'ry day,
To what place he soe'er may resort,
When reaching his inn, is as chearful and gay
As the sailor that gets into port:
Well seated and serv'd, his refreshment how sweet,
What comfort it gives to the heart,
And when a few friends unexpectedly meet,
How fond each his tale to impart;
For know this idea, which none can detest,
Has long been implanted in me,
That whatever maxims are follow'd, the best
Is through life to go easy and free.

If fraught with good humour, I care not how much,
In sentiment people divide;
In opinion for differing my temper is such,
I scorn any soul to deride;
Tho' the dictates of reason flow pointed and strong,
Such prejudice hangs on the mind;
From debates howe'er pertinent, nervous, or long,
You seldom a convert will find:
Then give me the man where'soever I call,
That always will sociable be;
If we don't think alike—still the beauty of all,
If we can't think alike—still the beauty of all,
Is through life to go easy and free.

As sons of the whip must to business attend,
I always make much of the day;
At night with my bottle, my pipe, and my friend,
The moments glide smoothly away;
All travellers truly it must be confest,
Good orders are glad to receive;
Disappointments in trade never rob me of rest,
For madness I deem it to grieve,
Then, my worthies, the toast which to give I'm inclin'd,
I trust with all minds will agree,
" Wishing every free-hearted friend to mankind,
" Through life may go easy and free."

THE SWEET LITTLE ANGEL.

TUNE—*Poor Jack.*

WHEN Jack parted from me to plough the salt deep,
Alas! I mayn't see him again,
In spite of all talking I could not but weep,
To help it I'm sure was in vain;
Then he broke from my arms, and bid me farewel,
Saying, Poll, come, my soul, it won't do;
So, d'ye hear, avast whining and sobbing, my girl,
'Tis all foolish nonsense in you.
I could not help thinking that Jack was in right,
From a something that whisper'd, d'ye see,
There's a sweet little angel, that sits out of sight,
Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

Yet while he's at distance each thought is employ'd,
And nought can delight me on shore;
I fancy, at times, that the ship is destroy'd,
And Jack I shall never see more.
But then 'tis but fancy; that angel above,
Who can do such wonders of things,
I know will ne'er suffer a harm to my love,
And so to myself I thus sing:—
What matters repining, my heart shall be light;
For, a something that whispers, d'ye see,
There's a sweet little angel, that sits out of sight,
Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

But should that sweet angel, wherever he be,
Forget to look out for poor Jack;
Why then he may never return unto me,
O never! no, never! come back.
But, oh! it can't be, he's too good and too kind
To make the salt water his grave:
And why should I then each tale-teller mind,
Or dread ev'ry turbulent wave?

Besides, I will never kind Providence slight ;
For, a something that whispers, d'ye see,
There's a sweet little angel, that sits out of sight,
Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

I THOUGHT IT WAS QUEER.

AS I lean'd o'er a gate at Midsummer eve,
When the sky in the brook look'd so clear,
Young Robin came slily and tugg'd at my sleeve,
And I could not help thinking it queer.

He patted my cheek, and he play'd with my hand,
And he gave such a whimsical leer ;
Then talk'd about things I could scarce understand,
That I could not help thinkimg him queer.

Now all on a sudden he let his thoughts loose,
And he ask'd if to church I would steer ;
I thought him a whimsical mad-headed goose,
For his talking of matters so queer.

I meant to have chid him for what he had sent,
When he whisper'd so soft in my ear,
That, if I deny'd him, his heart would have bled,
For his heart it felt somehow so queer.

" How long have you lov'd me, pray, Robin ?" said I,
When he answer'd, A calendar year ;"
I then was resolv'd with his suit to comply,
Although it ſeem'd hasty and queer.

Folks thought it so odd, that an hour or so
Should have made me so ready appear ;
But many a lass, who had answer'd with No,
Has dy'd like old maidens so queer.

TRUE ENJOYMENT.

TASTE life's glad moments
Whilst the wasting taper glows;
Pluck, ere it withers,
The quickly fading rose.

Man blindly follows grief and care,
He seeks for thorns, and finds his share,
While vi'lets to the passing aïr
Unheeded shed their blossoms.

When tim'rous nature hides her form,
And rolling thunder spreads alarm,
Oh! how soft, when hush'd the storm,
The sun smiles sweet at even.

Who envy and suspicion flies,
Courts meek content in humble guise;
To him a tree the shrub shall rise,
Which golden fruit shall yield him.

Who makes pure faith a welcome guest,
And kindly gives to the distress'd,
For him Contentment builds her nest,
And flutters round his bosom.

And if the path of life grow strait,
And sad misfortune be his fate,
True Friendship, sorrow to abate,
The helping hand will offer.

She dries her tears with flow'rets gay,
E'en to the grave she strews her way;
Turns night to morn, and morn to day,
And pleasure still increases.

Of life she is the strongest band,
Joins brothers firmly hand in hand:
Thus onward, to a better land,
Man journeys bright and cheerly.

WHO WOULD LIVE A SINGLE DAY?

A Comic Song;

Sung by Mr. Munden.

O WHAT a country for people to marry in;
Love and its comforts they never miscarry in.
Miss wants a husband, and master a wife,
Parents consent, and they're happy for life.
If one bed won't do,
They put up with two;
The good wife loves to roam,
The good man stays at home;
At night they retire from their merry go-rounds,
He's got a few bottles—she's lost a few pounds,
If such the delights such fond unions bespeak,
Say who would live a single week?
Happy pair!
Say, who wou'd live a single week?

Fortune, perhaps, the dear couple may smile upon;
Field for the fair to shew off her grand style upon,
A coach and six horses—a service of plate—
A beau for soft service—a dozen for state.
Should packet be low,
To traffic they go;
A great rout is declar'd,
A rich Faro prepar'd.
The guests return lighter perhaps than they went;
The supper's discharg'd, and the hosts are content,
If wedlock such permanent joys can display,
Pray who'd live a single day?
Charming scene!
Pray who'd live a single day?

Lucky in these, they have other resources too;
Sweet separation, and tender divorces too—
If our wife in a friend to much confidence puts,
We thrust a stiletto straight into his guts:

They only look big,
By a Counsellor's wig;
And the weapon they draw,
Is a limb of the law—
Each parties for damage good-naturedly sue,
And their wrongs are set right by a Nabob or Jew;
If husbands such recompense have in their pow'r,
Then, who wou'd live single an hour?
Pleasant rogues!
Then who wou'd live single an hour.

WOMEN'S DELIGHT.

RECITATIVE.

TEACH me, ye Nine, to sing of tea,
Of grateful Green, of black Bohea.

AIR.

Tune—*Hark the hollow Woods.*

Hark! the kettle softly singing,
How again it bubbles o'er;
The tea-things pray, Ma'am Susan, bring in,
And water in the tea-pot pour..

The bread and butter thinly slicing,
Spread it delicately nice;
Let the toast too be inviting,
Never heed you what's the price.
Hark, &c.

When eating, sipping, lovely teas,
We chat amidst the grateful steam,
When what a motley chaos rises,
Of cups and saucers, bread and cream.
Hark, &c.

MY BONNY LOWLAND LADDIE.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin.

OF all the swains, both far and near,
I love but one, believe me;
And he loves me sincerely dear,
And never will deceive me.
Though muckle gold he canna boast,
I'll tell my mam and daddy.
Of all the swains I love him most,
My bonny Lowland Laddie;
My handsome bra' young sailor lad,
My bonny Lowland Laddie.

Whene'er the war is at an end,
Oh, we are to be marry'd;
And Cupid will our cause befriend,
For, sure we long have tarry'd.
But O the time is coming round,
When, deck'd in silken plaidy,
In Hymen's chains we shall be bound,
My bonny Lowland Laddie;
My handsome bra' young sailor-lad,
My bonny Lowland Laddie.

Oh! blessings on the happy day,
When we shall dwell together;
Our lives will sweetly pass away
In ev'ry kind of weather.
And, should the fates ordain it so,
We may be mam and daddy;
O then what raptures we shall know,
My bonny Lowland Laddie;
My handsome bra' young sailor-lad,
My bonny Lowland Laddie.

PAUVRE MADELON.

COULD you to battle march away,
And leave me here complaining?
I'm sure 'twould break my heart to stay,
When you are gone campaigning:
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Could never quit her rover:
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Would go with you all the world over.

Cheer, cheer, my love, you shall not grieve,
A soldier true you'll find me;
I should not have the heart to leave
My little girl behind me;
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Should never quit her rover:
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Shall go with me all the world over.

And can you to the battle go,
To woman's fears a stranger?
No fear my breast will ever know,
But when my love's in danger:
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Fears only for her rover;
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Will go with you all the world over.

Then let the world jog as it will,
Let careless friends forsake us:
We both shall be as happy still
As war and love can make us;
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon

Shall never quit her rover;
Ah! non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Shall go with me all the world over.

◆

THE DISTRACTED MAID.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing;
Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus sung she,
I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea,
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love from me;
Yet I love his parents, since they're his, although they've ruin'd me;
And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the sky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around my love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers how happy should I be!
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine;
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll present it to my love, when he returns from sea,
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast,
Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest!
To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should be;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky,
I'd gaze around, with piercing eyes, where I my love
might spy;
But, ah! unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er shall see;
Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

* * *

THE DAY IS DEPARTED.

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud
The moon in her beauty appears;
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud,
The music of love in our ears:
Maria, appear! now the seaſon, so sweet,
With the beat of the heart is in tune,
The time is so tender for lovers to meet,
Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot, when present, unfold what I feel;
I sigh—can a lover do more?
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
Maria, my love! do you long for the grove?
Do you sigh for an interview soon?
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,
My bosom is all in a glow;
Your voice when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine ear,
My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
Ye pow'rs of the sky! will your bounty divine
Indulge a fond lover his boon?
Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
Alone by the light of the moon?

INDEX

Page

A POOR helpless wanderer, the wide world before me 18
A tartan plaid was a' he had! 13
A tight merry soldier, I'll swagger away 61
A sup of good whiskey will make you glad 83
A tinker I am, and my name's Natty Sam 95
A landlord is a supple blade 98
A shepherd once had lost his love 140
A plague on those mortals whom demons bewitch 172
A barber I am, and I dress for the crown 176
A traveller many long years I have been 197
A sailor's life's a life d'ye see 30
Ah! where can fly my soul's true love 31
All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd 180
As I lean'd o'er a gate one Midsummer eve 200
As tripping o'er the new mown hay 124
As down on banna bank I stray'd one ev'ning in May 26
As cross the field the other morn 31
Ask me for a song? egad, you'll soon wish you hadn't 91
At my ditty I'm certain each Briton will smile 81
At dawn of day when other folks 100
At the very best of houses where the best of people dine 107
At each inn on the road I welcome cou'd find 165

Beauteous image smile with pleasure 78
Beside a fountain's border 28
Beneath yon willow's drooping shade 144
Between fear and courage, Lord! what can be done 177
Behold this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree 196
Bound 'prentice to a waterman I learn'd a bit to row 62
Blue Peter at the mast head flew 55

Calm the wind; the distant ocean 9
Cease rude Boreas, blust'ring railer 67
Chica lik' a sailor man 135
Come, come my jolly lads! the wind's abaft 171
Come honour, come courage, come glory from far 11
Come never seem to mind it 19
Come let us prepare 22
Come liſten awhile, I will make you to ſmile 33
Come ſing round my favorite tree 60
Come my ever flowing glaſs 116
Come meſſmates fill the flowing cann 131

INDEX.

Page
Come boys and girls, men and maids, widows and wives ···· 136
Come ye good college lads, and attend to my lay···· ······ 141
Come cheer up my lads, let's together unite ······ ······· 143
Come hear an old campaigner's ſong ······················ 192
Could you to the battle march away ······················ 205

Deſpairing beſide a clear ſtream ························ 182
Diogenes ſurly and proud ·············· ················ 162
Do you hear, brother ſportſmen, the ſound of the horn······ 103
Drink to me only with thine eyes ········ ·············· 104
D'ye mind me I once was a ſailor ························ 118

Ere around the huge oak that o'erſhadows yon mill ··· ···· 87
Ere time waxed old, to divert the young hours·············· 179

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell to my Jean ············ 53
Fear not my peggy the ſtormy winds, nor fear the exulting foe 44
Flocks and ſporting doves are cooing ······················ 137
From night to morn I take my glaſs ························ 153

Gay proſpects dreſt in all the charms··········· ·········· 75
God ſave great George our King············· ············ 1
Good people give attention while I do ſing in praiſe ········ 110
Guardian angels now protect me ············· ·········· 38

Hark! hark! the trumpet ſound to arms ····················· 8
Here's a health to old honeſt John Bull ··········· ······ 87
Here a ſheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling···················· 103
How ſweet are the meadows in ſpring ····················· 61

I once lov'd a maid, and ſhe lov'd me again ················ 79
I ſing the Britiſh ſeaman's praiſe·························· 16
I winna marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the lee ············ 35
I ſail'd from the Downs in the Nancy ·········· ·········· 101
I was call'd Knowing Joe by the boys of our town · ····· ·· 108
I am a friar of orders grey································ 119
I am a lad well known in town ··········· ·············· 160
I am a briſk and ſprightly lad ···························· 152
I ſet out one eve with intention to roam ·················· 161
I was preſs'd while rowing ſo happy ························ 190
I'm pariſh clerk and ſexton here···························· 79
I'm a vot'ry of Bacchus, his godſhip adore ··· ············· 15
I'm teaz'd to death from morn till night ··················· 156
If the man goes but right who follows his noſe ············ 10
In the downhill of life when I find I'm declining ·········· 23
In the ſightleſs air I dwell ······························· 64
In love I be fifth button high ···························· 132
In June, ninety-four, the heroes of Britain aroſe ·········· 170
In this world ſee the wheel of tranſition go round ·········· 184
In this vain buſy world where the good and the gay ········ 37

INDEX.

Page
Jack Ratlin was the ableſt ſeaman 97
Jack Binnacle met with an old ſhipmate 187
Juſt where yon burn trots thro' yon broom 167

Let care be a ſtranger to each jovial ſoul 51
Let ſailors and ſoldiers unite in this cauſe 134
Lowly, humble was our lot 48
Love's a mighty pretty theme 82
Loſt, loſt is my quiet for ever 159
Luff, luff my lads, the gale increaſes 155
Lull'd in ſlumber's downy arms 146

Mad with the plunder of the world 117
Maidens liſten, I'll diſcover 123
Miſtaken fair, lay Sherlock by 58
Monopoly's now the grand rub 85
Moving to the melody of muſic's note 10
My daddy was a tinker's ſon 121
My native land I bid adieu 63
My Patie is a lover gay 39
My boys, would you know how our ſhip got her name 27

Nature pourtrays with endleſs care 178
Nor father nor mother has poor little Nell 7
Not a paſſion to weaken the frame 74
No doubt, good folks, I pledge my word 106
No mair ye bonny laſſes gay 77
Now winter ſtrips with ruthleſs haſte 173

O the days when I was young 41
O Sandy why leav'ſt thou thy Sally to mourn 160
O love, thou ſource of joy and pain 151
O Lord, what a place is a camp 194
O what a country for people to marry in 202
Of all the ſwains, both far and near 204
Of Britain's boaſt the praiſe be mine 129
Old Neptune one day in a comical ſtrain 142
On Richmond Hill there lives a laſs 96
One night while round the fire we ſat 115
One morning very early, one morning in the ſpring 207
Our country is our ſhip d'ye ſee 151
Our top-ſail's a trip, and our anchor's a weigh 192

Pity a poor and wand'ring beggar boy 47
Poor Kate with noſegay baſket trim 175

Say, will you leave your village cot 157
Save me, ſave me, white man ſave me 186
S'death, what fuſs land lubbers make 161
See the ball-room thick crowded, the dance is begun 52
Should ere the fortune be my lot 12
Since Emma caught my roving eye 59

INDEX.

Page
Since our foes to invade us have long been preparing 89
Since then I'm doom'd this ſad reverſe to prove 138
Since love is the plan 189
Stay, traveller, tarry here to night 154
Sweet, ſweet at the cloſe of the day 76

Taſte life's glad enjoyments 201
Teach me, ye nine, to ſing of tea 203
The decks were clear'd. the gallant band 40
The top-ſail ſhivers in the wind 42
The other day acroſs the yard 46
The echoing horn calls the ſportſman abroad 76
The father of Nancy a foreſter was 120
The wind in the deſerts blew high 166
The wind blew hard, the ſea ran high 168
The thund'ring cannons rend the ſky 193
The night darkly lour'd, the fierce tempeſts rav'd 70
The gude man turn'd the barn door key 71
There are grinders enough, Sirs, of ev'ry degree 122
The day is departed, and round from the cloud 207
Tho' cloudy ſkies and ſtorms appear 43
Tho' prudence may preſs me 123
Tho' Venus and Bacchus may boaſt of their power 171
Thy image, deareſt maid 144
Thurſday in the morn, the nineteenth of May 112
Thro' life's purſuit whate'er we ſtart 93
Thro' winds and waves, in days that are no more 169
To Neptune enthron'd, as he govern'd the ſea 6
To all thoſe lovely girls on ſhore 56
To old Satan in Hell, where he ſat in full glee 126
To me yet in teens Mamma would oft ſay 153
To give company zeſt, and enlighten the mind 174
Tom loves Mary paſſing well 25
'Twas ſummer and ſweetly the breezes were blowing 57
'Twas on a diſmal night 95

We be ſoldiers three 83
We ſoldiers drink, we ſoldiers ſing 111
We ſoldiers of Erin, ſo proud of the name 105
We gypſies who live in the wood 148
We're gaily yet, and we're gaily yet 113
Wha wad na be in love 189
What matters all ditties 'bout this and the other 69
What tho' on homely fare we dine 133
When I came back to bonny Shadwell dock 20
When Phœbus begins juſt to peep o'er the hills 21
When bounding o'er the lofty yord 29
When the bonny grey morning juſt peeps thro' the ſkies 32
When the moon ſhines o'er the deep 57
When Jove was reſolv'd to create the round earth 36
When lovely woman ſtoops to folly 39
When Sandy told his tale of love 42

INDEX.

Page
When Britain on her ſea-girt ſhore 49
When William firſt woo'd, I ſaid yes to the ſwain 63
When to Old England I came home 90
When mighty roaſt beef was the Engliſhman's food 98
When war's alarms entic'd my Willy from me 119
When whiſtling winds are heard to blow 125
When Jack parted from me to plow the ſalt deep 138
When at ſchool not a fool ere was I 150
When peace and contentment prevail'd o'er the land 145
Whene'er ſhe bade me ceaſe to plead 152
When firſt ſhe came to town 165
When firſt I ſaw young Carol's face 84
Whilſt from Egypt's rich coaſt ſmiling victory flies 65
Why what's that to you if my eyes I am wiping 185
William and Anne were lovers true 73
Willie was a wanton wag 147
Why don't you know me by my ſcars 154
With auburn locks and killing eyes 14
With dire misfortunes, pains and woes 50

Ye mortals who revel on life's buſy ſtage 54
Ye fair, poſſeſs'd of ev'ry charm 60
You aſk me the life of a tar 130
Young Jemmy was a highland lad 139
Young Jemmy is a bonny boy 158
Young Moggy and Peggy had ſweethearts to meet 186
Your ladies of faſhion who freely ſubſcribe 72

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W55
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